## eWHITE FEATH By LECHMERE WORRALL AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

dence which protects children, drunken men, and fools. It would be the real English

good luck if Brent were to stumble on some

thing which a cleverer man would never find; it is as much easier to defend one-

"I don't think we need worry about him."
rejoined her son. "He wouldn't even understand what a carrier pigeon was for if it
flew up under his nose. Neither would that
young Penniculk you introduced me to com-

ing from the station, though he's a very different type in other respects. A little while ago I don't suppose he knew one end of a

rifle from another, and in a few months more, if nothing happens to prevent it, he will be fighting with the best of them. They

have no science, these English but they certainly have a wonderful spirit. Do you know, mother, it's sometimes quite an effort for me to remember that I am a German. The English Meal certainly has a genius for

"My son! Do not say such terrible things, even in jest. You are a German and some day you will be a great German like your

father before you."
"Perhaps," agreed Charles rather mood-

ity, "but it isn't always as simple as you think to see exactly where one's duty lies. However, a German I am, as you say, and

to the Patherland must be my first consideration. Did Fritz get all the disputches

"Yes, all of them; the fishing fleet took

"Good " replied Charles, his voice nov

"Two. One of them has hurt his wing to the other must not be used excepting on

A satisfied untile touched lightly at Charles's usually stern mouth. Would you

all a map of the English mine field of the

first importance?" he asked.

Mrs. Sanderson gazed at him for a sec-

ond, hardly daring to believe her ears. Then a light of enthusiasm that seemed to transfigure her comely but commonplace

"Very simply. Stayed in one lanch time and traced it. There you are." He pro-

duced his pocketbook and, taking from it a thin sheet of folded paper, handed it to his

mother, who undid a few buttons of her tight black satin bodice and thrust the

Then with something almost ceremonial in her action, she took her son's head between her hands—they were nearly of a

height-and kissed him on the forchead. "You have done a great thing for the

"My son, do you mean it? However did

"And how

dry, brisk and businesslike. "And many of the Potsdam carriers are left."

matter of the first importance."

face kindled in her eyes.

precious paper within.

you get it?"

self against clever men.

absorption."

through?

Even the Most Peaceful Nook on England's Shore Was Not Immune to the Scourge of Germany's Spy System, and West Crest Harbored What Might Have Caused the Allies' Ruin

The Recent Discovery of Secret Wireless Plants in the United States Unfolds a Prospect of Possible Danger to This Country Such as That Which Nearly Crippled Great Britain

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SYNOPSIR
story opens in the West Crest private
in an English searcast town when nglish naturalization, PENNICUIS.
nglish soldler, and FRITZ, a servat

Desperate Spies

BRENT stood up and brushed the slight dust marks off the knees of his white-fannel trousers.
"Uzz." he murmured, "Uzz. What in the

name of all that's wonderful does Uzz stand for? The rest of it's clear enough."
"They're going to try to stop the trans-

ports crossing. I suppose."
"I think that's their little game—Uzz"
be rumpled his usually sleek hair—"Uzz.
Uzz. Uzz." he said viciously, "you're sure
you got that down right. Miriam?"
"Sure." she replied confidently. "Look.
bere's what you put down and here's the

translation-Uzz."
"Well, the only thing I can understand

well, the only thing I can understand at present," said Brent, "is that Uzz, who-ever he may be, awaits a message. Hullo, isn't that voices, Miriam?"
"Yes, from the garden, Sandersons, I

"This is our way, then," said Brent, open-ing the door and whisking himself and Miriam out of it. Not a trace of their presence or their

Not a trace of their presence their work there remained, not even the traditional dropped notebook, when Mrs. Sanderson, that somewhat disingenuous widow, and her son Charles came into the room through the French window, talking placifly about nothing in particular, until they saw that no one was there, when their s suddenly changed.

