

The WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRALL
AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

Jealousy is a "green-eyed monster" under the best of circumstances, but when it becomes rampant in a crisis affecting a nation's safety it assumes the proportions of a terrible menace. That is why Molly's fit of anger was particularly ill-timed.

Balked Spies Are a Particularly Ferocious Set of People Who Stop at Nothing, Including Murder—Brent's Pigeon-Shooting Exploit Brought the Situation at West Crest to a Head

In This Country We Have Learned to What Extent Enemy Agents Will Go to Achieve Their End—The Wanton Destruction of Life in Munition Plants Explosions Is an Example

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The story opens in the West Crest private hotel in an English seacoast town where Mrs. SANDERSON, the proprietress; her son CHARLES SANDERSON, serving in the English Admiralty; MR. POLLOCK, the Justice of the Peace; MRS. LEWIS, the landlady; CHRISTOPHER BRENT, Molly's fiancé; MRS. MIRIAM LEE, a widow; MISS MYRTLE, a spinster; FRAULEIN SCHROEDER, a colorless little German woman, claiming twenty years of English naturalization; PENNICUK, a young English soldier; and FRITZ, a young English soldier, are the entire occupants of the hotel. Brent and Miriam were in the office of the British Intelligence Office, and discovered on the reverse side of the innocent-looking envelope a complete wireless outfit. A brief message that a U-boat was waiting off the harbor for a given signal. Brent, disbelieving the Marconi. This discovery positively links up the Sanderson household with a specific German spy plot destined to cripple Great Britain.

Molly started after him. "I think Fritz is going off his head," she announced, forgetting for a moment her grievance against Mrs. Lee. Miriam wrung her hands. "O, Miss Pollock, Miss Pollock," she cried, "wouldn't you do as I asked you? When will you see that you don't understand everything?" Molly flamed round at her. "I understand quite enough," she cried. "I understand that you and Chris—" she was interrupted by Chris himself, who came running toward them. He looked angrier than Molly had ever seen him and did not notice her presence. "My dear Miriam, what on earth have you been up to?" he demanded. "I begged you not to let any one pass. You knew how important it was and yet—" Here he caught sight of Molly. "What, you're here?" he exclaimed, for once losing his self-possession. "But I thought you had gone for a walk with your father. Why haven't you?"

"I—I—only came to say good-by to you first," replied Molly, her lips trembling uncontrollably. "and now I wish I hadn't. I think you are perfectly hateful." She burst into a passion of tears, and although her words had been childish, there was a sound in her crying that no one who knew her would have recognized. She turned and ran from the room. Brent stood looking after her, his airgun dangling from his hand. "Damnation! Well, the fat's in the fire now," he said unromantically, but with emphasis. "It wasn't my fault, Kit. I did my best, but she would insist on coming out to find you. We quarreled over it as it was and then Fritz came in and heard her."

"O, well, it can't be helped now. Here, you'd better take this for a moment." And he handed her a tiny package exactly like the one he had shown her before he left the room. "I only just had time to get it off the bird's leg and the other one in its place," he went on, "before Fritz pounced on me like a wild beast. Well, I hear voices; they're all coming down on me now. I'm in for it, Miriam. You scoot through the window."

She had hardly gone before Fritz and Mrs. Sanderson came in together at the door. Fritz's face was still very white, the dead bird lay limply across his palms. Mrs. Sanderson's face was flushed a deep, even light color. Her bosom heaved under its light black satin; she could hardly contain herself. "There he is," said Fritz, "now he shall tell me. See what he has to say."

Brent lunged forward in his best manner. "It's about that poor little bird, Mrs. Sanderson, I suppose," he began; "I am really most awfully sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am. Honestly, it wasn't my fault. Mrs. Lee was chipping me about my shooting, so I went out and aimed at the first bird I saw. Never thought it was one of your pigeons. Thought it was a gull or something. And, by Jove, I hit it! First time in my life I ever hit anything. Just my rotten luck."

