I was persuaded-Lord knows I wanted to see what she was up to. So we met at the Shoreham and started out together-Miss Thatcher in her pinched black serge and uncompromising sailor hat, looking very picture of Presbyterian morality. But you can't tell about these Presbyterians, can you? Underneath her calm she was all excited.

T've got the reason she wants the senator," she said, talking fast. "It wasn't play with her. She's down and out in London, and she's made up her mind to go back rehabilitated. The best thing in sight was Kaine, so she went after him, and she got him. Now she can go back and laugh in everybody's face -over there a respectable marriage seems to blot out a shady past. They know about him, over there. His work on the treaties is respected. So, he's to be a crutch for

"But what are you going to do?" I maked.

'I'm going to play on that quality in base human nature," she said, that considers all other humans as base, or even more base than themselves. It's a chance, and I've got to take it."

By this time we were at the apartment, and a couple of proud Ethiopians drossed like Grand Masters of the Order of Peruvian Barks received us and wafted us into an upholstered elevator.

Presently we were in the snappiest little drawing room in all Washington, gray and gold. Lovely soft demure gray, you understand, artifully touched and enlivened by the glamor of gold-golden gauzeat the windows, a gold cushion or two on the floor, a bowl of gold lustre filled with palest blue hyacinths, a gold framed French mir-Miss Thatcher sniffed.

"Not much like my room at Mrs. Carrington's," she whispered, "Well. I've always wanted to see what the wages of sin could buy."

Then in came Edith Marseme, frail and gentle and sweet and appeling, all dressed in soft, trailing, colorful stuff, chiffon, I guess, that moved like a cloud as she walked and turned rose-lavender and bluelavender and gray-lavender as it drifted along. No mere man can describe it. And I will rise to remark right here that so far as I am concerned I didn't blame Kaine falling. Any man would. If she'd have lifted her little finger to me I'd have barked and rolled over and jumped through, gladly.

But she didn't lift her little fin-She just looked from one to the other of us, sweetly, innocently, questioning.

"You came from Senator Kaine?" she asked Miss Thatcher, a little puzzled. Miss Thatcher had sent up her name as the senator's secretary, so as to be sure of getting

"No," said Miss Thatcher, "but I came because of him and his interest in you. I was sent."

"Sent-by whom?" said Mrs. Marseme, and there was an edge of wariness on her voice. She kept tooking oddly at Miss Thatcher, but Miss Thatcher was so prim and respectable—her appearance certainly her guarantee.

"It's very painful," said Miss natcher. "I brought this gentle-Thatcher. man with me as an evidence of my good faith." And she gave my name and my paper's name—the little wretch! I hadn't reckoned on that. But there was nothing to do then but sit tight and ride along. "Do you know," went on Miss Thatcher, "that a man in public life is not always permitted to follow his personal inclinations? Senator Kaine is a young man in his

party-he is expected to go very far. The interests behind that party, who are backing him do not feel he would be of use to them, bluntly, if he married you, Mrs. Macseme. They have therefore gone to some pains and trouble to obtain, through a relative of your husband-

"Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Marseme, feverishly.

"Through a relative of your late husband the corroboration of cerrumors about you-rumors which I won't trouble to repeat here. They have this corroboration in their hands, Mrs. Marseme, They intend to use it, unless you break your connection with Senator Kaine. They think-again pardon my bluntness-that he is too valuable a man to them to lose in the middle of his eareer. Do you see? Do you understand?"

Mrs. Marseme put one of her little hands up to her twitching mouth. She was fright-game. "Does Senator Kaine know

"No." said Miss Thatcher, "No. certainly not. And I must tell you, in justice to Mr. Edward Marseme, that the materials for this-this interview-was obtained from him by stealth and without his knowledge. The Secret Service-" she paused and smiled, "has many uses. But I am also authorized to tell you that any move on your part for a hasty marriage with the senator, any attempted coup, will be instantly and fully, and publicly -publicly, mind you-frustrated. You are . . under constant surveillance."

Mrs. Marseme sat and stared at Miss Thatcher and Miss Thatcher stared back without a word. She looked as reliable, as solid, as firm as Plymouth Rock. By golly, she There have almost convinced me. been such things, you know, so darned long ago a distinguished statesman was induced th change his mind about marrying an attractive divorcee and took a stupid but wholly impeccable widow instead, as a matter of political expediency, and all the world knew it. There were interests in the party that might be looking after Kaine. .