"Thank goodness, that particular idiot, Brent, has gone," remarked Charles. "Sometimes," replied Mrs. Sanderson acutely. "It seems to me there is danger in the very fact of his being such an idiot. You know they say there is a special provi- going through? quite tell. My department hasn't touched them, but from what I can make out there very little doubt they are on the

But. Charles, they are relying on us for onfirmation. What are we to do?" Charles looked at his watch. "Well I nave left instructions with Gluckmann that he is to let us have a message here between 12 and 1 this morning. He may be calling w. Is the coast quite clear?"
"Quite, I think, but we will ask Fritz.

Just ring the bell, will you, Charles?"
Charles obeyed and in a moment Fritz
answered the summons. When he saw
that the Sandersons were alone in the room expression changed, and, closing the carefully, be came right up to them. thought there would probably be safety in numbers."

sible?" said Charles impatiently. "I tell you the detector's smashed to pieces. Look Mrs. Sanderson made a violent effort to control herself, though her hands trembling.
"It was all right last night," she said.

"It was all right last hight, she satured in the property of the life been done this morning," said Charles. "Who's been in here? That's the question, mother."

"Everbody. I couldn't help it, thanks to the accident to the lounge. Every one expected to come in here and I thought it would look suspicious if I refused, and I thought there agold probably be safety in

"When rogues fall out honest men get their due." In like manner when spies quarrel they are sure to be found out. That is the secret of Brent's strategy in dismantling the wireless outfit so that suspicion falls upon members of the gang.

Fritz's face had become discolored, his get, mother, I'll wire you. As soon as eyes seemed to buige.

"By our imperial master, I svear," he and if 'yes' you will know how to act."

managed to gasp out Sanderson's fingers relaxed and he let

Fritz stagger away from him toward the "Then, who is the spy?" he said roughly.

"Of course it must be some one in the "Mistair Brent," said Fritz feebly as he rearranged his disordered collar. "He was in this room alone a little while ago and

he threw a lighted match on the fire. I see him, I tell you, sair; with mine own hands I put it out."

"Pooh! That eye-glassed idiot."
Charles impatiently. "Mother, ill surely you must have some idea."



"Inen who is the spy?" Charles said roughly, letting his fingers relax.

"Fritz, is everybody out?" asked Mrs.

"Everybody. Meestair Pollock, he was in at the telephone, but he has just gone out to buy a paper and I saw Mr. Brent go with him. Miss Myrtle, she is in her room, and Mrs. Lee and Miss Pollock, they

are in their rooms "Good," replied Charles. "Hang about in the passage and keep your eyes open. Fritz. We're going to use the wireless. Mother, you stand by the window."

When Fritz had left the room and Mrs. Samlerson had taken up her post, Charles crossed over to the fireplace and, pressing the spring, brought the Marconi installation revolving round toward the room. He placed the receiver to his ears and picked

up the key. Silence rewarded him.
"Funny that he isn't calling," muttered Charles, glancing at his watch again. "I Charles, games him." He tapped on will try signaling him." He tapped on will try signaling him." What the devil can call and walted again. "What the devil can be the matter? The thing can't be out of order." He bent down to examine it and Fatherland," she said solemnly, "and our imperial master will not forget you. And "Damnation! Somebody's now tell me, what about these troops from with it. Mother, look here." caught sight of the damaged detector. "Damnation" Somebody's been tampering

the north? That is a vital question to which we must bend all our energies. Are they going through?

Mrs. Sanderson hastened across the room, bur black satin dress creaking and rustling, her face flushed with agitation.

"Ring for Fritz," said Charles shortly. He swung the grate back into its normal po-sition and, unlocking the door, took up his position slightly to one side of it.

Fritz had hardly crossed the threshold before Sanderson had taken him firmly by the ear. His fingers nipped sharply and Fritz, with an expression of bewilderment His fingers nipped sharply and and alarm on his rotund countenance, sidled

obediently forward.
"Now, Fritz." said Charles, speaking very low, but with suppressed passion, "I want you to understand that if you lie you are done for "Mr. Charles, Mr. Charles," expostulated Fritz: "I not understand. Lie! For what should I lie?"

"Who's been tampering with the Marconi instrument? It's broken."

A horror that was not entirely due to is position at the moment dawned in "The Marcont! Broke? Sair, what do

n say there? Who done it?"
"That's just what I am asking you."

