EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1917

KeWHITE FEATHER By LECHMERE WORRALL

AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

A Pigeon Is an Innocent Bird in Itself, but When Used by Sinister Forces It Becomes One of the Gravest Menaces to the Security of a Nation-The Bird of Love and Peace Then Assumes the Role of Messenger of War

The United States Has Learned During Its Brief History as a Belligerent That Even Less Guilty Things Than Doves May Be Enemy Aids-That Is Why Not Only Its Agents but Its Soldiers Must Maintain Silence

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## A Discovery

"FATHER says." continued Molly, "that if he hadn't known you'd only met Mrs. Les last night, he'd have thought you must have known her before. You seemed so very intimate, considering."

"Well, it's a funny thing," confided Brent, find that I knew her husband years ago in South Africa."

"Oh." said Molly, staring at him. "When did you find that out?"

"This morning."

"When were you in South Africa?"

"Oh, about ten years ago now." "What were you doing there?" "Diamond prospecting but we didn't find ny. Do you want to dig up the secrets of y bad, black past, Moliy? Let dead pasts or they may be lied about." "Chele." Chris

"Oh, I don't mean that I shall lie," said Brent, hastily, "Men don't like to be ques-tioned, Molly." "So I see," said Molly, getting up. "I thought perfect love meant perfect confi-

"So it does." said Brent. "It means haying confidence in a person without being told anything about him. In fact, you might call love the confidence trick."

Molly , had never heard of the confidence trick and would not have smiled if she had.

"Oh well, suppose we have a game of her the normal panacoa for any strain that developed during the conversation. "I'm frightfully sorry, Molly, but I can"

Brent stood looking after her and swore softly, but unmistakably; then he, too, went into the house, by way of the Sandersons' atting room.

The sitting room was empty even frau-The sitting room was empty even frau-lein having taken herself and her knitting elsewhere. Brent glanced at his wrist watch and strolled up and down whiating softly, with rather a gloomy look on his face. Then he drew his inevitable pipe from his pocket and struck a light. At this moment Fritz, a blond and cherubic-looking individual, came alruptly into the room.

"Excuse me, sair," said Fritz, catching sight of Brent, "but do you know where Mr. Pollock is? They demand him on the telephone

"Mr. Pollock?" said Brent, lighting his pipe. "I don't know. He was playing golf perhaps he's come in and is changing."

Brent finished lighting his pipe and flung the match in the grate, where it lay flickering on the neatly laid arrangement of wood and coal. He was startled by a sudexclamation from Fritz, who rushed past him, almost knocking into him, and anatching the match, put it out. "What the devil are you doing?" asked

Bren Fritz stood breathing heavily, his florid

face actually paie "Ach," he ejaculated. "that was a nar

row sqyeak?

"Fritz pull yourcelf fogether. Vot voz a narrow squeak?"

"The fire, saft," explained Fritz, "You nearly light him "

"But what if I did? It's nothing to write home about?"

"To-to write home about?" asked Fritz. staring at him, this time with what looked like terror in his face.

But madame never permits this fire to

"Blows you up, does she? I dare say ou deserve it."

you deserve it." "Blows me up?" almost screamed Fritz, "O. Lord!" said Brent, "I shall have to huy you a little blook, on. English-Dutch idloms. What I want to know is this." with a fatuous air of attempted cuming "what I want to know is, what the dickens then the Sanderson have it hald for if the

"Oh well, suppose we have a game of does Mrs. Sanderson have it laid for if she ber the said, suggesting what was to doesn't want it lit?"

her the normal banacca for any strain that developed during the conversation. "Tm frightfully sorry. Molly, but I can" just now. There are one or two things I must see to before lunch." "Very well," said Molly, going toward the boulder. "Perhaps," she fung back over her there if you asked her. I dare say she will." "Ach. for that !" said Fritz, shrugging

then turned to greet Mrs. Sanderson, who came in at the window, followed by her ing, "and-perhaps not."

elegant and set off by a smart but sober black satin suit. She carried a couple of library books under her arm. "Ab. Mr. Brent," she exclaimed, "I don't "All: Mr. Brent, she exclaimed, i four-think you have met my son before, have you? Charles, this is Mr. Brent: he has come down for the sea bathing. He is a great friend of Mr. and Miss Pollock."

"To make a song about, if you prefer it, amended Breet. "I say, Fritz, you know you mustn't let yourself as like this. It's very had form. It isn't done." fair and inclined to bigness, and either predisposition or his work at the admiralty be light," explained Fritz, "Madame, she scold me very much if he get lit." had produced in him something of the t mistaliable mayal aspect-a clean, hard of mistaliable mayal aspect-a clean, hard de-termination of look and a pleasant smile.

"I knew that flagpole wasn't there for nothing,"

was Brent's first remark.

said.

