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EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1917

The WHITE FEATHER by Lechmere Worrall & J.E. Harold Terry

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Germany at year is an, octopus that has its poisoned tentacles of intrigue in every part of any land likely to be drawn into the conflict against her. For three years the Kaiser and his aids have had ample opportunity to complete their work of organization in the United States in a great effort to paralyze this country and render it negligible as a foe. The experiences which were England's during that country's early days of the war are now ours.

"The White Feather," based on actual fects, has been developed in fiction form to protect those noble men and women who made it possible for Great Britain to smoke cut the nests of German spies which infested that empire in the first two years of the war. Innocent fireplaces hid guilty wireless outfits and bland smiles covered block hearts. The enemy was everywhere.

The history of the first few months of the United States in the Great War is replete with proof that this country is not yet awake to the danger of the web of German spics which is woven throughout the whole social, political and domestic life of the nation. Ambassador Gerard in his book says, "I uns so fearful in report. ing the dangerous part of this interview, on account of the many spies, not only in my own embassy, but in the State Department." "The White Feather" exposes how the Teuton agents work, and where.

A BLUE and golden day in September, a day when the mellowness of the sun-mine, the rhythmical bat even murmur of the sea and the tranquil stillness of the air all seemed to savor of peace; and noghere was this calm of atmosphere — something deeper than any more quictness of the netual air-more to be felt than in the town of Eastermouth. It lies in the crescent made by a curve of sandy cliffs and is too big to be called a fishing village, too unspolit for a watering place, and the various people who come there for their holiday each year all speak of it as if they had discovered it and held some vested right in the place.

At the Wave Crest Private Hotel, for in stance, there was, almost too much of this feeling, which, though gratifying to the pro-prietress. Mrs. Sanderson, yet sometimes caused the regular visitors to be a little stand-offish toward newcomers.

"We are like a big family. I am sure. and Mrs. Sanderson mothers us all." Miss Myrtle, the inevitable faded spinster who thers us all." Miss was almost too elderly to be a daughter to any one, was wont to observe.

However, when she and Mr. Pollock, the J. P., and Mrs. Sanderson herself did melt toward any one then you could be quite sure that he was "all right."

Peace therefore usually held sway at Wave Crest, except for the bickerings which would occur between Miss Myrtle and Mr. Pollock-and, after all, these wordy flares only increased the likeness to a family.

On this September morning a sense of after-breakfast repletion brooded within the house as nearly tangibly as the sense of peace without: Yet to any observer of acute feelings both would have held a slight but ominous undercurrent, for on the horizon slipping quickly along the rim of the world went gray shape after gray shape-mere little serrated ridges to the careless, but to the understanding eye something of far deeper significance. They were destroyers. deeper significance. They were destroyers, mothered by a cruiser, and high above them, so high that it looked less than one of the "guils wheeling over the retreating tide on the shore, hung a biplane. That strip of water known as the North Sea and those gray shapes together made the reason why the semblance of peace was still able to brood over England even when she had been a month at war. heen a month at war.

However, there apparently was no acute however, there apparently of Wave Crest observer in the grounds of Wave Crest that morning, only a girl; and with her a silm, rather fatuous but handsome young world. He was taking some boss shots at an old archery target with an air gun, and seemed too lazy and too ineffectual to mind whether he hit it or not. He had hardly glanced at the portents on the bird man in flannels, with an eyeglass, a trim little mustache, and a general air of con-tentment with himself and the rest of the horizon.

He was the embodiment of casual content, and as for the girl with him, though to a friend's eye she would have seemed more subdued than was her wont, yet she apparently was content enough, too. But, had he known it, the young man and his

quest for a fire here last night. I was s old by the time I went up to bed that I could not get warm all night in spite o my bed socks. Besides, my bedroom is by the bathroom, and I deciare the damp came right through into ma."

"Beautiful day," said Mr. Pollock hastily, "soon put you right," He was maneuvering to try to get the French windows open there having already been unpleasantness on the subject between him and Miss Myrtle.

"If only one could have a fire in the evening," continued that lady, "but Mrs. Sanderson was so peculiar about it one might have thought there was some law against it.

"But, dear Miss Myrtle." put in Fraulein Schroeder, pacific as usual, "you forget that Mrs. Sanderson offered to light you a fire in your bedroom "

"Indeed," said Miss Myrtle sarcastically, "and am I to retire to my room every time 1 wish to get warm?"

