# The RAGGED EDGE Harold MacGrath

CHAPTER XI

The second call energized her Into action. She dropped the manuscripts and swiftly brought the coat to him, noting that a botton hung loose. Later, she would sew it on.

"What is it you want?" she asked, as she held out the coat. "Fold it . . . . under the pillow."

· This she did carefully, but inwardly commenting that he was still in the realm of strange fancies. Wanting his coat, when he must have known that the pockets were empty! But the effort to talk had cost him something. The performance over, he relaxed and closed his eyes. Even as she watched, the sweat of weakness began to form on his forehead and under the nether lip. She wet some absorbent cotton with alcohol and refreshed his face and neck. This done, she waited at the side of the bed; but he gave no sign that he was conscious of her nearness.

The poor boy, wanting his empty coat! The incident, however, caused her to review the recent events. It was now evident that he had not been normal that first day. Perhaps he had had money in the coat, back in Hong-Kong, and had been robbed without knowing it. Perhaps these few words were the first real conscious words he had uttered in days. His letter of credit; probably that was it; and, observing the strangeness of the room he was in, his first concern on returning to consciousness would naturally relate to his letter of credit. How would he act when he learned that it had vanished?

She gathered up the manuscripts and restored them to the envelope. This she put into the trunk. She noticed that this trunk was not littered with hotel labels. These little squares of coloured paper interested her mightily-hotel labels. She was for ever scanning luggage and finding her way about the world, via these miniature pictures. London, Paris, Rome! There were no hotel labels on the patient's trunk, but there were ship labels; and by these she was able to reconstruct the journey: from New York to Naples, thence to Alexandria; From Port Said to Colombo; from Colombo to Bombay; from Calcutta to Rangoon, thence down to Singapore; from Singapore to Hong-Kong. The great world outside!

She stood motionless beside the trunk, deep in speculation; and thus the doctor found her.

"Well?" he whispered. "I believe he is conscious" she answered. "He just asked for his coat, which he wanted under his pillow."

"Conscious; well, that's good news. He'll be able to help ua a little now. I hope that some day he'll understand how much he owes you."

"Oh, that!" she said, with a deprecating gesture.

"Miss Enschede, you're seven

kinds of a brick!"

"A brick ?" He chuckled, "I forgot. That's clang, meaning you're splendid." "I begin to see that I shall

have to learn English all over again." "You have always spoken it?" "Yes; except for some native. I wasn't taught that; I simply

fell into it from contact." "I see. So he's come around, then? That's fine."

He approached the bed and laid his palm on the patient's forehead, and nodded. Then he took the pulse.

"He will pull through?" "Positively. But the big job for you is yet to come. When he begins to notice things, I want

you to trap his interest, to amuse him, keep his thoughts from reverting to his misfortunes."

"Then he has been unfortun-

had a hard knock somewhere; walk, we must keep his interest away from that thought. After that we'll go our several

"What makes you think he has had a hard knock?"

"I'm a doctor, young lady." "You're fine, too. I doubt if you will receive anything for your trouble."

"Oh, yes I will. The satisfaction of cheating Death again. You've been a great help these five days; for he had to have attendance constantly, and neither Wu nor I could have given that. And yet, when you offered to help, it was what is to come that I had in mind."

"To make him forget the knock ?"

"Precisely. I'm going to be frank; we must have a clear understanding. Can you afford to give this time? There are your own affairs to think of." "There's no hurry."

"And money ?"

"I'll have plenty, if I'm care-

"It has done me a whole let of good to meet you. Over here a man quickly loses faith, and I find myself back on solid ground once more. Is there anything you'd like!" "Books."

"What kind?" "Dickens, Hugo."

"I'll bring you an armful this afternoon. I've a lot of old magazines, too. There are a thousand questions I'd like to ask you, but I sha'n't ask them."

"Ask them, all of them, and I will gladly answer. I mystify you; I can see that. Well, whenever you say, I promise to do away with the mystery."

"All right. I'll call for you this afternoon when Wu is on. I'll show you the Sha-mien; and we can talk all we want."

