



. . . A Killer — but
Still the Boy the Detective
Had Gone to School With

THE RAGGED EDGE

By PHILIP KETCHUM

THE TWO detectives stood in the darkened entranceway to a building across the street from the rooming-house. They watched a light come on through a third floor window. Ben Higgins nodded. He said, "Call the wagon, Blake. I'll go over and get him." His voice was flat, almost toneless.

"Why don't we both go over?" said Joe Blake.

"I know him," said Ben Higgins. "I

went to school with him. If I go over there alone he'll talk to me."

"He might talk with a gun," said Blake. "He did to Floyd Garrison. He's a killer, Ben. Why stick your neck out?"

"It's my neck," said Ben. "I want to handle it this way. Call the wagon. Give me ten minutes."

He struck out across the street toward the rooming-house. He was a tall young man, slender. His shoulders were hunched against the driving force of the wind which

swept the street. His hat was pulled down tight on his head. The collar of his top-coat was turned up. His hands were in his pockets. It was early evening but there was hardly any traffic on this side street. On the corner was a cocktail bar. It was there they had spotted Tony Scarcelli. They had hardly had to move to run him to earth.

Ben stepped up on the curb. He crossed the sidewalk, moved up the steps of the rooming-house, opened the door and entered. A dim light glowed in the hallway showing him the narrow stairs to the floors above. It was warm in here, warm with the intimate smells of an old house. Just inside the door was a row of mailboxes. Tony's name was not listed.

A threadbare carpet covered the stairs. Ben climbed to the second floor and then to the third. He heard the muted sounds of a radio coming from one of these third floor rooms. In another a child was crying. Ben moved up the hall to the front of the house. He counted the doors. At the second he stopped and listened. He could hear nothing from inside the room. Ben took his hand from his pocket. He knocked on the door. After a moment he knocked again.

"Who is it?" called a voice from within the room. "What do you want?"

Ben stood close to the door. His gun was in his shoulder holster where it would be hard to get at. It occurred to him, abruptly, that he was doing a very foolish thing in coming up here alone. A trickle of perspiration ran down his armpit. He said, "Open up, Tony. It's Ben Higgins. I want to talk to you."

A moment of silence followed. Ben waited patiently. The dim light in the hallway emphasized the lines in his thin face. He was under thirty but he looked older. He felt older, just then. This was an arrest he didn't want to make. This was the toughest job he had ever had to tackle.

"Go away, copper," said a voice from within the room. "Leave me alone."

"Open up, Tony," said Ben again. "This is something you can't duck. You knew that when you shot Garrison."

AGAIN there was a moment of silence. Ben waited. He had a flashing memory of something which had happened long ago, of Tony Scarcelli on a highschool football field, crying like a baby at the end of a game which had been lost by one point.

"You alone out there?" asked Tony Scarcelli.

"I'm alone," Ben answered.

The door bolt clicked. The door opened. Ben looked in at Tony Scarcelli and at the gun in Tony's hand, a gun which covered him. He moved into the room. He closed the door and stood against it. He shook his head. He said, "Put up your gun, Tony, unless you mean to use it."

"Why shouldn't I use it?" Tony snarled. "You're just like any other copper."

"There are too many of us, Tony. You can't get us all."

Tony Scarcelli wiped a hand across his face. He was short, stocky. He looked older than Ben though they were the same age. He had dark, straight hair which needed trimming. His eyebrows were heavy. His eyes were dark, sharp, nervous. His breath was coming fast. An open suitcase lay on the floor near a bureau. It was half packed. An extra gun was on top of the bureau.

"You'll never take me in, Higgins," said Tony Scarcelli. "Never!"

"We'll take you in," said Ben Higgins. "One way or another we will take you in."

"And they'll make you a captain, huh," said Tony. "Is that it? They'll make you a captain for bringing me in. Maria will like

that. She will think it's wonderful."

There was a heavy bitterness in Tony's voice. He looked at the gun in his hand. He turned and threw it across the room. The gun bounced from the wall to the floor. Tony crossed to the bed and sat down. He buried his head in his hands. He looked up after a moment. There were tears in his eyes. "Come on," he half screamed. "Snap the handcuffs on me. Be a real hero. Get your picture in the papers."