But, sair, how can I tell?"
"You lie," said Charles, his fingers slipping from Fritz's ear to his threat.
"I swear I do not know," gasped Fritz
"My son, be careful," begged Mrs. San-

"Young Pennicuik?" said Mrs. Sanderson thoughtfully. "No, if he did hear of such a thing he could never have concealed his suspicions so well. I know that his suspicions so well. I know that

"Ach!" cried Fritz, "You are right, it is not Brent, nor this Pennicuik. It is Mistair Pollock." I see it all now."

"Mr. Pollock." I see it all now."

"Mr. How perfectly absurd! Why, he hasn't the brains, either."

"My dear mother," said Charles, a little impatiently, "To judge by appearances nobody in this house has the brains. Yet somebody must have. It isn't good to go by appearences. What makes you suspect Pollock, Fritz?"

"Just now he was rung up on de tele-phone," explained Fritz. "I listened and I bear him talk about siles. He say Marconi and wireless, he talk a lot about spies."

"He aiways does," objected Mrs. Sanderson. "I hardly think he'd have done it so publicly over the telephone if there were anything in it."

"If Pollock's elever enough to have discovered this thing, he's clever enough to do that," muttered Charles, "but I can't say I think it very likely. You and Fritz must ered about the effect on Penniculk at all. watch carefully all day, mother. I must go "Well," said Mr. Pollock breezily, as he up to town at once, confound it. Don't for- piled jam on his third slice of buttered.

"De carrier?" asked Fritz. "No. no, that's wanted for the map I have given Mrs. Sanderson. Besides, it's too late now. It will have to be the emergency."

A little smile of satisfaction flitted over Fritz's face. Mrs. Sanderson put out one plump hand involuntarily as though warding mething off. "It is really necessary, my, son? And at

uch short notice?" "Of course it's necessary. You needn't worry about the damage. You will be well

ompensed." "What must be done shall be done," repiled Mrs. Sanderson. A thrill is her voice made her usually careful tones guttural. "Who gets the signal, my son?"

Charles Sanderson, his hand already on he door, paused to answer her.
"Submarine U-11, standing out to sea," he answered. "Hullo, I hear every one com-

He stood back to allow of the entry of Mr. Pollock and Brent. Mr. Pollock's face was red and his expression disapproving. Brent

red and his expression disapproving. Brent was obviously very excited.
"I say, Sanderson," he cried, "have you seen the midday paper?"
"Midday paper?" said Charles, wheeling round on him. "Why, what?"
"Perfectly awful news," declared Brent.
"Not a German victory?" demanded Mrs.

Sanderson.

"O. no, but almost as bad."
"From Russia?" asked Charles, even his unperturbed voice showing restrained anx-

Lord, no-from Doncaster. Would you believe it, they have scratched Baby Boy for the St. Leger and only yesterday I backed him for a tenner each way." In most English households life revolves

In most English households life revolves round meal times. The day is marked out into "before lunch" and "after lunch." "before tea" and "after tea" and so on. Mrs. Sanderson was well aware of this and also aware that next to dinner tea was the sacred hour of the day. It was quite certain that at that time all her boarders would be congregated together to enjoy the really congregated together to enjoy the really solid meal with which she kept them occu-pied at that hour. This feast was the only one which Mrs. Sanderson did not grace with her presence, and fraulein had never sufficiently fallen into English ways to accustom herself to it, either. Therefore it was without any of the restraint engendered by a hostess or by one of a different nationality that the guests at Wave Crest took their tea.

On this particular afternoon they were all assembled on the veranda, for the warmth of early autumn still held in spite of the clouding over. Percival Pennicuik, who, since the morning had attained a uniform, was the guest of honor. He sat beside Molly and Miss Myrtle, a position which was not an unmixed blessing. Mr. Pollock, needless to remark, had taken charge of the cake tables and had secured Mrs. Lee for his right hand.