"I was never going to tell anybody," she added. "But you are a good man, and you'll understand. I believed I was strong enough to go in silence; but I'm human like everybody else. To tell someone who is kind and who will understand!" "There, there!" he said. There

was a hint of tears in her voice. "That's all right. We'll get together this afternoon; and you can pretend that I am your

"No! I have run away from my father. I shall never go back to him; never, never!"

Distressed, embarrassed betragic revelation, the doctor puttered about among the bottles on the stand.

"We're forgetting," he said. "We mustn't disturb the patient. I'll call for you after lunch." "I'm sorry."

She began to prepare the room for Wu's coming, while the doctor went downstairs. As he was leaving the hotel, Ah Cum stepped up to his side.

"How is Mr Tabor?" "Regained consciousness this morning." Ah Cum nodded. "That is

good." "You are interested?" "In a way, naturally. We are both graduates of Yale."

"Ah! Did he tell you anything about himself?" "Aside from that, no. When

will he be up?" "That depends. Perhaps in two or three weeks. Did he talk a little when you took him into

the city?" "No. He appeared to be strangely uncommunicative, though I tried to draw him out. He spoke only when he saw the sing-song

girl he wanted to buy." "Why didn't you head him off, explain that it couldn't be done by a white man?"

Ah Cum shrugged. "You are a physician; you know the vagaries of men in liquor. He was a stranger. I did not know how he would act if I obstructed

"We found all his pockets empty."

"Then they were empty when he left," replied Ah Cum, with

"I was only commenting. Did he acted to you that day as if he knew what he was doing?" "Not all of the time."

"A queer case;" and the dec-

tor passed on.

Ah Cum made a movement as though to follow, but reconsidered. The word of a Chinaman; he had given it, so he must abide. There was now no honest way of warning Taber that the net had been drawn. Of course, it was ridiculous, this inclination to assist the fugitive, based as it was upon an intangible university idea. And yet, mulling it over, he began to understand why the white man was so powerful in the world: he was taught loyalty and fair play in his schools, and he carried this spirit into the world which his forebears had conquered.

Suddenly Ah Cum laughed aloud. He, a Chinaman troubling himself over Occidental ideas! With his hands in his sleeves, he proceeded on his way.

Ruth and the doctor returned to the hotel at four. There was an air of repressed gaiety in her actions: the sense of freedom had returned; her heart was empty again. The burden of decision had been transferred.

And because he knew it was a burden, there was no gaiety upon the doctor's face; neither was there speech on his tongue. He knew not how to act, urged as he was in two direction. It would be useless to tell her to go back, even heartless; and yet he could not advise her to go on, blindly, not knowing whether her aunt was dead or alive. He was also aware that all his arguments would shatter themselves against her resolutions. There was a strange quality of steel in this pretty creature. He understood now that it was a part of her inheritance. The father would be all steel. One point in her narrative stood out beyond all others. To an unthinking mind the episode would be ordinary, trivial; but to the doctor, who had had plenty of time to think during his sojourn in China, it was basic of the child's unhappiness. A dozen words, and he saw Enschede as clearly as though he

stood hard by in the flesh. To preach a fine sermon every Sunday so that he would lose neither the art nor the impulse; and this child, in secret rebellion taking it down in long hand durg odd hours in the week! Preaching grandiloquently before a few score natives who understood little beyond the gestures, for the single purpose of warding off disintegration! It reminded the doctor of a stubborn retreat; from barricade to barricade, grimly fighting to keep the enemy at bay, that insidious enemy of the white max

in the South Seas-inertia. The drunken beachcombers; the one-sided education; the utter loneliness of a white child without playfellows, human or animals, without fairy stories, who for days was left alone while the father visited neighbouring islands, these pictures sank far below their actual importance. He would always see the picture of the huge, rawboned Dutchman, haranguing and thundering the word of God into the dull ears of South Sea Islanders, who, an hour later would be carrying fruit penitent.

ly to their wooden images. He now understood her interest in Taber, as he called himself:habit, a twice-told tale. A beachcomber in embryo and she had lent a hand through habit as much as through pity. The grim mockery of it!-those South Sea loafers, taking advantage of Enschede's Christianity and imposing upon him, accepting his money and medicines and laughing behind his back! No doubt they made the name a byword and a subject for ribald jest in the waterfront bars. And this clear-visioned child had comprehended that only half the rogues were really ill. But Enschede took them as they came, without question. Charity for the ragtag and the bobtail of the Seven Seas and none for his own flesh

and blood. This started a thought moving. There must be something behind the missioner's actions, something of which the girl knew nothing nor suspected. It would not be possible otherwise to live in daily contact with this leveleyed, lovely girl without loving her. Something with iron resolve the father had kept hidden all these years in the lonely citadel of his heart. Teaching the word of God to the recent cannibal, caring for the sick, storming the strongholds of the plague, adding his own private income to the pittance allowed him by the Society, and never seeing the angel that walked at his side! Something the girl knew nothing about; else Enschede was unbelievable.

