

PE-RU-NA
FOR
STOMACH CATARRH

Few, if any, remedies can equal the value of Pe-ru-na for catarrh of the stomach.

At this season it is estimated that every third person is more or less troubled with this form of catarrh

BE READY

Have the Proper Medicine in the House.

Sold Everywhere

Tablets or Liquid

Did Seem Peculiar.
Girl friend bought a slip-on, which, as cognoscenti know, is the filmy thing a lady gets into first. Then she went to a theater and lost the package. Called up the manager.

"Was anything found in Box A after the matinee?" she asked.

"Don't know," said the manager. "I'll inquire. What was it?"

Girl friend blushed unseen at the other end of the wire. Then she stammered:

"It—it was a slip-on."

"I'll ask," said the manager. "But how in the name of Mike did you manage to lose it?"—Atlanta Constitution.

When in Doubt
Lady Pianist (who, after an hour of it, has nearly played her visitor to sleep)—What would you like me to play now?

The Visitor (dreamily)—Oh, I dunno—I should keep right on with trumps.

—London Passing Show.

Genuine **ASPIRIN**

Say "Bayer"—Insist!

For Pain Headache
Neuralgia Rheumatism
Lumbago Colds

Safe Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. of Monacochheim, Germany

Don't hesitate

Dress burns, bruises, wounds and cuts, rashes and sores with soothing "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It keeps out dirt and air and hastens healing. For chafes or sore throats take a teaspoonful several times a day. It is tasteless, odorless and absolutely harmless.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Coca's) New York

Vaseline

Look for the trade-mark "VASELINE" on every package. It is your protection.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAAREM OIL

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine Gold Medal.

The
RAGGED EDGE
by
Harold MacGrath

Ah Cum was himself puzzled. Why hadn't he admitted that he recognized the photograph? What instinct had impelled him swiftly to assume his Oriental mask?

"Why?" asked O'Higgins. "What's the particular dope?"

"If I told you, you would laugh," answered Ah Cum, gravely.

"No, I don't think I'd laugh. You never saw him before yesterday. Why should you want to shield him?"

"I really don't know."

"Because he said he was a Yale man?"

"That might be it."

"Treated you like a white man there, did they?"

"Like a gentleman."

"All right, I had that coming. I didn't think. But, holy smoke!—the Yale spirit in..."

"A Chinaman. I wonder. I spent many happy days there. Perhaps it was the recollection of those happy days. You are a detective?"

"Yes. I have come thirteen thousand miles for this young fellow; I'm ready to go galloping thirteen thousand more."

"You have extradition papers?"

"What sort of a detective do you think I am?" countered O'Higgins.

"Then his case is hopeless."

"Absolutely."

"I'm sorry. He does not look like a criminal."

"That's the way it goes. You never can tell." There was a pause. "They tell me over here that the average Chinaman is honest."

Ah Cum shrugged. "Yes?"

"And that when they give their word they never break it." O'Higgins had an idea in regard to Ah Cum.

"Your tone suggests something marvelous in the fact," replied Ah Cum, ironically.

"Why shouldn't a Chinaman be honest? Ah, yes; I know. Most of you Americans pattern all Chinese upon those who fill a little corner in New York. In fiction you make the Chinese secretive criminal, and terrible—or comic. I am an educated Chinese, and I resent the imputations against my race. You Americans laugh at our custom of honoring our ancestors, our many-times great grandfathers. On the other hand, you seldom revere your immediate grandfather, unless he has promised to leave you some money."

"Bull's eye!" piped O'Higgins.

"Of course, there is a criminal element, but the percentage is no larger than that in America or Europe. Why don't you try to find out how the every-day Chinese lives, how he treats his family, what his normal habits are, his hopes, his ambitions? Why don't you come to China as I went to America—with an open mind?"

"You're on," said O'Higgins, briskly. "I'll engage you for four days. To-day is for the sights; the other three days—lessons. How's that strike you?"

"Very well, sir. At least I can give you a glimmer." A smile broke the set of Ah Cum's lips. "I'll take you into a Chinese home. We are very poor but manage to squeeze a little happiness out of each day."

"And I promise that all you tell me and show me will sink in," replied O'Higgins, frankly interested. "I'm a detective; my ears and eyes have been trained to absorb all I see and all I hear. When I absorb a fact, my brain weighs the fact carefully and stores it away. You fooled me this morning; but I overheard two old maids talking about you and the young man."

"What has he done?"

"What did he have to drink over here last night?"

"Not even water. No doubt he has been drinking for days without eating substantially, and his heart gave out."

"What happened?"

Ah Cum recounted the story of the sing-song girl. "I had to give in to him. You know how stubborn they get."

"Surest thing you know.

Bought the freedom of a sing-song girl; and all the while you knew you'd have to tott the girl back. But the Yale spirit!"

Ah Cum laughed.

"I've got a proposition to make," said O'Higgins.

"So long as it is open and above board."