Fritz was bustling around with supplies of hot toast, thin bread and butter, shrisps and jam. Indeed, he bustled too much about Mr. Pollock for that gentleman's liking. It seemed to him today that he could never

ook up without finding Fritz at his elbow. Brent was sitting on the other side of Mrs. Lee, opposite to Molly, which was the atter's arrangement. She had been trying to be broadminded that afternoon by playing tennis with Mrs. Lee, and she was now continuing the good work, not altogether unbiased by the fact that Pennicuik was beside her. A little low-toned conversation with him might make Chris jealous, which she could not help feeling would be a good thing. Being a true woman, she never both-

toast, "I must say Mrs. Sanderson does in uncommonly well. This toast would tasta like nectar or elysium, or whatever they call it, to the Germans, I suppose. Poor beggars! I have it on the best authority-though I'm not at liberty to disclose from whom—that they have finished their last horse aiready. And now they have got to live almost entirely on cats and dogs. A man who isn't a narrow-minded bigot can't live almost entirely on cats and dogs. A man who isn't a narrow-minded bigot can't help feeling sorry for the poor fellows. For the rank and file, that is. They have been misled by their superiors. Still, they are awful brutes, most of them, and deserve what they get." and Mr. Pollock spread his

jam with a liberal hand.
"I hear," remarked Miss Myrtle, in her thin, reedy voice and with a malicious glance toward Mr. Brent, "that Miss Kidlington was most successful with her white feather campaign this morning."

"I disapprove entirely of such methoda" boomed Mr. Pollock, "If a man cannot en boomed Mr. Pollock. "If a man cannot ewill not hear his country's call he must either be able to give a reasonable excuss to his friends or be prepared to sacrifice their esteem." He spoke with raised voice and obvious intention. "Impertinent young women have no right to force such explanations by employing emblems of cowardice." I have often wondered." piped Mis-"I have often wondered," piped Miss lyrtle, "how the white feather came by its significance."

"You had better ask Mr. Brent," replied Mr. Pollock grimly.

"I'd tell you like a show if I could, Miss Myrtle," said Brent politely. "But I haven't the foggiest idea: I never was any good at history, but I have a vague notion that it is connected with the Black Prince, who were one in his belimet and said something about his white plume shining."
"What utter nonsense, Mr. Brent," re-

"What utter nonsense, Mr. Brent," replied the Myrtle, who had been a governess
in her day. "Black Prince indeed! Or
Henry of Navarre for that matter either,
though I suppose it's he you are thinking
of. They were both very brave men. It
can have no connection with them."

"Don't think I'm sticking myself up as an
unthority" mut in Mrs. Lee pleasantly." The

authority," put in Mrs. Lee pleasantly, "but authority.

as a matter of fact I think I can tell you. I came across the explanation the other day.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Pollock, all politeness. "Yes; it dates from the time when cock fighting was a fashionable sport. A white

feather is never seen in a pedigree gamecock. Its presence indicates a bird of baser breed." "Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Pollock.

"Most interesting, I'm sure."
"And." continued Mrs. Lee, still more sweetly, "even today you will find that the cock with the most arrogant strut and loud-

est crow has generally a white feather in its tail. O, by the way, Mr. Pollock, didn't you get one this morning?"
"Get what?" asked Mr. Pollock. "I don't nderstand."
"A white feather."

"Me, me!" Between toast and indignation Mr. Pollock positively spluttered. "Certainly not. Even Miss Kidlington has suf-

ficient remnants of good taste left to respect my years." Your years, Mr. Pollock?" cried Mrs. Lee, "But why should she know what they are? Nothing would be easier than for

you to conceal them. You flatter me, I'm stre," said Mr. Pollock, but looking far from pleased,

"No, no; not at all," persisted Miriam.
I didn't mean it that way. But heaps of men with a fine youthful constitution like yours have managed to mislay their birth certificates in a spirit of patriotic enthus-

was listening to this little altercation, con-ducted with such apparent politeness. Molly's face was flushed; she did not know whether to be grateful to Mrs. Lee for diverting attention from Chris or to be angry with her for baiting Mr. Pollock. Her personal distrust of Mrs. Lee supplying the balance, she decided on the latter course. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ENTERTAINS CITY'S VISITORS FROM BELGIUM PHILADELPHIA