Mr. Pollock, who liked nobody to get quarrelsome but himself, here broke in with: "All that idiot Brent's fault; fancy letting his bath run over ! Never heard of such a thing! Upon my soul, I think Mr. Sanderson's been most patient, considering the condition of the lounge"

"That is very true," said Fraulein, "Have

That is very true, said Framein, "Have you seen the ceiling, Mr, Pollock?" "Yes, and the carpet," said Mr. Pollock, "that's past praying for. Really, irrespon-sible idiots like Brent should not be allowed loose; they are a danger to the public. Should have thought myself that he could have found something better to do than mooning about at the reaside at a time like this." He folded the Times afresh and pounced on a new paragraph like a dog on a bone. "By gad, have you seen this, Miss Myrtle?" he demanded. "Another spy caught hanging around some waterworks trying to put germs in the reservoir, I'll bet my hat; and they haven't shot him ! Haven't even imprisoned h'm! Discharged him with a caution! Just like us English us English. a sentimental set of idiots! if I were head of the war office-

But what Mr. Pollock would have done to set the nation and the army to rights had be been in a position to do so was not to be measing he unveiled just then, for he was interrupted by the quick ring of footsteps on the paved veranda, as a personable young man came briskly to the window and rapped upon it. He was somewhat sketchily attired in puttees and khaki riding breeches and an

gaze at this apparition. Miss Myrtle seem-ed to have fresh life blown into her as she sat, and the irascible J. P., dropping his paper, bounded forward to unlatch the window, the window which had already been the cause of friction and which he now artfully neglected to close.

"Come in, come in, Pennis



of criticism.

of criticism. There were probably only two people in the house who felt kindly disposed toward the attractive is the shoes she was the type of an utractive, well-poised woman of the world. She made Molly Pollock, who was standing beside her, seem obvious in her English they were both women. One of them, of course, was Mr. Pollock's daughter, Molly: course, was Mr. Pollock's daughter, Molly: they were both women. One of them, of prettiness, course, was Mr. Pollock's daughter, Molly; the other—and here was one new cause of outstanding characteristic. grievance against Brent-was a charming widow who had arrived only the evening all his fatuousne before.

Mrs. Lee had not, of course, had time to him in her. develop a strong liking or partisanship on behalf of Brent, but she had played En "snooker" with him most of the evening wa "snooker" with him most of the evening and been aniable over the marmalade during breakfast. What more is needed to thad caused comment already, and the sub-had caused comment already, and the sub-ject now came up again. "If you ask me." said Miss Myrtle. "I think Mr. Breat is too fond of playing about with the ladies to undertake anything that

would interfere with that. Mrs. Lee c from heaven only knows where, and I conddor she is overdressed-or should I say, perhaps underdressed?"

She fitted on to the scene and off it like

gadily, but her white feathers might have been poison in the far-reaching effects. which they left behind them. "Why, Daphne !" cried Molly in a starled note of incredulity "what have you wondered what Christopher Brent, who for

fatuousness had traveled widely and lot of the world, found to hold got in that basket?" "Feathers," said Daphne, adding with inreared emphasis "white feathers."

It was exactly the fact that Molly at Miss Myrtle, bending forward so that pince-nez threatened to take a header traditional off her attenuated nose, stirred an inquisi-English girl which enthralled him. She tive finger round in the basket. "So they are." she ejaculated. "Feathers What are you going to do with them, Miss Kidlington? Stuff cushions?"

"No. I am going to present one to every oung man I meet who has not enlisted. That's what I came about, to see whether that is beneath contempt. One does have to answer it."

"Oh, I know," said Molly, structing -Percy." turning swiftly to young Pa culk, "isn't it time you took me down see that camp you promised?"

"Right, oh," replied Mr. Pennicuik tones of undisguised relief. "We can i do it if we hurry. Good-by, Mrs. Lee; you later, Brent," and he took himself an with Molly.

Brent stooped and picked up the feath he had thrown away, twiriing it betw his fingers.

"All the same, Miriam," said he eithe cally, "It is hard, it is damned hard." Down in the town Percy and Molly ma inquiries as to a territorial camp was was situated a mile or two out of it the further side.