"This is infamous," said Edith "Infamous!" Marseme, at last. And by the tone of her voice I knew she believed it, and was prepared "Do they offer me to capitulate. nothing in return?"

You see, she wanted money. I think she remembered the same story that was in my mind, for the divorcee who lost the statesman is reputed to have received consolation to the sum of a pretty penny.

"No." said Miss Thatcher, "Not a cent. They will merely make it easy for you to obtain a passportthis week, by preference. And, to make you sure that they havewhat they say they have-I am authorized to give you-this."

She opened her shabby little bag and took out a single typewritten "It's a copy, of course, sheet. she said, offering the paper to Mrs. Marseme.

Edith Marseme gave it one glance She crumpled it and and winced. held it in her hand. She looked very white and little and weak now, and, by God, I pitied her. Yes, I pitied her, and I wanted to get away. It was too painful. But she had herself well under control. even so.

"Have your employers planned what I shall say to Senator Kane?" she asked.

Miss Thatcher got up briskly "No," she said. "They trust to "They trust to your own excellent powers of invention for that."

We went out and left Mrs. Marseme sitting there, with that paper crushed in her hand, a little, brok en, hurt creature that you couldn't bear to look at. We didn't say a word until we were out in the street The whole thing had been so fantastic that I began to feel that I'd dreamed it. "Bay, did it really happen?" I maked Miss "And it is true?" Thatcher.

She stalked along, still the pleture of Paritanic uprightness and "Not a word. I stole reliability. the stuff out of young Edward's trunk when I mended his underwear, and copied it and put it back. He doesn't know I've ever seen it. It was only a small part, that page copied, but it was-convincing. You see, I am a thief as well as a And this is only the begin-Har. ming.

"Well, for the love of heaven," t said, "let me in on the next chap-You owe me something after ter. using my name as you did to that

"I'll probably do more than let "You may you in on it," she mild. have to do the real work next time."

"But look here-" I began to aquirm.

She glanced up at me and stabbed me with the steel of the purpose in her eyes. "You stand by me in this," she said. "I haven't got a soul I can rely on but you.

What could I do after that? Nothing but my that I'd stick. O, my natural masculine curiosity helped: I itched to see how she'd follow up defection of Mrs. Marseme, which I felt sure was going to hap-

And I was right. Edith Marseme packed her trunks and left Washington just one week after we'd called on her. It was a nine days wonder, her going, and the consensus of opinion was that Kaine had lilted her. I don't know whether she saw him again or not, But, whether she broke with him in a personal interview or by letter, it was final and complete. He made no move to follow her, or anything like that. I have an idea that, just to please her own vanity, she was pretty brusque about it, handed him a he who gets slapped sort of wallop, laughed at him, told him he bored her to tears and that she simply couldn't stand his crudities and provincialisms. That would be her style. She couldn't make her exit without damage to some one,

And my belief is fairly well supported by the way he looked those days after she left. He was unhappy, disgusted with life. One more doll was stuffed with sawdust. One more thing he'd believed in was shattered. Yet I swear I could detect a little relief also. Maybe, beneath the caressing flattery she'd poured on him to get him, he had unconsciously felt her falsity and her cheapness. I don't know. Certainly his main reaction was one of wounded surprise, disappointment, bitterness. But I think there was a little of the other, too.

Now look how the next thing hooked on. Hardly had the sensation of Mrs. Marseme's leaving died down when Miss Thatcher called me again to her room after dinner.

"I know now what to do next," she said, "I've got the way clear at last. Are you on good terms with Senator Bristol?"

Bristol, the gray old rat, the only man in the senate who had access to the White House at all times and seasons, head of the majority party, scheming, sly, all powerful. Yes, I was on good terms with him. so far as anybody was. And he was on good terms with me because my paper was the biggest in

his state. He was never out with the local press.

"I want you to go to him confidentially," said Miss Thatcher, "and tell him that it would be a good move to get the president to appoint Senator Kaine to the next vacancy among the United States circuit judgeships."

My Jaw dropped. "But there's no acancies likely to occur," I mid. you've arranged to kill unless

one,"
"Yes, there is," she said cooly, "Within a very short time, and out in your district, too. I just got word today that Judge Petersen's wife inherited a lot of money and know exactly what she'll do. It'll be New York and Paris for her the rest of her life. She leads her husband round by the nose. Petersen will resign soon. There's nobody in the other party who's absolutely got to be taken care of just now, and Bristol knows He'll see the advantage instantly, for Kaine's been blocking some of his pet schemes and this chance to get him out of the way and harvest a lot of acclaim with Noble nonpartisan stuff, you know-all that sort of thing."