Fritz was staring at him unbelievably. "Mine, mine, beautiful bird," he moaned; "you shot him on purpose." "Look here, Fritz," retorted Brent, beginning to show signs of irritation. "I can't say more than that I am most frightfully sorry, and of course I'll make your loss good and all that sort of thing, but I really think you forget yourself a little when you speak to me like that."



"Oh, Chris has just shot a pigeon," cried Molly. The next instant Fritz rushed into the room.

The Carrier Pigeon

THE sickening dread, the suspicion that all was not as he had told her between Chris and Miriam, welled up in Molly's mind. It was a dread that, since her conversation with Chris that morning, she had been endeavoring to stifle. Now it would not be denied. Pain, bewilderment and a pathetic look of helplessness showed in her face for all her attempt at pride.

"My dear Mrs. Lee," she said loftily, "I don't understand this mystery at all. One thing I do know, and that is that you are taking more on yourself than you have any right to do. Kindly let me pass."

"It must be plainly visible about one," said Mrs. Sanderson. Her voice was very hushed. "Tonight," echoed Fritz in his turn. "The house, it burns tonight, that is fine. Six English pigs roast in their beds."

"No, no, Fritz," cried Mrs. Sanderson, "don't; it's too horrible. Of course we must arrange to save them." Her faded blue eyes gazed at him in genuine disgust. With her son she could work heart and soul; their aims were as one. They were genuine patriots, though their sense of duty was curiously distorted, but at least they sought no reward for and no satisfaction of a personal kind in their work. They lived a life of constant alarms and through it preserved smiling faces and kept their

"But who will stop him?" "You will," replied Fraulein Schroeder and made a little gesture with her hand across her throat. Fritz mimicked it with his own hand, drawing his phenomenally large thumb across his throat, too good. "So? Good, I understand," he said and fraulein went her way.

"I think you understand quite well what I mean," cried Fritz, whose excitable nature was entirely thrown off its balance by this irrevocable disaster. "You play do fool; you am not a fool, no."

Of all the people dressing for dinner that evening at West Crest, only two—Mr. Pollock and Miss Myrtle—were in blustrious ignorance that strange things were toward. Fraulein, refreshed by her little rest, was calmly buttoning herself into her high collar of plaid silk. She showed no trace of excitement, but a certain inward glow seemed to suffuse her dry little personage. The end of which she had been working so many years was close at hand. For twenty years all her spiritual life had centered in the achievement of that end, an extent inconceivable to any one not a Prussian.

Molly was young and strong and quick of eye and hand. She made a dart past Mrs. Lee, and with a quick jerk unlatched the window. As she did so Fritz came quietly into the room by the door. Having for the moment lost sight of Mr. Pollock, he was once again searching for him. "Why, there's Chris," exclaimed Molly, straining her eyes across the lawn in the growing dimness. "Just strolling about with his airgun. Oh, what's he doing? He's shot a pigeon."

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"He's due quite soon," replied Mrs. Sanderson. "Oh, he will be simply furious, but I think it was an accident, Louise. I've