With the peculiar apathy of the denie of seaside places, no one seemed to b much about it or to take any interest it. But Penniculk assured Molly that if were allowed to see at least part of it would find it most interesting and would find it most interesting, and accordingly they set off along the white countroad, which curved gently up to the day land where the camp lay.

land where the camp lay. Molly' felt her spirits reviving in the bright, soft air with the faint but exhibits ing tang of autumn in it. That strain little scene on the lawn fell toward a be place in her mind, which by habit free the present moment. Nevetheless, the fu-ing of unrest and the racking doubt which had begun to beset her refused to be gut stilled. She glanced up at Percy as to walked along, at his sunburned open ca-tenance with its rather obvious comeline and conscious of her gaze he looked des at her. His eyes were his best feature, m blue and clear, and Molly could not he noticing how fresh and revealing the blue and clear, and Molly could not a noticing how fresh and revealing the pression of them was. Pennicuk's eyes to that up till now he had nothing in his to conceal. Molly suddenly realized that was always aware of secrets behind Breat look, of things which he did not choose a should know. Already a little sore at the structure he noid Mrs. Lee, more pure attention he paid Mrs. Lee, more put attention he paid Mrs. Lee, more pure than she would own at his refusal to a anything" for his country, she now fet sudden revulsion against all ways that we not simple and straight and plain. Be heart warmed to Percy with a sudden fet ing that restfulness and strength were be found in simple unintellectual house such as his. such as his.

For the moment the glamour that Car had over her wavered and grew uncerta The camp proved a disappointment that all the men had left for a destinate that all the men had left for a destinate unknown the night before. Only a fer a going on active service remained behind tidy things up. Still, to Molly, new to me things, even the traces of the camp be interest and a certain magic. Here we black scars made of charred soil and a where the fires had been. Across the far khaki-clad figures were bringing in was loads of fodder. Round a gypsy pot me over some embers a group of men at trousers and shirts, one or two were des-ing their rifles, a sight which thrilled Me Thanks to the men having gone. Moly a Thanks to the men having gone. Moly a allowed to wander where she would, and chatty young territorial, a bank clerk be the town, showed her and Percy the in there was to see, and Molly could not h there was to see, and Molly could not a noticing that, though he treated her win certain patronizing politeness, he evide booked up to Penniculk. Would he hav spected Chris, she wondered, if he lounged over the camp, eyeglass in Then she told herself that it didn't n matter what a young man, who kept on ferring to the "ladles" did or did not fe ferring to the "ladles," did or did not the

"Glad you enjoyed it," the youth a marked to her as they parted. "I he the ladies always like seeing these the They love a uniform, don't they?" I her to Beaulouth as one make to ender ast to Pennicuik as one male to a "Well, that was rather disappoint I'm afraid." observed Percy as they left trodden field for the road once more. "So

course, it's always something for

thing of soldiering, have you?" The moment he could have shaken himself bits tacticssness, fearful lest what he said might seem a deliberate slight

"Oh, nothing, only she interests me.

very fascinating, I think; don't you, Pere "I don't care for red hair myself piled the Philistine; "besides, she's so o

and I like a woman to dress more qui I must say." Percy came from the suburb as the Pollocks and, while his

on the way a girl should dress were ful taken from Milly's pretty but simple fro his notions of what was becoming is

nis notions of what was become older woman were unfortunately deri from long intercourse with his mother. Curiously enough, instead of being lieved by Percy's verdict. Molly was pressed still further by it, for she could

that it was not lack of charm on Mrs. I

"She's very fascinating, just the an persisted Molly, stubbornly. "I think anyway, and so does Chris." She the this remark off casually, as who she say, "You see how broad-minded I am

quite realize that he sees things to an in other women and I don't mind it a "Then he oughtn't to," said Percy.

and marriage were the same as son "And you know you don't quite like either," he went on, "and you are beta splendidly about it and about every else. Molly, you aren't happy. I'm

else. Molly, you aren't happy. Im you are not, and I can't tell you how i it makes me feel. I'd do anything to

you happy, you know." They, had come to a place wi winding path led down the low, san to the beach, and both instinctively

while. Molly's fingers played mechanisms with a tuft of rustling thrift and she

with a tuft of rustling thrift and misty has out at the blue but slightly misty has with troubled eyes. Percy, sitting b her, was acutely conscious of her near and of the slender curve of her throat chin and her soft, drooping mouth.