It now came to him with an added thrill how well she had told her story; simply and directly, no skipping, no wandering hither and yon: from the first hour she could remember, to the night she had fled in the proa, a clear sustained narrative. And through it all, like a golden thread on a piece of tapestry, weaving in and out of the patterns the unspoken longing for

"Well," she said, as they reached the hotel portal, "what is your advice?"

"Would you follow it?" "Probably not. Still, I am curious."

"I do not say that what you have done is wrong in any sense. I do not blame you for the act. There are human limitations, and no doubt you reached yours. For all that, it is folly. If you knew your aunt were alive, if she expected you, that would be different. But to plunge blindly into the unknown!'

"I had to! I had to!" She had told him only the first part of her story. She wondered if the second part would overcome his objections? Several times the words had rushed to her tongue, to find her tongue paralysed. To a woman she might have confided; but to this man, kindly as he was, it was unthinkable. How could she tell him of the evil that drew her and drew her, as a needle to the magnet?—the fascinating evil that even now, escaped as it was, went on distilling its poison in her mind?

"Yes yes!" said the doctor. "But if you do not find this aunt, what will you do? What can you do to protect yourself against hunger?"

"I'll find something." "But warn the aunt, prepare

her, if she lives." "And have her warn my father! No. If I surprised her, if I saw her alone, I might make

her understand.' He shook his head. "There's only one way out of the muddle, that I can see."

"And what is that?" "I have relatives not far from Hartford. I may prevail upon them to take you in until you are full-fledged, providing you do

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Beyond Endurance.

"So you're goin' t' break it off with th' college boy, Mame! How come?"
"No tact, dearie. All th' time he insists on sittin' around talkin' about Themistocles and Atlantis and Catherine II, when he knows how low I think horse racing is!"

One of the world's longest transmission spans measuring 4,317 feet, swings across Cheat river in West Vir-

### Vacation Remarks.

From Life. "Kenneth, you have been in that water long enough." "Oh no! We never have hay fever up here. This is just a coryza!"
"Would you mind putting a grass-hopper on this hook?" "No ma'am this lake ain't never been fathomed." "Do you suppose those berries were

"Our guide said I was a born rider—and I never sat on a horse before!"
"How often do the geysers go off?"
"Oh, are you from Kansas? I wonder if you know my cousin out there!"
"Our party was the only one that
saw any elk. The guide said it was

very unusual." "There—you moved, and that was my last film!"
"My, them mountains sure do look grand!"

"Did anybody see me pick it?" "They call it ten miles but the guide says it's at least twenty-five." That's the best dance I've had this evening."
"Yes, I think I've met you some-

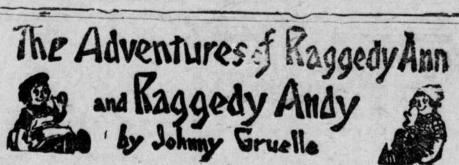
"Well, 'jiggers' or 'chigers,' I've got 'em!"
"Somebody please rub some cold cream on my back!" "I like it because you don't have to

dress up."
"If I ever get back to civilization."

### It's Warmer Down Below.

From the Kansas City Star. One of the deepest holes in the earth is a boring made in the hope of striking oil near Carnavon, South Africa. It was carried down to a depth of 5,080 feet below the surface of the land, which itself was some \$200 feet above the sea. Water now stands in the hole to within 32 feet of the surface, but thermometers have been lowered down to 4,912 feet have been lowered down to 4,912 feet and temperature observed. At the lowest level the temperature is 157 degrees Fahrenheit, or as high as that of scalding water. At 55 feet depth temperature is 78 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year. Above that level there is some difference due to the seasons. The ference, due to the seasons. The rate of increase of temperature declines as the depth increases. In the deepest hole in the earth, the San Juan Del Ray mine in Brazil, the rock temperature is 117 degrees at a depth of 6,726 feet below the surface.