Ben still leaned against the door. He stared soberly at Tony Scarcelli. He couldn't think of anything to say. He could understand Tony's bitterness but he didn't know what to do about it. The lines in his face had deepened.

"I didn't think I'd ever kill a man," Tony muttered. "I didn't think I'd ever kill a man but Garrison had it coming. I'm glad I killed him!"

Tony's voice had risen on those last words. He was staring again at Ben Higgins. His eyes had widened. There was almost a mad look in them.

"Cut it out, Tony," Ben ordered.

Tony jerked to his feet. His fists were clenched. Anger had darkened his face. It sounded in his words. "I'll not cut it out," he shouted. "I'm glad I killed him. Glad. And there's one more on my list. One more to die."

He whirled around. He moved to where his gun was lying. He stooped to pick it up. Ben Higgins stepped quickly forward. His fist chopped down on the back of Tony's skull, just above the neck. It was a sharp, hard blow. Tony gasped. He sprawled to the floor and lay there motionless.

BY TEN O'CLOCK that evening the wind had turned colder. The hint of winter was in its icy bite. It struck against Ben's face as he left the city hall. It knifed

through his top-coat, as he huddled on the corner, waiting for a Twenty-third avenue street car. It snuffed out the first match with which he tried to light a cigaret. When the car came Ben boarded it, paid his fare, and stood in the back section where he could smoke. Two other men in the back section of the street car were discussing Scarcelli's capture and predicting what the cops would do to him before he came to trial. Ben tried not to listen. He left the car at Merced Avenue and walked two blocks up the street.

This was a poor section of the city. It was almost the worst. The houses were old. They were of frame construction. They were jammed close together, almost touching each other. The lawns were poorly kept which possibly was not the fault of the people living here. Years ago the grass had eaten the fertility from the soil and the people who lived in these houses had no money to waste on food for a lawn. The trees in the park put out green leaves each spring but seemed to have given up growing. There were empty spaces where some had died and had been removed.

Ben stopped in front of one of these houses. He stared at it bleakly. Light showed dimly around the front room curtain. After a momentary hesitation he turned up the walk, climbed three steps to a sagging porch, crossed it and rang an old-fashioned level bell. Footsteps sounded in the hall, a porch light came on, the door opened and Maria Scarcelli looked out at him.

She was a tall girl, taller than her brother, almost as tall as Ben. She was slender. Dark hair framed the oval of her face. She had finer hair than Tony's, hair with a soft, natural curl. She was wearing a Terry-cloth robe which reached almost to the floor and which was pinned together at her throat. The dim porch light struck

across her face, shadowing her eyes, eyes which seldom laughed any more, eyes so darkly brown they were almost black, eyes which once had been warm and friendly when they looked at Ben Higgins and which had held a promise of much more. Tonight there was a cold and distant look in them.

"What do you want?" asked Maria Scarcelli.

"I want to talk to you," said Ben.

Maria shook her head. "There is nothing to talk about. I heard the news on the radio."

Ben pulled in a long, slow breath. His hands were buried deep in his pockets. On the way here he had hoped that this house would be dark, at the same time hoping that it wouldn't. He wished now that he hadn't stopped, yet he had known that he must.

"I arrested him, Maria," he said slowly. "I talked to him before I arrested him. I want to talk to you."

The girl backed away from the door. She said, "Come in," but there was no welcome in the words.

Ben stepped into the hall and into the smell and feeling of a home he knew as well as his own. He followed Maria into the parlor, a parlor which hadn't changed within his memory. Here was the same worn davenport he had sat on as a boy. The same pictures were on the walls. A piano had always stood in the corner. It was still there. The light fixtures, the carpet, the chairs, the library table and its lamp, the bookcase, all were so familiar he hardly noticed them. He stood near the fireplace in which there wasn't a fire and where, to his knowledge, there had never been a fire. He stared at Maria. She was standing. She hadn't asked him to sit down. She didn't intend to ask him to sit down.

"Mama doesn't know," she said

quietly. "She is asleep. I will tell her tomorrow. Was Tony hurt?"

"He wasn't hurt," said Ben.

Maria's hands were clasped together. She was twisting the ring on her little finger, twisting it around and around and around. This was an old habit of hers.

"Floyd Garrison isn't dead," Ben mentioned. "He's in the hospital. There is a chance he might live. If he does, things will go much easier with Tony."