"Perhaps," said Charles Sanderson, laugh- and they both passed out.

to Charles,

"I wish you would; all these rumors are dashed worrying."

milling broadly by now. "They didn't, not a solitary man jack of a Russian."

cture of disappointment, "Well, that is slokening," he said, "absolutely slokening, On the strength of the Salvation Army

The subtle appeal of a uniform and a musket has made itself felt in the breasts of thousands of women, and the young man who is not "in khaki" is submitted to many an indignity. Do not brand him with the "white feather." He may be serving his country even better than the man in the ranks.

> up against, she ought not to be any fool at the game.

'Don't suppose she is," observed Miriam. "Don't suppose she is." observed Mirian. "I wonder how she got hold of the late lamented Sanderson?" pursued Brent. "She's German herself, I suppose?" "Very much so. She was born in Dres-

den. "Well, well," remarked Brent, reading "Well, well," remarked Brent, reaction over the document again. "Let's see when they were married—August, '97. Then that fellow Charles must be Von Mantel's son and not Sanderson's at all. Curioser and curioser, as Alice would say. And what about the gentle Fritz?" "We couldn't find out much about him," "We couldn't find out much about him,"

"We couldn't find out much about him," said Miriam. "He appears to be Dutch, all right, and naturalized; but, of course, it's more than probable he's in their pay." "H'm" replied Brent, "And Fraulein Schroeder? She's in it, of course?" "O, she's just one of a thousand," replied Miriam, shrugging her shoulders. "She's lived in this courtry for about twenty years.

lived in this country for about twenty years, was governess to the Home Secretary's chil-dren and in various other important famlies. Her references are excellent, and so are her capabilities as a spy. She seemed to he intrusted with most of their important work down here."

"The answer is two dashes, pause, the "Right O," said Brent, tapping it out. Then, as the sibilant sound of the w egan again, he hastily took down the men

work down here" "And she so chi'dlike, Innocent and bland," commented Brent. "Have you got that book for me my man gave you?" "It's in this parcel, What is it, Kit?" "It's a complete key," replied Brent, speaking quite casually, but in a very low voice, "to all the codes used by German sples and their various methods of commu-nications. Some book, eh?" "Kit, again I repeat that you are a genius ! Where did you get hold of it?" "O, that's a long yarn," answered Brent, "Dash, dot, four dots again, and dash." "Dash, dot, four dots again, and dash." he read out. "Does that make sense?" gen The hissing sound went on and Break wrote in silence. When he had left off he still remained listening for a minute. "It's stopped," he said at last, tossing be notebook to Miriam. "There, what do you make of that?"

Where did you get hold of it?" "O, that's a long yarn," answered Brent, spinning on his heel and strolling toward the mantlepiece once more. "But I don't mind telling you the Kaiser's intelligence depart-ment didn't actually make me a present of it. And now, Watson-though it's very rude to class you as Watson-though it's very rude to class you as Watson-to pursue my investigations. He knelt and again began tapping the

"Keep an eye on the window and an ear

"Leith angelangt heute morgen-sug aut steigen heute nacht - sofort weiter - Um wartet auf signal-was fur Befehi?" Brent listened with an expression et n the door, Miriam. By the way, didn't strike you last night that Mrs. Sanderon the Brent instened with an expression of comic bewilderment on his face. "That a literally double Dutch to me." he remarked "What is it in common or garden English" "Well, nothing intelligible on the face of son refused Myrtle's request for a fire in a very emphatic manner?"

"I didn't notice it at the time, but now ou mention it-

"Just so. Well, I didn't think much about It at the time, but one or two things have set me thinking since. Listen to this Miriam." He tapped the solid sounding

"Landed Leith this morning," Miriam read out. "Entrain tonight, crossing im-mediately. Uzz awaits signal, What tiles, then the one which rang hollow, "Like a bally melodrama," he commented. "It's orders?" "Ye gods and little fishes," said Breat slowly and with emphasis. "Then they really are coming after all !" "Who are?" a great game and all that, but it makes you feel such an ass, crawling round look-ing for secret springs and talking about dispatches and things. I can never get over the curious feeling of unreality about them increases and the second s

"The famous troops from the north we have heard so much about. What the dick-ens shall I reply? Do give me an idea." Miriam laughed. "A dot, a dash, two dots," she told him. them, just because one's so used to them it books. That's how every one in England feels about that sort of thing. I imagine. and the Germans were clever enough to take that into account when they used all "What does that mean?" "Well, in low German—very low German —it means 'Run away and play." "That'll do for the present," said Brent, and tapped the message out accordingly. Then, still sitting on his heels, he looked at the wireless instrument thoughtfully. "It seems a shame to hurt this nice little fel-low." he said, "and after it's been so useful the tricks of the trade. Englishmen have always laughed at the idea of spies and called it melodramatic nonsense. And now

it's been proved real every one has the sam sort of feeling as though a fairy story had come true. All the time this chatter was flowing on All the time this chatter was howing on Brent's fingers were exploring, and now they found what they sought. A slight pressure and the whole of the grate re-volved slowly around on a center pivot, disclosing on what had been the inner side a curious and complicated looking arrange-ment of metal, wood and wires. Quite unintelligible it would have looked to the ignorant, but both Miriam Lee and Christo-pher Brent seemed to understand by their sudden exclamation and quickened look

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

cent aspect.

low," he said, "and after it's been so useful and obliging, too. But then, it might oblige the enemy as well. So here goes." And

the enginy as well. So here goes." And leaning forward, he quickly but firmly pro-ceeded to put the detector out of action. "There, I've spiked their gun," he announced and pressed the spring. In another moment the fireplace had resumed its usual inno-

"It may be working." said Miriam ease "It may be working." said Miriam ease isn't likely to be in time with more than one other instrument, so you ought to sai something worth having."

