

Sent to the Streets

Spineless Parasite, Who Battered on
His Paramour, Sent to Gaol

Sad Life of Ray Bibby

Sometimes, even the worm will turn.

Broken in spirit, battered on the rocks of misfortune by an adverse, cruel Fate, poor Ray Bibby, unfortunate woman of the street, was fast travelling down the roadway to destruction.

What thoughts she may have had of the decent womanhood and dignity for which so many women long were slowly being squeezed out of her by a hulking, brutal parasite—a human being akin to the lowest strata of verminous life, living on the wages of her sin, and—for a reward—treated her as he regarded—like a dog.

Then she reached the extreme test of her endurance, and—she turned.

To-day the cur who prospered on her degradation, a Finn, by name David Simula, is in safe keeping behind prison walls for six months.

The lesson is deserved, but not a good one. The legislature should prescribe a more salutary sentence for such crimes.

The story of Ray Bibby's life reads like any page out of "Paradise Lost." And it serves as an example of many others, a scathing indictment on a so-called civilisation that allows brutes in human form to batten on women who march with the awful despairing army of the night.

How Ray Bibby started, or where, we cannot say; she is one of those unfortunates who for a few short years enjoy the life of innocence, and then, impelled by some strange, cruel catastrophe, slip through the alley-ways of life to goodness knows where.

Twelve months ago, or somewhere in the region of twelve months—a month, or two doesn't matter any way—she met Simula in Melbourne. She became his paramour and he her parasite, for he had solved the mystery of how to live

had solved the mystery of how to live without working, even though it meant the lowest way of all.

He put her on the streets in the Southern City, and sat back and boozed at low-class pubs while she haunted darkened thoroughfares and plied her horrible trade.

THE PENITENT MAGDALENE.

But as far as she had gone, just when she felt that the things that mattered most were slipping through her fingers, she made frequent attempts to live a life of respectability—to get work, perhaps to shift to some spot where she would be unknown, and live the life that naturally should be hers as a woman.

But each time she tried she was pulled back by the grasping hands of Simula.

Such as he do not give up the easy life so easily.

Thus life went on. The woman's face

Thus life went on. The woman's face began to show the wear and tear of Simula's fists, plied there with painful frequency when the beast of burden failed to show up with the expected money. Her face gradually became bloated, features that once were regular and pretty were slowly becoming pale and puffed by regular drinking.

Three weeks or so ago they came to Sydney—transport paid by her—and went to live at a residential in Carrington-street—board and lodgings also paid for by her.

PACING THE PAVEMENT.

And then for three weeks each night she paced the pavement that the Finn might drink and live without the trouble of hard toll.

He still continued to brutally ill-use her, giving her punches as dividends for her share in the one-sided partnership.

But the day was coming when even she, the worm beneath his heel, should turn.

It came with dramatic suddenness for him, and maybe meant the day of the loosening of her sinful fetters.

Yesterday week, August 2, somewhere before five o'clock, they went to Pfahler's Hotel and sat in a back parlor drinking.

The woman was "broke" and wanted some money to get some things. She asked for ten shillings.

"I will give you nothing!" he snapped. "You leave this place, and I will fix you!"

The Worm Turns

Her endurance slowly snapped, hot blood of revolt that had lain dormant for so long welled up within her, the spirit to assert herself helped her on.

She ran to escape, to tell the police.

"You call the police and I will

fix you," he yelled. "You will never be alive when I get you!"

Some inner sense seemed to tell the

brutal bully that the chances were that he would lose his meal ticket. She made a dash to get away, but as quick as she was, he was quicker.

Held tight in hands that gripped like steel springs she was an easy mark in the hiding that followed.

He smashed her up, and finally punched her down the back stairs, where she lay, blood streaming from a sadly battered nose that this time was broken.

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She cleared to George-street and he followed. It must have been a nightmare chase for her, perhaps with visions of insensibility racing madly through her muddled brain.

INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW.

But there was a haven further down that she had not suspected. He caught her up in front of No. 4 Police Station, a fact that proved disastrous for him.

Constable Armstrong took the pair into custody, and inside she told her story, interspersed with sobs and borne out by the blood-smearred face and broken nose.

A charge of assault and of having knowingly lived partly upon her were presented against the man by Sergeant Sheehy, and on Wednesday last the Finn stood before the bar of justice at the Central Court to answer for his crimes.

And what a fiend he looked, like a trapped rat, as he sat brooding in the corner of the little dock, his eyes burning fire and revenge while the woman told her story.

She admitted quite openly to Sergeant Napper that she was a woman of the streets, and that Simula had lived upon her knowing her to be such. In fact, he had sent her there to earn money, which he took from her. From the time of their arrival in Sydney she had in all given him £15.

Sadly she recounted her experiences, and pathetically stated that she had often tried to get work, but was always prevented by him.

"That is not the first time that he has done that to me," she said. "I am afraid of him, and want to get away from him. I want to follow an honest occupation. Before I met him I always worked."

Sullenly the man got to his feet to ask her a question. Didn't he spend £60 on her while they were in Melbourne?

"No," she answered feelingly, rising in the box and leaning over the edge towards him. "You spent it the best way

wards him. "You spent it the best way you could in hotels with your friends. All you gave me was a shilling to get a little bit of meat."

Excitedly she went on, pouring

out her story like one who saw the chance and the moment to take it. "You said you were going to finish me, and said no one would know who did it. You will never have me again! It was for the likes of

you that Phyllis Hume was nearly hung!"

Of course Simula denied it—of course he blamed the woman. She was the sink of infamy, the one who had almost ruined his life! Yes, the she-devil who had enveloped him like a cloud from hell, a tragedy in human form from whom he could never get away!

But he could not explain why he did not clear out and leave her. She was, in fact, as Sergeant Napper suggested, too good a money-earner for him to lose. That was the only explanation that one could deduce, no matter how vehement were his protestations.

"You are about as low as a man can get—to live on a woman's prostitution," said the S.M., Mr. Gale, and immediately sent Simula to gaol for six months for having lived on the woman, and to three months for having assaulted her.

Even then he got out lightly. The sentences were made concurrent, meaning that at the most he will serve six months only.