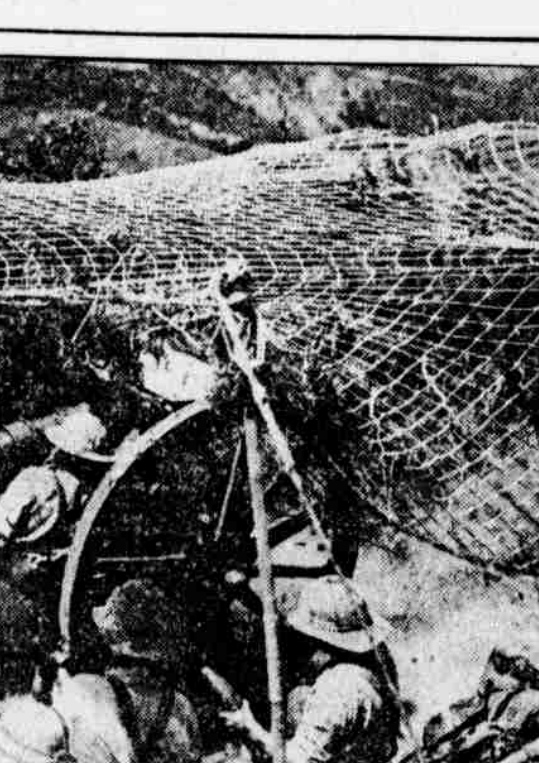
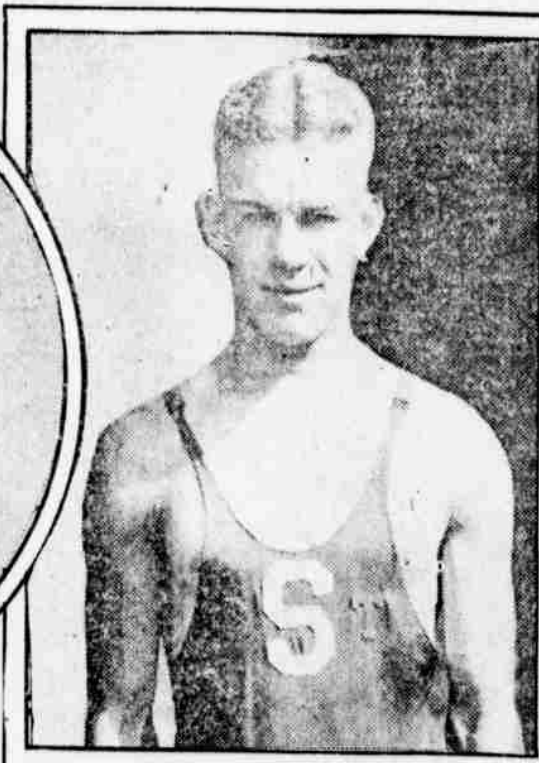
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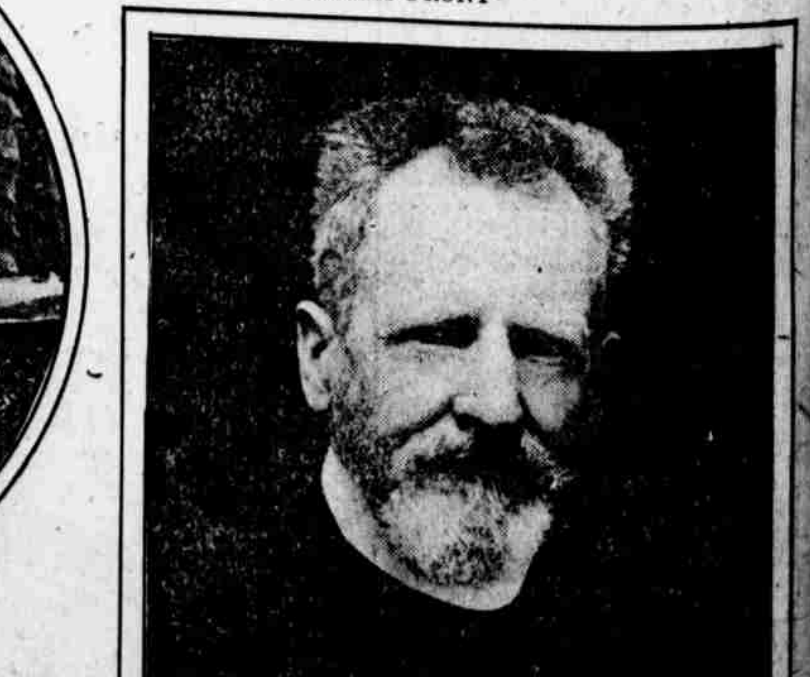
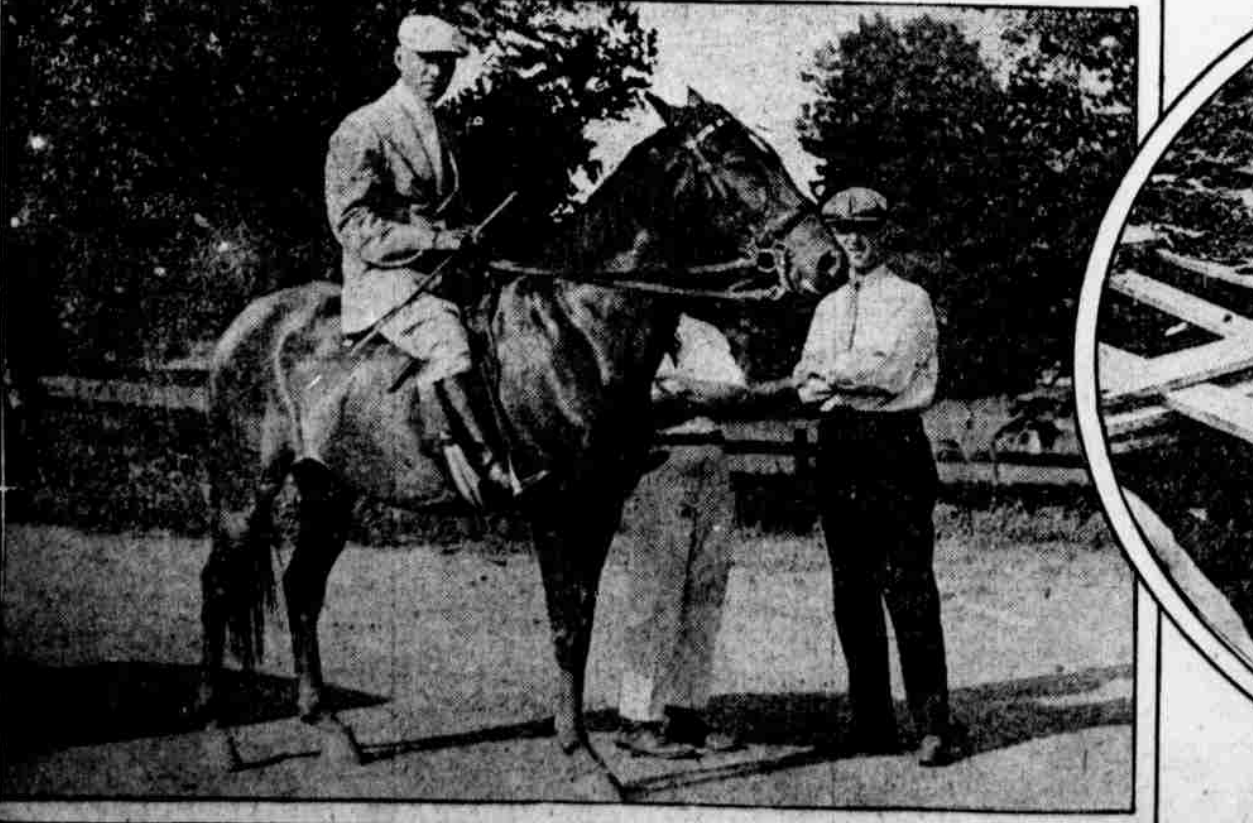
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PICTORIAL PRESENTATION OF INTERESTING HAPPENINGS FIGURING IN THE DAYS' NEWS



THREE NATATORIAL EXPERTS WHO HAVE SENT RECORDS TUMBLING
Miss Elizabeth Becker, of the Philadelphia Turngemeinde, to the extreme left, competes for the diving championship at Wheeling, W. Va., today. She holds the American record for the 60 yards back stroke. In the center is Norman Ross, swimming champion of that world, who now is meeting all comers in the West. At the extreme right is Gilbert E. Tomlinson, of the Philadelphia Swimming Club, the former national half-mile champion, who is entered in this and other events at the Mays Landing races to be held September 1.

NET COVERING PROTECTS BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN FROM AVIATORS' BOMBS WHILE IN ACTION ON THE SALONIKA FRONT



W. FREELAND KENDRICK, PHILADELPHIA'S RECEIVER OF TAXES, ASTRIDE HIS FAVORITE HORSE, "RED BIRD"

A NEWSPAPER FROM HOME AROUSES MORE INTEREST THAN A BOCHE SHELL AMONG THE CANADIANS HOLDING THE TRENCHES BEFORE LENS

THE REV. FRANK S. BALLANTINE, CHAPLAIN AT THE NAVAL HOSPITAL