Conversa

their steps toward it.

ppinions on the personal equations and marriage were the same as

part but the intelligence to apprecia upon Penniculk's that made his opin

Brent

behavior were coming in for on the other side of the bright brick house wall. In Mrs. Sanderson's own private sitting room some of her guests were assembled and they were there owing to the fact that he of the eyeglass, Mr. Christo-pher Brent, had, only the morning before, allowed his bath to overflow, thus drenching

the walls and ceiling of the lounge. It was the hour sacred to the morning paper, and, like many people whose habit of mind is in a narrow groove, these inmates of Wave Crest were unable to resist turning the general into the particular and personal. Mr. Pollock, according to masculine usage from time immemorial, stood in front of the grate, although no fire burned there. He was a florid, portly personage, with an expanse of head that caught the morning sun almost as brightly as did the pincenez tilted forward on his somewhat Weilingtonian nose. This nose and his upward mustache gave Mr. Pollock an air as of a retired major, a fact of which he was pleasurably aware. He was booming forth remarks like a machine gun behind the shelter of the Times, and Miss Myrtle, who was wrestling with the complications of purl and plain on the mofa, allowed a nervous shudder to run through her frame at each explosion.

If there be any truth in the theory that osites make a good pair, the fates should ainly have joined Miss Myrtle and Mr. Pollock in closer union. For she was small thin and desiccated-looking, with gray hair, which still retained an underglow of its original sandy hue, a hue now to be more cfearly seen in her complexion and eye-lashes. She was attired, over her sandycashmere dress, in one of those peculiarly repellent garments falsely known as a fascinator. For she was nursing a grievance at having "come over" chilly the evening before, and she was still nursing her chilliness in spite of the glory of th

orning. "Ha " boomed Mr. Pollock, with satisfaction over his Times. "Those beastly Ger-mans are beginning to get what they de-serve at last. Those who don't get killed in the war ought to be chloroformed off the

 If are of the earth, by gad they ought."
Miss Myrtle, who prided herself on having
true lady's consideration for the feelings
of others, cast a deprecating glance at the only other occupant of the room, Fraulein Schroeder, whose face, however, above her bally Mirror, remained outle unperturbed Dally Mirror, remained quite unperturbed one had ever seen her out of temper ed to have all the placid good nature and quietude of spirit of the best of her race. Her small, kindly brown eyes beamed up now through her spectacles, and in response to Miss Myrtle's indignant, "Mr. Pollock, remember our friend the enemy

"But you forget, both of you, I have been naturalized for twenty years. There is such thing as a gratitude, an affection of the

"Very right sentiments, madam," declared Mr. Pollock, "and I beg to state, Miss Myrtle, that I consider myself at liberty to make whatever remarks I like in an English boarding house." Miss Myrtlu, raising her sandy pompa

ains alyrow, raising her sandy pompa-dour, dropped a purl-or a plain-and pro-tested anew: "Mr. Pollock, please! Not a boarding house! A private hotel." "I am a plain Englishman," answered Mr. Pollock, "and I call a spade a spade." "Indeed, yea." retorted Miss Myrtle, on a feline flash, "and a table napkin a servi-stet:" She allowed a larger shiver than usual to course through her person. course through her person. madam? Feel a draught, madam?' r. Pollock, eyeing the fascinator

, not more than us

he cried. He was the kind of a man who alhe crites. He was the kind of a man who al-ways called his fellows "my boy" or "old chap." "Come in and show yourself. So you have placed your services at the dis-posal of your country, have you? Glad to hear it we have stud to they have , my boy, glad to hear it.'

Mr. Percival Peunicuik, a deeper red Mr. Percival Peunicuik, a deeper red than usual suffusing his nice, boyish face, came in half laughing, half shy. Miss Myrite gave a little shiver which had the double effect of being a slight re-had the Moule effect of being a slight re-

proach to Mr. Pollock about the and of drawing attention to herself. She simpered. Mr. Pollock, rightly guessing what she wanted, introduced the new berself. She

"Let me introduce you. Mr. Pennicuik, an old friend of mine and Molly's. Myrtle, Miss-er-Smith."

"Smith" queried Fraulein, with a cer-tain dignity that became her skimpy little person not hadly; "you mistake, Mr. Pol-leck-my name is Schroeder." Mr. Pollock's face rivaled the Ingenious

Mr. Pennicuik's in hus. "Oh, ah, of course, if you prefer it," he commented. "I only thought that you, being naturalized, might prefer-

"I am not ashamed of my ancestry," plied the little woman, still unappeased. "No. no, of course not." fluttered Mr. Pollock. "Shouldn't blan ne you if you were, though. Upon my soul I shouldn't. Penni wik, this is Fraulein Schroeder."