"He deserved to die," said Maria. "Do you know what he did? He followed Tony around from one job to another. He said to the boss, '*Tony Scarcelli can't be trusted. He's a wop. He was in the reformatory. He's got a police record. You'd better fire him.*' That's what Garrison did. Your friend, Garrison."

"He was no friend of mine," said Ben.

"He was a detective, a brother-in-arms."

"All detectives aren't fine men, Maria, just the same as all bankers aren't fine men, or all street car conductors. On the force we have our share of those we are not proud of."

"Tony tried to go straight. He didn't have a chance. He tried to hold down an honest job. He didn't have to. He could have gone to work for Nick Rossi any day. Nick Rossi wanted him. He could have made money with Nick Rossi, dishonest money, but he would have had protection from men like Garrison. He tried to go straight. He was driven to murder."

"It may not be murder," said Ben Higgins.

MARIA had stopped twisting her ring. Her hands were clenched at her sides. "I wish it was," she said bitterly. "At least it would be a clean murder, one he wouldn't have to be ashamed of. What did he tell you?"

Ben shook his head. "Nothing

important. You can see him tomorrow.”

“Then what do you want with me tonight?”

“You know what I want, Maria. You know what I have always wanted. This makes no difference.”

“You would marry a murderer’s sister?”

“Tomorrow. Tonight.”

“How noble of you, Ben Higgins.”

A sudden, sharp anger threw its heavy weight against Ben’s patience. He took a step forward. His muscles were tense. He wanted to grasp Maria and shake her, break down the walls of her resistance. He moved closer. He reached out suddenly and took her in his arms. Her body was rigid, unyielding. He found her lips. They were cold, motionless, without form. She didn’t struggle against him. Ben had the feeling that she wasn’t here, that this was only her figure he was holding, that the girl he loved was far away.

He dropped his arms. He stepped back. He wiped a hand across his face and was reminded abruptly of the way Tony Scarcelli had made a similar gesture. Tony, who had been cornered and who was bewildered and frightened and confused.

“You had better leave,” said Maria quietly.

Her face showed no emotion. Her voice was calm. Ben stared at her, knowing that he hadn’t been able to touch her, that nothing he could do would touch her. She was as far away as another planet. He turned and moved toward the hall. He came to the front door. He opened it, stepped outside, closed it. He had no memory of the long walk home.

THEY were horsing around in the squad room, mainly riding Joe Blake whose wallet had been lifted by a pickpocket. Blake was tussling with two of

the men. His beefy face was flushed from his exertions.

“Hey, look at Ben Higgins,” shouted one of the men. “Even Ben’s snapped out of it. Maybe he’s forgotten that girl.”

Ben kept the grin on his face. He said, “What girl? I’m a confirmed bachelor and everyone knows it.”

“A guy with no blonds in his life,” said Cassidy. “How sad.”

“She’s a red-head,” said Mowbridge, “She’s the torch gal in the Bombo Club.”

“Nope,” said Cassidy. “His real gal is Sophie Springer.”

There were delighted howls at this. Sophie Springer weighed close to five hundred pounds. Ben had had the uncomfortable job of bringing her in on a larceny complaint. She had sat down on the sidewalk in front of her house and refused to move. She had suggested that he pick her up and carry her. A newspaper photographer had been handy and had taken a picture. It had made a beautiful newspaper story.

After they were off duty, Ben Higgins and Joe Blake dropped in at the Dutchman’s for a glass of beer. They talked of trivialities. They listened to the Dutchman’s mournful story of the horse which should have won the third race at Hollywood Park but which lost his rider in the stretch. They had a second beer.

“Have you found her yet?” Blake asked suddenly.

Ben shook his head. “Not yet. I haven’t stopped looking.”

“Why don’t you forget her?”

“I don’t think I want to.”

“Ben, you could do better than Maria Scarcelli.”

“No man could do better than Maria,” Ben growled. “You just don’t know her, Joe.”

“All right,” said Joe Blake, shrugging his shoulders. “If I’m talking out of turn,

kick me in the face, but since you're so crazy about her why didn't you marry her long ago before her brother got himself into trouble?"

"There was a war," said Ben. "Remember? I was just out of college when it started. The war gobbled up five years. I can't complain. The special training I got lifted me into a plain clothes job with the department here in an awful hurry. I like this work. Maria doesn't, mainly because of the way Garrison kept pushing Tony around."