"Will Kaine take it?" I asked. "Oh, yes. Ever see a parson who wouldn't use a theater pass, even to the dullest show out earth? Well, it's like that with lawyers and judgeships. No matter what a lawyer has done or is doing, he always sees a judgeship as desira-She turned more serious. blo." 'And he's (erribly fed up-Knine ja. He-you remember what you overheard him say-weeks ago? It's more so now. And the gossip about the Marseme matter has irked him more than he knows. Oh, he'll take it, and be glad to. And I'm convinced that it's the best thing fer him to do."

"Bristol won't listen to me," I objected.

"Bristol listens to everybody, and you know it," said Miss Thatcher, And the fact that you've got advance news about this vacancy will send up your stock with him as to political sapiency," she added mock-

What can you do with a woman like that? I went, of course. as she had prophested. Senator listened and his interest wasn't feigned, No, he seized on the idea. If I'd known then what I knew later-about that water power bill of his-I'd never have made a move to get any possible opponent out of his way.

I said my little say to him and went on. If you've read the papers at all, you know how it turned out-on the surface. The appointment of Kaine to the bench was hailed as a great stroke of gen eralship by the party in power. And the menator gave out interviews-through his secretary-of his happiness to go, the joy of relense from legislative barness, the welcome he felt for his ludiciary du-And he's made a wonderful There it all is-and he who runs may read. But-this is the inside story-the inside story that no one knows and that will never be told.

"You're satisfied now, I hope," I Thatcher, Finless you've thought up some other way to play guardian angel to him."

She smiled at me, a mighty thin little watery smile, but awfully canny. "When he accepted it," she said, "I wired Miss Reed, in his name, and told her he'd soon be coming in to read with her again, And I told him what I'd done. Oh. he understood. And he's ripe for her now. This Marseme affair has put women into his head. Louise Reed will get him with'n a month after he leaves Washington."

like paused, and her voice, usualsharp and determined, quavered with uncontrollable feels Inut. "He said he minded leaving me more than anything clee. He didn't mean it-but it was nice of him to may it."

And something in her eyes, something in her tone, revealed to me then the truth she had so passionately guarded.

She foved him! Yes, that poor little homely woman with the great brain and the great heart loved that man as few are ever loved. For him she had plotted and lied and stolen and dared the impossible. Not for ambition, or pride in her work, as I had so fatuously imagined, but for love of this man, for him, that he might be happy with another woman who could give him what she could not.

There was her searct. There was her story. God, what utier sacriflow, what tenderness! Bhe could not give him youth and beauty, and a wife's love, and a wife's commuionship, but she loved him so much that she was willing to put aside her love, her natural phiful jealousy, and by every means in her power secure these gifts for him from pnother.

I say "by every means is her nowold cynic that I am, I believe size was aided by something bigger than heraelf, by outside forces, unusen, unknown, who brought to her hands the right weapon for the right moment to defend him. Call it coineldence, if you like. Coincidence may be a part of a divine pattern, and I maintain that Estelle Thatcher was worthy of even so bis thing as that. She didn't need to ask help from powers of darkness, Powers of light watched over her and defended her at every step of her devious way. Well, there you have it all. Kaine married Louise Reed last week. They'll be happy. Why shouldn't they be? Their happiness was certainly paid for at a steep enough price.

I said, when I began this story, that in Wallington something was never given for nothing. Estella Thatcher is the one great exception that proves the rule. She gav everything; and she got-unless you want to figure in terms of selflessness and denial-nothing-nothing at all.

What's she doing now? Oh, she's

secretary to Senator Dristol, (Copyright, 1933.)

### ....The.... World Outside (Continued From Page Seven.)

'Aw, he'll be all right for the wedding, miss," said the policeman, cheerfully.

The getting of Jeremiah to Nancy's room was a task that required all the policeman's strength. On level he could have carried his burden a mile or more; but 18 steps was like pushing the sky back

Now I'll get the doc, miss, Goef -if you'd only hollered at the start, I might 'a' plugged a couple of them. If I can't get the due I'll call the ambulance. Wash his face, but don't bother about his head: that blood is from his non-The blackjack doesn't do much cutside damage. If it's real concussion, why, he'll have to go to the hospital: if it len't, he'll be around in an hour of two. I've seen em dead to the world for three or four hours, then get up and hoof it You look kind o' bunged up yourself." He went out and down the stairs, heavily

(Copyright, 1922.) (Continued Next Sunday.)

