

ief going. He should have had a sat down, put the handkerchief and poured another drink from the bottle that Bill had put under the table. Pretty soon he leaned over toward Jean and started getting confidential. He put his arm around her shoulders with an exaggerated air of carelessness. She tried to slap him, but instead she fully lifted the offending hand away. He shook her finger under his nose and said "Naughty! Naughty!"

That was the way home she wouldn't let him kiss her—she never did—and she found that it was easiest to refuse him positively when they wanted to go up to her apartment.

On SATURDAY night they went to La Phaison D'Ore with an elderly man from Chicago and on the following Thursday night they went out with buyers from Detroit. One was big and heavy and redfaced, with a blustering, high-pressure-salesman manner. The other was small and timid, with a thin mustache under his nose. The high-pressure man was Mr. Yaeger. He forgot the other's name as soon as he heard it. She wouldn't draw him away.

They went to the Four-Four Club. She had heard from one of the girls in the office that Alyce De Vere was sick—she hoped she croaked—and she was not surprised when two strange girls came along. The three of them went into the ladies' room as soon as they got there, to powder noses and paint lips and straighten stockings.

The two new girls were quite nice. Duval was a tall, straight brunet with a swagger and an extremely close haircut. Strangely, her low-cut evening gown looked very well on her, though she wore it as carelessly as she would a riding habit. Jean wondered why Bill hadn't brought her before, she was so much nicer than the would-be girl Alyce. Sally, the other girl, was all and gray and shy. She would be the yes-man. Quite evidently her visits to night clubs were few and far between. She tried to act indifferent, but her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were never still.

The three men were standing in a group out in the lounge. Bill and the high-pressure Yaeger were having an earnest discussion about something and Jean continued it as they came across the girls.

They were walking together, talking to each other so that Jean had no intimation of anything unusual beforehand. It wasn't until Bill lightly touched her arm and they all moved toward the bar.

She looked up at him puzzled. He was walking along beside her with a look of familiar, proprietary air, still continuing the discussion with Yaeger, who had Pat Duval in tow.

She could feel her heart suddenly begin to beat furiously. Bill had argued it! He had wanted to go with her.

It couldn't be that he thought Pat Duval woman could better entertain a buyer. It was only last week that he had told her how satisfied he was with her, Jean.

At the bar her brown eyes peered over the rim of her cocktail glass at Yaeger, making progress with Pat Duval. He had his arm around her waist and she heard him say:

"Gee, baby, I haven't seen you in a long time. How've you been, anyway?" "Well, honey. It has been a long time, hasn't it? Not since that brawl in Atlantic City," she laughed, loudly. "It was that a party?"

Pat Duval brought her glass down slowly. That was it. Bill hadn't known Pat Duval at all. Yaeger had brought her, herself. And she, Jean, was a substitute for Alyce De Vere. Of course. It had been a little fool to think it was anything else.

WELL, this was her opportunity anyway. He'd have to pay some attention to her. She'd be gay and scintillating and maybe he really would notice her. Suddenly she began to wonder how one goes about being gay and scintillating. She knew how to do it in the old fogies she had had to entertain. Just flatter them and tell them they were wonderful. Pile it on thick.

But Bill wasn't an old fogey. He had

some common sense. He'd be disgusted with her if she tried to pull any of that stuff on him. He'd seen it so many times that he probably knew the whole line himself by now. No, it had to be some other way.

She tried telling a couple of stories. They were good stories, too, and she thought she told them well. They all laughed heartily, even Bill—the same way he laughed when a customer told a joke he had heard a dozen times. She was beginning to feel very much like crying.

She excused herself and went into the ladies' room. A plump fuzzy-headed blond was having a bad time with a broken shoulder strap. She said, "Hullo, dearie," through a safety pin between her lips. She turned around and Jean recognized Mildred, the girl whose last name she could never remember.

"Hullo, there," she tried to make it enthusiastic, "I didn't know you were here."

"Been sittin' over behind you—say, pin this darned thing up, will you?"

Jean went over and got the strap pulled around tight in place. Mildred continued:

"See you've finally landed the boss," she approved, over her shoulder. "I never did like that De Vere dame," she added, turning around. Then: "Say-y—what's a matter? Dry those tears, baby. What's he done?"

