

Something for Nothing

(Continued From Page Two.)

By Sophie Kerr

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 uncomplaining sailor hat, looking the very picture of Presbyterian morality. But you can't tell about these Presbyterians, can you? Underneath her calm she was all excited.

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. Marseme. They have therefore gone to some pains and trouble to obtain, through a relative of your husband—

We went out and left Mrs. Marseme sitting there, with that paper crushed in her hand, a little, broken, hurt creature that you couldn't bear to look at. We didn't say a word until we were out in the street again. The whole thing had been so fantastic that I began to feel that I'd dreamed it.

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."

She paused, and her voice, usually so sharp and determined, quavered with uncontrollable feeling. "He said he minded leaving me more than anything else. He didn't mean it—but it was nice of him to say it."

"I'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 her."

"Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Marseme, feverishly. "Through a relative of your late husband the corroboration of certain rumors 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 throw to lose in the middle of his career. Do you see? Do you understand?"

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

"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 sapience," she added mockingly.

What's she doing now? Oh, she's secretary to Senator Bristol. (Copyright, 1922.)

....The.... World Outside

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Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Five.) a two-cent stamp and a coupon. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals 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.—Wanuna Surgartos, 1404, North Sixteenth street.

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.

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

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

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

Will be Kind. Dear Happy: I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I promise to be kind to all dumb birds and animals. I am 19 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 2-cent stamp. Please send me a button.—Enid O'Reilly, Vail, Ia.

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.

What Is Ice? "Susie, what is ice?" 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."

Midias. "Your wish will come true by sunrise in the morning," said the stranger, and he disappeared.

Wants Letters. Dear Happy: I should be very glad to become a Go-Hawk. I read Happy Land every Sunday and I like it. I would promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have one sister, one brother, one brother-in-law. I am nine years-old and in the fifth grade. I wish you would send me a button. Some Go-Hawks please write to me. I am enclosing with a two-cent stamp. Your friend, Irene Margaret Lancaster, 13 West Third street, Hastings, Neb.