"It's that, but it interferes with the college spirit stuff. Would a hundred dollars interest you?"

"Very much, if I can earn it without offending my conscience."

"It won't. Here goes. I've come all these miles for this young fellow; but I don't cotton to the idea of lallygagging four weeks in this burg. I've an idea it'll be that long before the chap gets up. My proposition is for you to keep an eye on him, and the moment he puts on his clothes to send me a telegram, care of the Hong-Kong Hotel. Understand me. Double-crossing wouldn't do any good. For all you might know, I might have someone watching you. This time he couldn't get far. He will have to return to Hong-Kong."

"Not necessarily. There is a railroad."

"He won't be taking that. The only safe place for him is at sea; and if he had kept to the sea, I shouldn't have found him so easily. Well, what about it?"

"I accept."

"As an honest Chinaman?"—taking out the offensiveness of the query by smiling.

"As an honest Chinaman."

O'Higgins produced his wallet. "Fifty now and fifty when I return."

"Agreed. Here are the jade carvers. Would you like to see them at work?"

"Lead on, Macduff!"

Ah Cum raised the skirt of his fluttering blue silk robe and stored the bill away in a trouser wallet. It was the beginning and the end of the transaction. When he finally telegraphed his starting information to Hong-Kong, it was too late for O'Higgins to act. The quarry had passed out into the open sea.

From the comatose state, Spurlock passed into that of the babbling fever; but that guarding instinct which is called subconsciousness held a stout leash on his secret. He uttered one word over and over, monotonously:

"Fool! . . . Fool!"

But invariably the touch of Ruth's hand quieted him, and his head would cease to roll from side to side. He hung precariously on the ragged edge, but he hung there. Three times he uttered a phrase:

"A djinn in a blue-serve coat!"

"A djinn in a blue-serve coat!"

And each time he would follow it with a chuckle—the chuckle of a soul in damnation.

Neither the American Express nor Cook's had received mail for Howard Taber; he was not on either list. This was irregular. A man might be without relatives, but certainly he would not be without friends, that is to say, without letters. The affair was thick with sinister suggestions. And yet the doctor recalled an expression of the girl's: hat it was not a dissipated face, only troubled.

The whole affair interested him deeply. That was one of the compensations for having consigned himself to this part of the world. Over here, there was generally some unusual twist to a case. He would pull this young fellow back; but later he knew that he would have to fight the boy's lack of will to live. When he recovered his mental faculties, he would lie there, neutral; they could save him or let him die, as they pleased; and the doctor knew that he would wear himself out forcing his own will to live into this neutrality. And probably the girl would wear herself out, too.

To fight inertia on the one hand and to study this queer girl on the other. Any financial return was inconsiderable against the promise of this psychological treat. The girl was like some north-country woodland pool, penetrated by a single shaft of

sunlight—beautifully clear in one spot and mysteriously obscured elsewhere. She would be elemental; there would be in her somewhere the sleeping tigress. The elemental woman was always close to the cat; as the elemental man was always but a point removed from the wolf.

It was so arranged that Ruth went on duty after breakfast and remained until noon. The afternoon was her own; but from eight until midnight she sat beside the patient. At no time did she feel bodily or mental fatigue. Frequently she would doze in her chair; but the slightest movement on the bed aroused her.

At luncheon, on the third day, a thick-set man with a blue jaw smiled across his table at her. She recognized him as the man who had blundered into the wrong room.

"How is the patient?" he asked.

"He will live," answered Ruth.

"That's fine," said O'Higgins. "I suppose he'll be on his feet any day now."

"No. It will take at least three weeks."

"Well, so long as he gets on his feet in the end. You're a friend of the young man?"

"If you mean did I know him before he came ill," no."

"Ah," O'Higgins revolved this information about but no angle emitted light. Basically a kindly man but made cynical and derisive by sordid contacts, O'Higgins had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as unselfishness. The man or woman who did something for nothing always excited his suspicions; they were playing some kind of a game. "You mean you were just sorry for him?"

"As I would be for any human being in pain."

"Uh-huh." For the life of him, O'Higgins could not think of anything else to say. Just because she was sorry for that young fool! "Uh-huh," he repeated, rising and bowing as he passed Ruth's table. He wished he had the time to solve this riddle, for it was a riddle, and four-square besides. Back in the States young women did not offer to play the Good Samaritan to strange young fools whom Jawn D. Barleycorn had sent to the mat for the count of nine: unless the young fool's daddy had a bundle of coin. Maybe the girl was telling the truth, and then again, maybe she wasn't.

The situation bothered him considerably. Things happened frequently over here that wouldn't happen in the States once in a hundred years. Who could say that the two weren't in collusion? When a chap like Spurlock jumped the traces, *cherchez la femme*, every time. He hadn't gambled or played the horses or hit the booze back there in little old New York.