"How do you do?" said Fraulein, look-ing at the visitor, who had stood rather awkwardly during this altercation. "So you have turned soldier? That is good. you have turned soldier? That is good But why do you not wear uniform? If the Germans come over here and capture you they will shoot you." "There was such a rush of fellows to

sulist they simply couldn't keep pace them," said Pennicuik cheerily. setting sin was a tendency toward breez-iness. "I say, Mr. Pollock, when Molly wrote me that you and she were down here she said Brent was here, too,"

All the answer vouchsafed to this by Mr Pollock was a groan.

"But isn't he doing anything?" asked Penniculk with incredulity in his pleasan

young voice. "He certainly isn't doing anything at present and I haven't heard if he thinks of it." snapped Mr. Pollock.

Evidently the eyeglassed personage amusing himself in the garden with the air gun was no favorite of his.

There was a second of silence, then Pen-nicuik, with a loyalty that was part of his simple, eminently "nice" nature, said: well, I'm sure he must have a reaso "Oh

Well, I'm he does or doesn't do about it, or Molly could not like him so much." "I do not think Mr. Brent is a person who troubles himself with reasons good or bad," remarked Miss Myrtle. "He is quite con-

tent to drift on." "Brent certainly is not overburdened with agreed Mr. Pollock, "but,

what have brains got to do with being a soldier? "Yes, you can blot out Germans just as

well without them," said Pennicuik simply. I don't understand Brent, I must say.

"I don't understand Brent. I must say." There certainly was a strong feeling against Mr. Brent in the sitting room that morning. If it be true that a thought wave has a definite effect on the subject thought about, a perfect flood tide was gathering itself together to expend itself in the direc-

about, a pair itself together to expend itself in the tion of Mr. Brent. Of all the people in that house each one had had his or her thoughts turned toward him by his misadventure with the bath water. No landlady could, of course, con-front such a catastrophe unmoved. Mr. Pol-lock and Miss Myrile were both in spite of their different natures, of the order of peo-ples, who criticise as they breathe. Even plas, who criticise as they breathe. Even plas, who criticise as they breathe. Even plas, who criticise as they breather. Even plas, who criticise as they breather. Even plas, who criticise as they breather. Even

"Oh, Miss Myrtle, you are cruel," expostulated Fraulein Schroeder.

"I have dailed attention to no more than we could all see for ourselves, and Mr. Brent. certainly hung around her very obviously. "Brent monopolized her," said Mr. Pol-ck. "Very bad form, I call it. There she lock. goes across the garden now. Very smart white suit she has on, Miss Myrtle, whatever you may say." He strode to the win-dow and stood looking out. "Oh, my goodness." he added, "here comes that chatter-ing Kidlington girl. She'll come in at the front door; we may just escape her if we lear out this way. Ever meet her, Penni-

uik? 'Good Lord ! yes," said Pennicuik. "When the First Manchesters were down here she and her sister were known as the 'Man-chester Harriers.' Here, let's do a hunk.

I'm rather keen to meet your widow." The two men passed out through the French window, leaving a sudden silence

and emptiness behind them. Miss Myrtle, gathering up her knitting and apparently forgetting her chilliness, arose and made to ward the window also. She was one o those numerous people who, having no par-ticular object in life, spend themselves in futile but persistent hitting at any one mu much as a wasp knocks itself again and again against the larder window The kindly disposed widow was already naking toward Christopher Brent, and, little in her rear, the varying degrees o antipathies to him in the persons of Pollock Cenniculk and Miss Myrtle were also con verging toward him in the bright sunlight. There remained in the sitting room only Fraulein Schroeder, and she was too colorless and insignificant a personality for her actions to matter either way.

. . . . Fraulein Schroeder was still sitting in the room, a black blot in the midst of its bright chintzes, when a young lady burst in from the passage. She was a pretty girl the dark, eager, intense style with rathe to much color and a mouth that would ne thin and hard with years. On her arm she carried a large basket full of a soft, drifted whiteness. She paused abrupt y on seeing only Fraulein.