Jean dabbed at her eyes, "He doesn't even know I'm alive."

"Doesn't? Say you're here with that guy, ain't you?"

"Y-y-yes. But that's because Alyce is sick. I'm only a s-s-substitute."

"Y'mean to say he doesn't fall for the goo-goo eyes? Did you tell him he was wonderful?"

"Of course, not," she sobbed indignantly. "Bill's different. He'd be disgusted with that."

"Don't be a sap. Bill's a man, ain't he? Tell 'em they're wonderful and give 'em that come-hither look an' they'll all fall for you, baby. I know. I've seen 'em."

Jean blew her nose, hopefully, "Do you really think so?"

"Has it ever failed yet?" Mildred was scornful.

"No—but—"

"Well, you ain't gettin' any place now, are you? Go ahead an' try it and see what happens."

Jean washed her face in cold water and got the redness out of her eyes. She put a little rouge and lipstick back on and powdered her nose. When she went back to the table heads turned to look at her. She saw with satisfaction that all of them were not male. That was a criterion. If the men looked at you, you were beautiful. If the women looked at you, you were well dressed. If they both looked at you, you were all set.

The three men at the table stood up when she approached. Before she had a chance to sit down Bill took her arm.

"Let's dance," he said.

She cuddled her head close to his shoulder and looked up at him dreamily from under half-closed lashes.

"I love dancing with you, Bill," she said in an intimate tone of voice.

He didn't smile and he only said, "I like dancing with you, too," but there wasn't that cold tone of politeness in his voice.

THEY finished the dance in silence, but it seemed now as if the two of them had melted into one and were floating on a cloud across the floor.

When the music stopped he took her arm and bent his head to her ear. "That was wonderful," he said quietly and this time she knew he meant it and her heart sang fiercely in her breast.

Back at the table he told a story. It wasn't a very good story and she had heard it before, but while he told it she sat with her chin on her hand and her elbow on the table and gazed at him with that I-think-you're-wonderful look. She didn't have to put it on now. All she had to do was let herself go and all the admiration she really felt for him shone in her eyes. Once, in the middle of the story, his eye caught hers and he completely lost track of the story.

When he had finished she leaned over

intimately and whispered, "You tell a story so convincingly." He reached out and patted her hand where it lay on the table, and after that they sat there shamelessly holding hands in front of everybody.

He took her home alone in a taxi. She let him put his arm around her and when he bent his lips close to her and said, "Jean," very softly she didn't dare move or turn her head for fear he would stop.

"I've been afraid of you, darling," he continued.

"I don't bite."

"No-o-o, but you've been so nice to the customers and so cool to me."

"I've been cool?"

"You."

THE DRY GUILLOTINE

Continued From Fifth Page

sleep much. The stench was nauseating, the vermin and mosquitoes swarmed forth for their nightly feast; and the rain, beginning to rattle on the rusted tin roof, streamed through in a score of places. The largest stream was right over my bed. I paced the aisle all night between the rows of snoring murderers and bandits, and by sun-up looked as bedraggled as the rest.

At 6 the barrack door was unlocked. We all filed out to the kitchen where we seized tin cups, plates and spoons and received our breakfast of coffee and bread, which we ate seated on our canvas beds. Then the whistle



On Devil's Island, the convicts locked behind bars dream only of escape. But of 50 prisoners who make a dash for liberty, only one succeeds. The jungle, the ocean and the guards make escape difficult.

blew and the prisoners, still hungry, scattered to their various daytime jobs.

The jobs are not exactly select—house boy, scavengers, water-carriers, beasts of burden in the lumber yards. The prison tries to occupy every well-behaved convict in some way. But there would not be enough work to go around (for Cayenne has less than 10,000 people and is commercially dead) were it not for the fact that a good quarter of the prisoners are always incapacitated from sickness, and another quarter locked up in special cells as punishment for trying to escape.

