

Cots have been prepared outside the temporary police hut, with mosquito nets over them.

A crescent moon shed a vague light; the stars were bright above silhouettes of mountains. Someone had kindled a small fire before the shrine, and a mantle of smoke hung around the three crosses. The sordidness of the village faded; the scene became strange and beautiful. Under one roof a tom-tom sounded its muffled beat.

Sun-up. An energetic doctor is already calling for sugar for the coffee he has boiled, but there is not a grain in town.

"What do Haitians use for sugar, anyway," I ask.

"Rapadu."

There is plenty of this sugar-cane product to be had in the bazaars. It comes in fat sticks, bound around with leaves, and has an agreeable taste like maple sugar—but it is not to be recommended for coffee.

Dr. Kennedy has assumed the duties of the frying pan.

"We are having a change of menu," he calls cheerily. "Last night we had eggs, spaghetti and bacon; this morning we will have eggs, pork and beans and bacon." But eventually the pork and beans prove too difficult to remove from the can, so that we breakfast on fried eggs, bacon and rapadu coffee. These doctors visit rural clinics under similar conditions about six days in every week, so they are hardened to dusty trails and rapadu. I was beginning to learn why "docteur" is such a term of respect throughout Haiti.

The sun was hardly over the hills before there was more excitement in Fond-Verrettes. People were assembling on a hill overlooking the town; men gesticulated, women ran to and fro.

Someone had come to buy land.

The tailor left his American sewing machine on his primitive table; the boy cutting leather for sheaths threw aside the knife; the youth plaiting hats left an unfinished *chapeau* on the ground; women forgot household duties to follow the crowd.

Who owned this land that Captain



THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE AT PORT-AU-PRINCE

Port-au-Prince, capital of Haiti, contains fine modern buildings like this, and has paved streets and automobiles, but the rest of the country remains quite primitive.

Farrell of the gendarmes wanted to buy?

First one claimant appeared, then another. It was a tiny stone-covered plot, but it commanded a view of the valley that made it an excellent site for the new police station. It could be had for about forty dollars. A surveyor came. Stakes were driven in to mark the corners of the property. It was like some religious rite.

By this time five persons stood as claimants to the lot, exhibiting their titles. The agreement was drawn up, but not one of the owners could sign his name. Each made a cross, duly witnessed.

We packed to make an early start for Port au Prince, and even while bags were being put in order and horses saddled, people kept asking for "docteur."

"Tell them to come to Ganthier," shouts one of the doctors as the horses carefully take the stony trail. "Everybody sick should come. Tuesday, nine o'clock. If they can not come, we'll be back in two months to cure them here."

The ragged crowd falls back. There are only smiles and a timid "au revoir" from one or two. As we leave, I notice a heavy cloud down over the end of the vale, as though barring our exit. Suddenly a rainbow gleams there, and the arc seems to rest behind the shrine with the three crosses. An old woman raises her eyes to the image of Christ, and makes the holy sign. Has this a deeper significance? Is there, perhaps, a ray of hope for this valley so benighted that it does not appreciate its own misery? This may be the view of a sentimentalist; the doctors are too busy to notice these things.