# Letters From Happyland Readers

#### (Continued From Page Five.)

a two-cent stamp and a coupon. I promise to be kind to all dumb animais and help some one every day. I read the letters from little folks of Happyland every Sunday. For pets I have a kitten and three chickens. I will be 10 the fourth of December. I am in the fifth grade this year. Hoping to receive my button, I'll close.-Wauneta Surgartos, 1404, North Sixteenth street.

#### Will be Kind.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your o-Hawk tribe. I promise to be Go-Hawk tribe. kind to all dumb birds and animals, I am 10 years old and I am in the sixth grade. For pets I have two pigeons and a little fox-terrier. I am sending my coupon and a 2cent stamp. Please send me a but-ton—Enid O'Reilly, Vail, Ia,

## Reads Happyland.

Dear Happy: I would like to be a Go-Hawk. I am sending a twocent stamp. I read Happyland every week. I am very fond of ani-I read Happyland I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. Virginia E. Tucker, I exington. Note.

#### Four Little Cats and How They Grew.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your tribe very much. I promise to try to make the world a happier place to live in, and to be kind to dumb animals. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. I am also enclosing a story.

One day as I was walking down the street I heard a faint meowing I looked around and there by the alde of the walk lay a paper sack from which the sounds seemingly issued. I picked the sack up and opened it. Inside huddled together for warmth were four little kittens, apparently left there by some one who wished to get rid of them,

I decided to take them home When I arrived home I warmed some milk, and, as they did not know how to drink yet I filled a medicine dropper with the milk and stuck it between their lips. They sucked at it and found that the fluid they got from the tube was

I did this for about six times a day till they could drink milk by themselvest.

In course of time they grew into

big, strong, healthy cuts. We were sorry to give them away after they grew up. Very Sincerety, Marion Gretzinger, Scottsbluff, Neb.

#### What Is Ice?

"Susic, what is len?" the teacher said to the little girl standing at the head, who twisted each finger and wriggled each toe, then blushing said, "I guess I don't know."

Then up went the hand of rosycheeked May. Well," said the teacher, "what

do you my?" As if telling a secret that was too good to keep, May answered, "It's water that's gone asleep," Yours Yours truly, Paul Potkentz, Tobias, Neb.

#### Reads Letters.

Dear Happy.--I have read your letters in the paper and would like to be a Co-Mawk. I am sending you a two-cent

stamp for my button.

I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade.

I go to school at Milburn, I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. Yours very truly, Gladys L. Smith, Nemo, Neb.

Once there was a king. He was never satisfied. At last a stranger appeared and said: "What do you want?"

"I wish everything I touch would turn to gold," said Midas. "Your wish will come true by

sunrise in the morning," said the etranger, and he disappeared. When morning came Midas dress-

ed, and he was dressed in gold. He touched a book's feaves, and they turned to gold plates. He went into the flower garden

and touched every rose, and they were gold. One day he kinsed-Marigold, and

Once more the stranger appeared and said: "How do you like your golden touch?"

she turned to a golden statue.

"I don't like it at all," said. Midna?

"Go to the river and get some water and sprinkle on what you want to go as it was."

He went to the river and dived in without taking off his shoes and rushed out to get a pitcher full. When he got to the house he sprinkled it on little Marigold.

'Oh, father, don't sprinkle that water on my new frock, I just put on this morning." But little Marigold didn't know

the was a golden statue. Owen Wiley, Aged 9, Bigsprings, Neb.

#### Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I should be very glad to become a Go-Hawk. I read Happy Land every Sunday and I I would promise to be kindto all dumb animals. I have one sister, one brother, one brother inlaw. I am nine years-old and in the fifth grade. I wish you would send me a button. Home Go Hawka please write to me. I am enclosing with a two cent stamp. Your friend, Irene Margarete Languater: 13 West Third street, Houtings, Neb.

#### A New Member.

Dear Friend Go-Hawk: Please send me a Go Hawk pin. I am enclosing a 2-real stamp. I would like for some of the Co-Hawks to write I am 19 years of age and the fourth grade. As ever, I rem yours respectfully, Mabei Dent Edgar, Neb.