Walking home from my barrack, along Cayenne's mud-puddle lanes, I noticed numbers of forlorn figures, sitting so quietly and so dejectedly on their wheelbarrows that the buzzards were flying down and stalking about them. These were the liberes, the prisoners who had finished their prison term, but must remain in the colony for an additional period equal to the original sentence. They are supposed to develop the land. But with no state support whatsoever—no money, no tools, no guidance—they have not driven back the jungle one inch in 70 years. In fact, their lot is far worse than that of the prisoners themselves, for they can eke out only the most wretched livelihood with their wheelbarrows and cobbling shops. Often, starving, they deliberately commit crimes which will put them back in the barracks where there is food and shelter. Having sampled that food and shelter, I could understand how desperate the lot of the liberes must be, and came to feel more pity for them than for the convicts.

AS I walked on through the shabby town, it was rousing itself sluggishly, indifferently, for another day—a day which would bring nothing new to break the monotonous

"But how about you?"

"Me?" He was puzzled. "I thought you were afraid I'd take advantage of my position and force my attentions on you. I've hated seeing you with customers."

"I've hated being with them."

Their heads were getting closer and closer together until finally, their cheeks touched lightly. They sat like that, silently, for a long time.

"Darling," he said at last.

"Yes?"

"I couldn't possibly think of having my wife entertaining customers."

She put her head on his shoulder and reached up and kissed his chin.

"I've been wanting to do that for a long time," she said.

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routine which Cayenne has long since accepted as inevitable. No one but myself looked up to notice a two-wheeled cart, drawn by four convicts, which was bearing a crude new coffin along the street. But I decided to follow this informal funeral to see where it would lead.

It led straight to one of the most terrible features of Guiana—"the bambos"—a few square rods of ground surrounded by thickets of tall cane, the convicts' burial place. I call it "most terrible," not because it is as sickening as the barbarous conditions from which death releases the convicts, but because in one shocking scene it sums up and symbolizes the whole inhuman system.

In this small plot probably 10,000 men have been buried since 1860, though the area is not sufficient to contain 200 graves. Space is unlimited in Guiana, but even so, the same ground is used over and over again. Methodically and grimly, the furrows of fresh earth, turned up beside the old graves, move back and forth across the cemetery, the bones of previous burials being dug up and burned to make room for the newcomers. One hundred and forty times in 70 years this ghoulissh eviction has been repeated.

The gravediggers never stop working. On the morning of my visit they had 12 graves ready. The bones and skulls of 12 disinterred dead were piled at one side, to be carted to the fire. The new coffin which had drawn me there was dumped into the nearest hole, earth piled on and a wooden stake, marked with the convict's number, fixed at the head. That was the funeral ceremony.

Nothing I saw in Guiana brought home to me as forcefully as this charnel field the appalling mortality among the convicts. Fifty per cent of each new shipment dies during its first year—dysentery, fever, tuberculosis and malnutrition. And the succeeding years are almost as bad.

For days afterward I was haunted by the picture of the line of raw graves, dug by the dozen, and never, never enough; and by the piles of ghastly skulls, nameless and forgotten long before they died, grinning horribly at the gravediggers as if amused that perhaps the next wholesale eviction would be to make room for the diggers themselves.

As I walked away, sick over what I had seen, it took all the detachment and objectivity I could muster to keep myself convinced that even theoretically the imprisonment of convicts in Guiana was a fine thing for the public back in France.

(NOTE: Next Sunday, when Mr. Halliburton concludes his Devil's Island narrative, he will tell what he saw during his four weeks on the Iles du Salut—the punishment pits, the guillotine, the galley-slaves—and discuss the means and chances of escape.)

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Old City Center

Continued from Seventh Page

conducting the ceremonies at laying this corner stone.

Newspapers of the day. After the exercises a collation was served by Mr. Leturno in the City Hall.

BUT this was a period of depression and Andrew Jackson did not improve conditions when he came into office three years later. The burden proved to be more than the fraternity at that time could bear, and the result was that the building finally went out of its hands, and quarters were secured elsewhere. Later the building became the property of Joseph H. Bradley, an eminent Washington lawyer, who not only defended and secured the acquittal of Miss Mary Harris, charged with the killing of A. J. Burroughs, a Treasury Department clerk, back in 1865, but later married his client.

Many will recall the old Fendall Building, which stood opposite the Masonic Temple, the Municipal Court Building a little to the south in the same block, and other buildings on this street, no longer standing. They had little historic value, but it does seem that the Metropolitan and First Presbyterian Churches and the old Masonic Hall should be permitted to remain for all time.