The Measure of His Wetness. From an English Newspaper. At a party in London, one of the guests became hilariously intoxicated and an American was heard to remark in picturesque idiom: "That guy is so wet that if the wind was to blow at this minute he'd ripple." blew at this minute be'd ripple."



see out of your cunning little cottage, Mrs. Mingle, so that you can go back and live in it?" Raggedy

She and Raggedy Andy and Mrs. Mingle were sitting upon a stone, a very hard one out in front of Mrs. Mingle's cottage.

"The Zumzee has no right to walk into my house just as we were about to sit down to breakfast!" Mrs. Mingle said. "ndeed! He hasn't!" Raggedy Ann

agreed.
"I would have wrestled him," Raggedy Andy said, "but the Zumzee is so large he easily pushed all of us right out of the house! And now that he has all the doors locked we cannot get back inside." "And now the Zumzee has eaten

all the breakfast and has gone to sleep with his muddy feet right on Mrs. Mingle's nice clean white bed!" Raggedy Ann said after sne had run over and peeked into a window.

"And I am getting hungrier and hungrier and hungrier every minute!" Mrs. Mingle sighed.

But there was nothing the Raggedys could do, so they just sat upon the hard stone beside Mrs. Mingle and felt sorry. But pretty soon Mrs. Mingle cried, "Listen! What is that racket inside my nice little cottage?"

Indeed, there was a loud racket inside Mrs. Mingle's house. Like this "Bang! Crash! BUMP! BANG!" only a great deal louder. "Maybe the Zumsee ate so much

it made his tummy ache and he is

jumping about and breaking up the furniture!" Raggedy Andy said. "Oh, no, it couldn't be that!" Mrs. Mingle replied, "All the food was magic food and would never give anything the tummy ache!" "Then it is something else!" Rag-

gedy Andy said.
"Wow!" the loud voice of the Zumzee howled from inside the house, "Ouch! Wowie! Ouch!" then there were a lot more loud "BANG BANGS and CRASH CRASHES!"

"Why!" Raggedy Ann said, "I can hear the Zumzee running from one room to another and something seems to be after him!" "I'll bet a nickel the Zumzee has

found the magical hobby horse and



The Raggedys Sat Upon the Hard Stone.

has tried to throw him out of the house!" Raggedy Andy suggested. The howls of the Zumzee, the crashing and thumping of something could be heard for a long way outside Mrs. Mingle's little house until finally the front door was broken right off of its hinges and the Zumsee came rolling out, head over

the magical hobby horse thumping the Zumzee as hard as he could. "Now will you ever do it again?" the magical hobby horse cried as he thumped the Zumzee so hard the Zumzee went sailing into the bushes with a crash.

heels and right behind him came

When the magical hobby horse saw that the Zumzee was running away, he came up to Mrs. Mingle and the Raggedys, "My goodness!" he said, "I thought when I saw the Zumzee throw all of you out of the house that he was very strong, but the very first time that I kicked him with my wooden legs, the Zum-zee howled as if he was frightened, so I kept kicking him and thumping him until he ran and jumped right through the front door!" Mrs. Mingle, with her magic charm soon put the house in order again and in three minutes, she and the Raggedys and the wooden hobby horse were enjoying their breakfast, brought from Mrs. Mingle's magical

"Thank you nice magical hobby horse for thumping the Zumzee and driving him out of my little cottage!" Mrs. Mingle said as she tied a napkin around the hobby horse's neck so that he wouldn't spill maple syrup in his lap at the breakfast table.

"I am very glad that I could drive the Zumzee out of your house after he had pushed you and Raggedy Arn and Raggedy Andy outside to sit upon the cold hard stone." "Yes," Mrs. Mingle continued as

she put a large plate of pan cakes in front of the hobby horse. "If it had not been for you the Zumzee would still be in the house and I guess I would have had to hunt a new home!" When the magical hobby horse had

eaten eleventeen plates of pan cakes and the others had all the pan cakes they wished, Mrs. Mingle said, "Now we will sit out on the front porch and have some ice cream sodas! No one shald ever eat ice cream sodas before breakfast, but immediately after breakfast they are nice to have if they are real for sure magical ice cream sodas!"