"Oh, good morning." she began, speaking n a high, rapid volce. "Can you tel where every one is?" Fraulein Schroeder put down the Mirror

and took up her singularly plain and useful-looking knitting before replying: "Mrs. Sanderson is interviewing the cook

and Mr. Sanderson is not down from the admiralty yet. The others are, I believe, somewhere in the garden."

Daphne Kidlington thanked her and ran on through the open window. The wind of her going made one or two particles of the drifted whiteness in her basket float out. ornited whiteness in her basket float out, and, weaving a gentle zigzag course through the air, they showed themselves to be feath-ers. They sett ed in delicate crescents on the carpet, uptilted at either end like un-substantial fairy craft. Fraulein Schroeder looked at them for a moment through her gold-rimmed spectacies with the ghost of a placid smile about her dry, tucked-in little nouth.

Daphne, headless, van across the lawn Dapane, the little group she saw there. She knew them all with the exception of came up. Mrs. Lee, and she stared with frank curlos-ity at the tall, handsome woman, mentally

Ity at the tait, handsome woman, mentally dubbing her passee. Mrs. Lee was, as a matter of fact, a good-looking woman of about thirty-five, who gave the impression of being at once too proud and too occupied with other matters to have troubled to preserve an illusion of youth. This is a set added

unawakened brain, all scntiment and no passion. The interesting thing to any or

nt was nothing but the

It might

could get past her triumphant prettiness enough to consider the matter would have been to wonder exactly how far it would improve Molly if a character were awak-

ened in her. At present every one was content with the roundness of her chin, the slight upward till of her nose, the sweetness of her full but fixible mouth, and the clearness of her wide hazel eyes. What need to look further when a young creature adds to all this an unaffectedly sweet disposition?

Nobody did look further, least of all Molly herself-nobody, that is to say, except Christopher Brent, and it was just this conformity to type in Molly, a type of which she was the supreme expression, that

e loved her for. In charm, in intellige in poise. Molly could be no rival to Mrs. Lee, but it was on Molly that Christopher's eyes and his heart rested. He was standing a little behind her now

He was standing a fittle belling her now, where he could see the golden down on her nape, blurred by the sun, and could see, too, the curve of her delicately rosy cheek. He saw an added flush deepen on

an | Molly would come down to the heach with We girls should do our little share just as much as the men, shouldn't we, Mr. Polwho i lock?"

"Molly certainly shan't go making a fool "Molly certainly snan't go making a tool of herself on the front," replied that gentle-man emphatically, "and if you wish to know what I think, Miss Kidlington I think you are talking a pack of nonsense. What good o you suppose you are going to do by setting the men's backs up, ch?" "I think it's perfectly horrid of you." said

Molly, coming forward and stepping, ap-parently by accident, in front of Brent as he did so. "My dear Molly," replied Daphne, some-

what cattily, "those whom the cap fits may wear it. What about Mrs. Sanderson's on? Has he enlisted?"

"My dear Miss Daphne," said Mr. Pol-"don't you make a bloomer over young ick Sanderson. He's in the admiralty." "Of course, how stupid of me," replied

)aphhe, who was perfectly well aware the fact and was only leading up to what she had to say, "and what about you, Mr. Brent? But I suppose you have made all your arrangements to join something already?

om her purpose "So you are going to join something, Mr. Brent?" she insisted.

herself to have them cooked."

"Very good pies they make."

seized verbally on this diversion.

"those plige

English.

"Talking of feathers." she said brightly,

cated, I suppose, if Mrs. Sanderson weren't

the first time and fixing his eyeglass more firmly to gaze at the birds in question.

Miss Myrtle vaguely. "And Mrs. Sanderson

is so devoted to them, makes quite pets of

them. 1 often wonder how she can bring

"I am glad she does," declared Mr. Pol-

But Daphne was not to be so lightly di-

lock, for once following Miss Myrtle's lead.

"Oh, why?" drawled Brent, speaking for

"Oh, spies use pigeons and things," said

us would certainly be confis

"Why, no, don't know that I am," said Brent. "Daphne," said Molly in

"please don't. "Oh. don't stop her, please," said Brent taking out his pipe. "It's awfully her ing to Miss Daphne to look so serious." "It's awfully becom-

He blew down his pipe as he spoke, then squinted at it doubtfully.