Brent fixed the receiver to his cars as he kneit down on the hearth rug. "Open that book you brought me," he commanded, "w shall need it. By George, it's working somebody keeps calling. Hunt through th book and tell me how to signal him to

"What's he calling?" "Two dots, pause, and three dots very quickly. Look anywhere. Try No. 7." Miriam whipped the pages over hasten "No. that's not it." she announced. "To try No. 9. That's got him, Kit. You may two dots, pause, and then three dot quickly, didn't you?"

"Yes, that makes the German word More

"You had better signal him to be

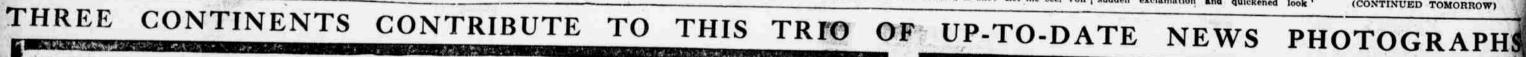
lated the message as quickly as she and then read it aloud:

"Give it to me."

"What does that mean?"

"You had better signal him to hold." counseled Miriam. "Dot, pause, two dots." Brent gave the signal while Miriam trans-ated the message as quickly as she could and then read it aloud:

"What's he calling ?"



son Charles. She was a fair, plump, pleasant-looking woman, slightly inclined to double chin, with a figure kept rigorously

"Pleased to meet you. Mr. Brent," he

"So am 1-to meet you, I mean." said Brent genially. "Fown for long?" "Only the week-end. We are most fright-

"Only the week-end. We are most tright-fully busy at the admirality, you know." "Oh, yes, of course, you are at the ad-mirality." said Brent gleefully. "I had for-gotten you had a billet there." "In the transport department," Mrs. San-

"Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Very well then, I will," said Charles,

Brent's face fell. He stood looking the

derson informed him with maternal pride. She put the books neatly on a shelf as she spoke. "Ah." exclaimed Brent, pointing his pipe at Charles. Then you are the year man.

"Well, now, then." went on Brent con-fidentally and with a beaming smile. "per-haps I can tell you something. I have an aunt at Leamington, an awfully jolly old ludy. She didn't see them herself because, as a matter of fact, she can't get out of her chair, but her parlor maid's young man works somewhere near the railway. Well chain, but her partor maid's young man works somewhere near the railway. Well, he has a pal who actually works on the railway, a very nice young fellow—Salva-tion Army and all that; teetotaler, too. I believe—and he told him that he had actu-ally seen them—the Russians I mean." "That, of course, proves it," said Mrs, sanderson, laughing, though not unkindly, "What do you think?" persisted Brent up the matches, humming a tune as he Mrs. Lee came softly into the room and

stood looking at his back for a moment "Whatever are you doing?" she said as she closed the door. "Spilt a box of matches - beastly nul

ance." replied he, then, glancing up, asked. "All alone?" "Yes."

"Good." He swept the matches into the box and jumped up. "What's the matter, Kit?"

"I think I'm on the verge of a discovery. But first, those papers "

She produced a small folded document from the little bag that dangled from her wrist and handed it to him. He ran his

rush up," said Charles. "So long. Mr. frent." He opened the door for his mother ind they both passed out. Left alone, Christopher Brent strollea

what hidden forces the gleaming, qurious sinister looking machine actually stood for Mantel was the fellow who wrote the book in defense of spice? Tes? I thought so. He always maintained that the end justi-fied the means. Well, if it's his widow we're "I knew that flagpole wann't there othing." was Brent's first remark. Miriam was puszled by this. "Flagpole?" "Flagpole?" "Yes, right by the chimney stack. That how they work their aerials. Neat filth wireless this, isn't it? I say, Miriam. If could only intercept a message!"



VENICE PROTECTS ITS MONUMENTS FROM HOSTILE AIRCRAFT nd sandbags placed about the Colleoni Monum mt, one of the most precious art f

FAIR DEVOTEES OF THE UKULELE ON THE SANDS AT ATLANTIC CITY ners at the queen of ocean resorts was surprised by an EVENING LEDGER staff photographer in the midst of an impromptu risinments are unusually numerous during the current season, the Hawalian guitarlike instrument rivaling the knitting alls as the chief employment for femining fingers along the strand or on piers and hotel porches. This bevy of Philadelphia s