So Mrs. Mingle brought out the ice cream sodas and she and the hobby horse and the Raggedys had just started eating the socias when there came the Zumzee running up to the house; and with him another strange looking creature.

"I'm the Thingum," the new erea-

ture cried, "And the Zumzee says that the hobby horse thumped him right out of his own house!'

"Why! The Zumzee is telling & great big fib!" the hobby horse said. "Didn't you thump the Zumzee?"

the Thingum asked the hobby horse. "Oh yes!" the hobby horse truthfully replied, "But I did not thump him right out of his own house! Did I?"



The Thingum Thumped the Zumze Upon the Back.

he asked Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Mrs. Mingle.

"Indeed! This is not the Zumzee's house!" Mrs. Mingle told the Thingum. "The Zumzee came walking in just as we were about to have breakfast and sat down at the table and ate everything up. Then he pushed us out of the house and locked the doors! But the brave hobby horse was inside and he thumped the Zumzee with his head and kicked him with his wooden legs until the Zumzee howled and jumped right through the front door!"

"Why! The idea!" Thingum said. "Why did you tell me such a big fib, Mr. Zumzee, don't you know it is wrong to tell 'stories?' "

"Anyway! This is going to be my house because it has a lot of magic cupboards in it so that if you wish anything to eat, all you have to do is to reach in the cupboards and get it! So I guess I will push everyone off the porch and go inside and lock the doors!"

"And I just guess you will do nothing of the kind!" the Thingum said as he took a short stick from his pocket and thumped the Zumzee upon the back. "There's one for telling rie a fib and there's another thump for being so impolite to nice Mrs. Mingle and there's another for making me thump you as I have done and there's another thump to keep the other thumps company!"

And at each thump with the short stick, the Zumzee howled "Ouch!" and hopped ten feet, but as soon as he hit the ground the Thingum gave him another until he was a long way from Mrs. Mingle's nice house.

"Now! I guess he will know better!" the Thingum said as he came back and took the glass of ice cream soda Mrs. Mingle handed him.

"Anyway Zumzees are a nulsance and I hope he never bothers you again, Mrs. Mingle!" And the Raggedys and Mrs. Mingle hoped so tor

## Wanted-A Word.

Speaking of words, there is nothing more curious in a study of Wichita signs than the inability of English speaking people to hit upon a short and simple word to describe place where one can eat a meal England has no better luck than America in this. An inn was all right in its day and so was a tavern, but neither word describes the place de-voted singly to the service of meals, So England has done what America has done, taken from the French, cafe and restaurant. But cafe of cafeteria, describing a single item in a meal, isn't satisfactory and the ungainly restaurant is too long and. promising in its meaning bodily restoration, is not happily descriptive.

This part of the world long ago contributed "parlor," as in "chili par-But such a place is not a parlor. A later contribution was "stand." as in a "lunch stand," where no one actually stands. Another was "eating place." The place doesn't eat. Wichita has, in recent times, added another word, "castle," as in "ham-burger castle." But "castle" doesn't fit. The slang "beanery" is impos-

All this indicates a curious lingual incapacity. What's the matter with the race which found a word for home, another for bed, another for chair, others for street, store, station, car, but flunked flabbily and still flunks in finding a word for the place which interrupts all of humanity at least once a day, and a goodly portion of it three times a day?

### Death, The Wind.

Death, like a wind, shall come some Come to my threshold, where I stay And work so hard at little things. Death, like a wind, shall come some And blow the clutter of things away.

Then across my threshold clear. I shall walk straight out with a tear. Just one or two or, maybe three For the small white house that shelters me.

A tear for the fire and hearth and all. And one for the flowers by the terrace wall. The rest of my loves I carry with me When Death, like a wind, sweeps the

doorstone free. Oh, Death, like a wind, shall come some day And blow the clutter of things away.

shall walk straight out to the To the tallest peak, where the big clouds lie. I shall lay my hands against the sky When Death, like a wind, has come

that day And blown the clutter of things

away.
--Marion Bullard, in Harper's Magazine.