"I saw Garrison the other day," said Joe Blake. "He's up and around again. I suppose he'll be back. We could get along without him."

Ben finished his beer. He stared moodily at the bar, wondering where Maria had gone. She had disappeared immediately after Tony's trial. Mama Scarcelli still lived in the old house but Mama Scarcelli wouldn't even talk to him.

"I was up state the other day on the Hodson case," said Joe Blake. "I talked to the warden. He mentioned that Tony Scarcelli had been transferred to the prison farm near Centralia. He said Tony was behaving himself."

"Tony had a rough deal," said Ben Higgins.

He stood up. He was thinner than he had been eight months ago at the time of Tony's arrest. The lines in his face were deeper. He crossed to the door and stood there, tall and thin, and slightly stooped, his weariness showing in every line of his face.

"Do you think I could get a couple days off?" he asked when Blake joined him.

"Maybe," said Joe Blake. "The chief, for some peculiar reason, seems to like you."

"I think I'll try it," Ben nodded.

Blake chuckled. "There's only one

good hotel in Centralia," he mentioned. "It's called the Plaza."

SHE left the laundry by a side door at five thirty. She walked down the street. At the corner she came to an abrupt stop. She stared at the man who was waiting there. To Ben Higgins, she looked tired, older. Her cheeks were pale. Faint lines showed at the corners of her mouth. She was wearing a brown skirt, a light, tan blouse, no hat. A slight, warm summer wind lifted the dark curls from her shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I came to check up on a man," Ben said vaguely. It wasn't true. He had a notion that Maria knew it wasn't true.

"Check up on him, then," said Maria. "And when you've finished, go away."

"I'll walk home with you," said Ben.

He fell into step with her. They moved on up the street. It was a tree shaded street, a quiet street, a side street in Centralia where no streets were ever very busy. A noisy group of children were playing in it. In the front yards of the homes along the street, men in their shirt sleeves were watering the grass, cutting it, trimming it. The grass in these yards really grew. The houses weren't jammed too close together.

"The fact that I'm here," said Maria, "has nothing at all to do with the fact that Tony is on the prison farm."

Ben said nothing.

"I saw him a week ago," Maria continued, "He is going to finish his sentence. When he is free again he is going south. He is going someplace where he isn't known. He is going to start all over."

Ben still said nothing.

Maria stopped. "Don't you believe me?" she asked. "Don't you think I'm telling the truth?"

"I believe you," said Ben slowly. He

was looking into Maria's eyes, eyes which were dark with suspicion.

"I believe you," he said again. "I believe you but I'm wondering about something."

"What?"

"I'm wondering about us, Maria. Will we have a chance after Tony is gone?"

Color climbed into the girl's cheeks. She looked at Ben for a moment, then looked away. Her hands were clasped together. She was twisting her ring. She said, "Ben, I don't know. I can't look that far ahead." Her voice was very low.

"Maria," Ben whispered.

He leaned forward. He touched her arm. Maria said, "No, Ben. Don't. Not here. Wait until I come back to town."

"When?"

"Sometime this winter. I don't know, exactly. I have a good job here at the laundry. They have placed me in charge of the other girls. I'd like to stay for a while. It's close to Tony. He needs my encouragement. He is bitter. Sometimes what he says frightens me. I came here to get away from you. To think. Please give me more time."

A FLASH over the state tele-type one evening late in October reported the escape of eight convicts from the prison farm near Centralia. Details of the break, as they came in later, were not pretty. Three guards had been killed; two had been carried away as hostages. Within twenty-four hours, four convicts had been re-captured; two had been killed; two were still at large, Tony Scarcelli and a man named Carlos Hall who was up for manslaughter. They were reported to be well armed and to be traveling with a woman.

The chief called Ben Higgins into his office. "You know Tony Scarcelli's sister, don't you?" he said bluntly.

Ben nodded. He wondered what the chief had heard about him and Maria. He decided he didn't care.

"She's the woman traveling with Scarcelli and this fellow Hall," said the chief. "She was working in a laundry at Centralia. There's a good chance she was involved in the break. They're headed this way. Maybe they're already in the city. We're going to cover every place we think either of them might hole up. There's one other place to cover. Floyd Garrison's. I want you and Blake out there. Scarcelli might want another chance at Garrison."