Molly did not take it that way. "Ne haven't yet," she said. "I say, Perty, " do you think of Mrs. Lee?" "I am only doing my duty," Daphne continued, rummaging in her basket and ex-tracting the largest feather she could find. Molly was still at the stage when a question of Brent's predilection for and woman was more important than when he was justified in refusing to enlar a we "Of Mrs. Leas" scheme there are an 'Here you are, Mr. Brent. It is only a feather, but please notice the color." Brent took it for a moment in his lear "Of Mrs. Lee?" echoed Percy, ha man line mind quite failing to connect us don't know. I don't think anything as her. Why?" brown palm. Then he began quite gayly to stuff it down the stem of his pipe.

"It is very nice of you to give me such a smart one." he said genially, "but I can't say the color of my pipe cleaners worries me very much. Thanks, awfully, all the same. I suppose you saw I was in diffi-culties with my pipe. It's jolly hard to get decent pipe cleaner down here, as Mrs. Sanderson won't let us pluck the pigeons and I can't shoot so much as a sitting guil. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a sovereign for your little lot and you can pass t on to the Prince of Wales' fund. Done?" "Mr. Brent," replied Daphne, drawing herself up, "you little know me."

"My dear girl," replied the young man, dropping his pose and turning slightly away with a shrug of his shoulders, "if you aren't jolly careful you'll find that nobody know you."

Molly stamped her foot on the soft turf you have sufficiently insulted Mr. Brent, and made us all uncomfortable, per haps you will go, Daphne." she said.

Of course, if I'm not wanted-"You aren't," said Molly, the dignified previty of her utterance marred by a suspicious shake in her voice.

Daphne took the hint, and looking round the little group to meet only unsympathetic glances, for, as has been said, the whole of Wave Crest would ban together against an ntruder, she flung off down the drive, basket on arm. As in the sitting room, the soft white feathers floated out behind her and marked her way. She was gone, but she had left a more definite mark than those little white symbols behind her, a mark less easily brushed aside. Nobody quite liked to look at each other

for a moment after her departure. Brent was the first to speak as he tossed

their steps toward it. Cover a helping down the steep path. The soft, por sand at the cliff's foot looked so in that they sat down on it to rest further they help on the steep name of the soft. the soiled feather carelessly aside and began to fill his pipe. "Jolly time the fellows on the beach are

going to have," he remarked. "Horrid little pig !" said Molly. "Jolly bad form," added Mr. Penniculk

uneasily "All the same," was Mr. Pollock's con-

tribution, "some of her feathers may be deserved, though she goes the wrong way

Brent, painful as it has been to me to wit-ness your ordeal. I hope that the significance of it will make you think." Rather wisely evading a reply, she departed toward the sitting room again

maid, but I must say I think she is right this time." He too, turned and went, though in the opposite direction to that taken by Miss Myrtle.

"That was a nasty one," murmured Brent placidly as he lit his pipe. "Oh, Chris," said Molly, "how can you take it lying down? Who don't you tell them that you are going to do something, you must."

"MOLLY"

"It's really no business of yours. Daphne," said Molly resentfully. "Eact is, Brent has not decided yet what

he shall foin," chimed in Mr. Pollock, what if criticisms had to be made, preferred to keep them in the family and make them himself.

Brent himself had made no answer, but his good-looking face, usually mask-like, seemed to lose some of its fatuous expres-sion in an involuntary sharpening and hardening. There was a painful slience, broken by

"Quite so," agreed Miss Myrtle,

evading a reply, she departed toward the sitting room again, trying to wield her needles as she went, though her fingers trembled slightly with her own temerity. "Upon my soul!" exploded Mr. Pollock, "I don't often agree with that cat of an old maid, but I must say I think she is single

and of the siender curve of her threat chin and her soft, drooping mouth plunged his hands deep into the and either side of him and stared at her his heart in his look. "Not quite happy," Molly admi "There are things I don't understand seems to be becoming a little different anything I expected, somehow, and I like it. Oh, Percy, why can't things at go on being nice?" "They're never nice at all for som us," said Percy a little unsteadily." are fellows who never get anything after all, Brent is engaged to you, im You've never told me "



it as she stepped forward to meet young Penniculk with a friendly, "Hullo, Percy! This is jolly!" The greetings were hardly over before Daphne Kidlington, breathless, young |

"Good morning, everybody," said Daphi

brightly. Various good mornings in different tone

of flatness answered her. Daphne's intense enthusiasms were apt to be a strain on other people, and this morning it was obvious by the increased aggression of her aspect that more was in