"Aw, piffle!" he said, half aloud and rather disgustedly, as he stepped out into the sunshine. "My old coco is disintegrating. I've bumped into so much of the underside that I can't see clean any more. No girl with a face like that . . . And yet, dang it! I've seen 'em just as innocent looking that were prime vipers. Let's get to Hong-Kong, James, and hit the high spots while there in time."

He signalled to Ah Cum; and the two of them crossed on foot into the city.

It was not until the morning of the fifth day that the constant vigil was broken. The patient fell into a natural and refreshing sleep. So Ruth found that for a while her eyes were free. She tiptoed to the stand and gathered up the manuscripts which she carried to a chair by the window. Since the discovery of them, she had been madly eager to read these typewritten tales. Treasure caves to explore!

All through these trying days she had recurrently wondered what this strange young man would have to say that Dickens and Hugo had not already said. That was the true marvel of it. No matter how many books one read, each was different, as each human being was different. Some had the dignity and the aloofness of a rock in the sea; and others were as the polished pebbles on the sands—one saw the difference of pebble from pebble only by close scrutiny. Ruth, without suspecting it, had fallen upon a fundamental truth: that each and every book fitted into the scheme of human moods and intelligence.

Ruth was at that stage where the absorption of facts is great, but where the mental digestion

is not quite equal to the task. She was acquiring truths, but in a series of shocks rather than by the process of analysis.

There were seven tales in all—short stories—a method of expression quite strange to her, after the immense canvases of Dickens and Hugo. When she had finished the first tale, there was a sense of disappointment. She had expected a love story; and love was totally absent. It was a tale of battle, murder, and sudden death on the New York waterfront. Sordid; but that was not Ruth's term for it; she had no precise commentary to offer.

From time to time she would come upon a line of singular beauty or a paragraph full of haunting music; and these would send her rushing on for something that never happened. Each manuscript was like the other; the same lovely treatment of an unlovely subject. Abruptly would come the end. It was as if she had come upon the beautiful marble facade of a fairy palace, was invited to enter, and behind the door—nothing.

She did not realize that she was offering criticisms. The word "criticism" had no concrete meaning to her then; no more than "compromise." Some innate sense of balance told her that something was wrong with these tales. She could not explain in words why they disappointed.

Two hours had come and gone during this tantalizing occupation. At least, the tales had the ability to make her forget where she was; which was something in their favour.

"My coat!"

Ruth did not move but stared astonishedly at the patient.

"My coat!" he repeated, his glance burning into hers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Papa's Contrition.
From the Los Angeles Times.
Papa is very sorry and says it was all his fault.

Papa and mamma were having a serious quarrel and papa tried to twist mamma's arm—right out on the front lawn. So sonny warned papa to stop it, and papa being disobedient, sonny rushed into the house and secured mamma's gun and ran out and shot papa in the shoulder.

Fortunately the tragedy did not prove fatal. On the contrary, a news item assures us that the regrettable incident may result in a happy reconciliation of the family—especially as papa handsomely maintains it was all his fault.

So far, so good. But there is the fact that mamma had a loaded gun in the house all ready for sonny to shoot with. Perhaps papa had a nice little gun there, too. Quite obviously sonny's first thought was of the useful gun.

Should sonny be punished? Oh, probably not. Papa is quite right about that. But we can see where a father strong enough to twist mamma's arm in a quarrel might also have been sufficiently authoritative in his own household—and benign in his strength—to have made guns an indecent superfluity.

Wedding Tests Stamina.
H. S. Dickey in the Current History Magazine.
Each tribe of Yumbo Indians (of Ecuador) is divided into numerous families, and each of these is governed nominally by a chief known as the "guaynaro." Theoretically the guaynaro has powers of life or death over each and every member of the tribe.

The day then is set for the marriage ceremony. This ritual begins with a feast in which all the neighboring families take part. At dawn they gather around huge bowls of a nauseous concoction known as *chica*, which is a fermented and highly intoxicating drink made from the fruit of the chonta palm.

While the drinking is going on the bride is being dressed. All her clothing is removed—a short process—and she is provided with a new skirt of blue cloth which reaches almost to her knees. Around her shoulders are tied two red bandana handkerchiefs and across her forehead a red ribbon. Thus attired and accompanied by the guests she goes to the house of the bridegroom, who is dressed in white trousers, with a bandana handkerchief tied about his neck. Together they proceed to the house of the guaynaro, who officiates at the marriage. Hand in hand, they listen to the old man talk for several hours. When he tires he dismisses them. This concludes the ceremony and the dance begins.

An infernal noise, produced by as many as twenty drums and the voices of perhaps a hundred Indians raised in a monotonous doleful chant, marks the commencement of the performance. Then the voices are hushed and two lines are formed, one of men and one of women, with the bride in the center.

Significance of Col. Forbes.
By Charles Marx, in the Century Magazine.
This is the story of the drummer boy who sat on the front porch till they made a general of him, and thereafter managed in two active years to waste through negligence and graft a sum sufficient to construct ten modern battleships.

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