"Send someone else, chief," Ben suggested. "I'd like to play a hunch of my own."

"What hunch?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

The chief was scowling. "You're not running out on this are you, Ben? You're not running out because of a woman?"

Ben stiffened. He shook his head. "I'm not running out."

The chief stood up. He took a turn around the office. He stood at the window for a while, scowling down into the street. "It had better be a good hunch," he said finally. "All right, get out. See what you can do."

IT WAS a good hunch. Ben was sure of that. It was more than a hunch. Tony had said there was one more man on his list, one man besides Garrison. Marie had said that Nick Rossi had wanted Tony in his organization. Floyd Garrison had always been pretty close to Rossi. Those things added up. They made a clear picture. Tony had tried to go straight. Garrison had chased him off of one job after another, each time driving him closer to Rossi who could have used him, who needed men with Tony Scarcelli's bitterness and ability.

Rossi was in the trucking business but

he had many other interests. He had connections in the city hall, and in the underworld. He was socially prominent and he could walk into almost any dive in town and find a friend. In some quarters he was rated as one of the city's most outstanding citizens, and in others he was spoken of as a public enemy. He was a patron of the arts, and of the artless. He was many kinds of a man.

Ben stood across the street from Nick Rossi's home. It was a large home set far back from the sidewalk. A high hedge almost hid it from view. The night was dark. A soft rain was falling. There were lights in the house. Ben had once been here to see Rossi in connection with another matter. He guessed that if Tony came here tonight, Tony would make his entrance to the grounds through the hedge from the side street. But he couldn't be sure of this. It would be better to watch the house from a closer point.

Ben moved to the side street. He found an opening in the hedge through which he could slip. He moved up to the house. It was dark on this side. He didn't see the two men waiting in the shadows until he was almost on them. They came at him with a rush. He blocked one blow aimed at his head. He blocked another. He stabbed a fist at a man's face. One circled behind him. Pain exploded in Ben's skull. He pitched to the ground. He didn't lose consciousness but he had lost all power to fight back. He was aware of the men's voices and of hands which lifted him and carried him inside. He heard the men talking to Rossi and heard them leave. He heard the faint sound of footsteps moving back and forth across this room where he was lying and gradually he whipped his scattered thoughts into an orderly pattern. It had been Rossi's men with whom he had fought. They had been waiting outside in the deep shadows of the house. They

had brought him into this room. The man whose footsteps he heard was Nick Rossi. This room was Rossi's library, or home office, or den. He was lying on a leather couch. He could see the top of a high, L-shaped bookcase in one corner, the top of a curtained window, a tapestry on the wall above this couch. He turned his head and saw Nick Rossi.

Rossi was short, wide shouldered, heavy. His dark hair was streaked with gray. He had a fleshy face. The shadow of a beard darkened his jaw and his eyes were deep-welled and shadowed. A half smoked cigar was clamped between his teeth. He wore a blue suit, a colorful bow-tie. He had stopped his pacing and now stood half across the room, scowling at Ben.

Ben sat up. He fingered the lump on the back of his head. He was a little dizzy. He closed his eyes for a moment then opened them again.

"What were you doing out there?" asked Rossi. "Maybe an explanation is in order."

"Maybe I have one," Ben answered. "Why were your men outside? Who were they waiting for?"

Rossi tongued his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. He said, "I'll ask IF the questions, Higgins."

"Not all of them," said Ben.

This wasn't a large room. It held another couch, several chairs, a desk in one corner. There was a fireplace against the side wall in which a fire was burning. Two floor lamps and a lamp on the desk gave the only light. There were two doors on opposite sides of the room. One led, if Ben remembered correctly, to the front entrance hall. Where the other door led he didn't know.

"Any more police out there?" Rossi asked.

Ben shook his head.

Rossi came a step closer. He said, "Higgins, you went to school with Tony Scarcelli. You were sweet on his sister. Since you snowed up here tonight I am certain of something at which I could only guess."

"You couldn't get him, could you, Rossi?" said Ben Higgins. "Even with Garrison driving Tony off of every job he got, you couldn't get your claws into him."

"Maybe you've been a detective long enough," said Rossi. "Maybe you ought to pound a beat for a while."

Ben ignored this threat. "What are you going to do?" he asked, "if Tony shows?"

"He's an escaped convict," said Rossi. "He's an armed and desperate man."

"I'm here to arrest him."

ROSSI laughed. It wasn't a very easy laugh. It had an ugly sound. He shook his head. "If Scarcelli comes here," he said slowly, "I am very much afraid he will be shot. The chief, your chief, will even praise me for saving him more trouble. Even those who might question what happened will understand my defense of my home against a mad-man."

"I am here to arrest him," said Ben.

"If you will look in your holster," said Rossi, "you will discover that you have lost your gun. I am afraid you are in no shape to arrest anyone."

The door to the entrance hall opened. A man looked in. "He's across the street," the man reported, and there was a touch of excitement in his voice. "He'll be coming in through the side hedge."

"Is he alone?"

"Yeah."

"Let him get as far as the house," said Rossi. "Don't take any chances with him. Don't miss."

The man nodded. He closed the door.

"It's murder," said Ben under his breath.

"No one will call it that," said Rossi. "If you call it that no one will believe you. Sit still and listen."

Ben got to his feet. He rubbed a hand over his face. He was perspiring. He pictured the hedge outside, the lawn which ran up to the house. In his mind he could see Tony crossing the street, hesitating at the break in the hedge, slipping through it, running forward. The shadows against the house were deep. He wouldn't be able to see the men who were waiting there.

Near this davenport was an end-table. On it, two heavy book-ends held several books. Ben reached down and picked up one of the book-ends. He straightened.

"Drop that, Higgins," Rossi snapped.

There was a gun in Rossi's hand. It covered him. Ben looked at the book-end. He glanced toward the side window, toward Rossi. He shook his head. Tony would be at the hedge, now. He might even be running forward. Ben knew that if he was going to do anything there was no time to waste. He took a step forward.

"Drop that, Higgins," Rossi ordered.

"Drop it?" said Ben. "I'll drop it. Like this."

His arm swung up. His body pivoted toward the curtained window. He hurled the book-end that way with all the force he could summon. It crashed through the curtain and the window, snapping the curtain up. Ben started running for the window. He heard the sharp explosion of Rossi's gun and felt the hot, ripping scrape of a bullet across his shoulder. He hadn't thought Rossi would fire at him. Fear struck at him, now, and with it the knowledge that this was the end. And that at the end he was on Tony's side, even fighting against himself.

He was at the window. He was leaning through it, shouting. He was shouting, "*Tony! Tony! Get back! Keep away! Rossi—*"

A numbing blow fell against the side of his head. Flashing lights danced before his eyes, then blinked out. The night seemed to reach in through the window and gather around him.

“YOU’RE lucky,” said Joe Blake. “One scratch on the shoulder, another on the head. You’ll probably get a week off to rest up. You don’t need it.”

This was in a hospital room the next morning. Sunlight fell across the bed. Joe Blake stood in the sunlight, grinning.

“What happened to Tony Scarcelli?” Ben asked.

“He shot it out with Rossi and two of Rossi’s men after Rossi got you. He’s dead, Ben. So is Rossi. Both were alive when we got there. Both talked. Tony sent you a message. It was just, good luck. We got Carlos Hall, too, and the woman. The woman wasn’t Maria Scarcelli. Maria wasn’t involved in the break. She came back to the city a week ago.”

Ben stared up at the ceiling. He nodded.

The door to the room opened and a nurse carried in a vase of flowers.

“I brought you those flowers,” said Blake, “but it wasn’t my idea. Why should I be bringing you flowers? I happened to talk to a certain dark haired girl over the telephone. She ordered them.”

“Maria!” Ben gasped.

Blake nodded.

“Get me out of here,” said Ben.

He threw back the covers. He swung his feet to the floor. He stared at Joe Blake. He said, “Well, what are you standing there for? Get my clothes.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” said Joe Blake. “She’s here. She’s waiting in the hall. Do you want to see her?”

Ben lay down again. He pulled up the covers. He nodded.

“I hope,” said Blake from the doorway, “that you two know what you’re doing.”

Ben made no answer. He watched the door. It closed. After a moment it opened and Maria came in. She stood near the door looking at him and Ben could read in the warmth of her eyes all he wanted to know. He held up his arms and Maria came toward him, running.