e WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRALL

AND I. E. HAROLD TERRY

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 searcoast town when fogland has been at war one mouth. HRS. SANDERSON, the proprietress: her son CHARLES SANDERSON, serving in the English Admiralty, MR. POLLOCK, the Justico of the Peace, his designed MOLLY, nineteen CHRISTOPHER BRENT, MOLLY, nineteen CHRISTOPHER BRENT, MOLLY, a spinster, and the serving of the peace German woman, claiming twenty years of figures woman, claiming twenty years of figures and finite figures. The second finite figures are the entire occupants of the hotel.

Brent and Miriam are representatives of the British Intelligence Office, and discover on the reverse aids of the innocent-looking freplace a complete wireless outfit. After getting a message that a U-boat is waiting of the barbot for a given signal. Brent dismantices the Marcool. This discovery positively links up the Sanderson household with a gigantic German spy plot destined to cripple Great Britain.

Great Britain.

Later, Brent sees sketches of the harbor made by Fraulein Schroeder, who he is convinced is the brains of the plot. The fact that there is an artist in the house accounts for the presence of earler pigeons, and Brent poes to shoot the carrier which he is certain, is about to be released for Germany with the plans of the harbor.

While Miriam is keeping guard over the door leading to the lawn, where Brent is waiting, Molly comes in and attempts to pass her.

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 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 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."

can't," said Miriam. Molly was young and strong and quick 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. Pol-lock, 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 rowing dimness. "Just strolling about with his airgun. Oh, what's he doing? He's hot a pigeon!"

The next instant Fritz had rushed to the

window, forgetting all sense of decorum, almost knocking the two women aside. What do you say?" he cried. "Vot vere

Molly started after him, "I think Fritz

is going off his head," she announced, for-getting for a moment her grievance against Mrs. Lee.

Miriam wrung her hands. "O. Miss Pol-lock, Miss Pollock," she cried, "willy wouldn't you do as I asked you? When will you see that you don't understand every-

Molly flamed round at her. "I understand quite enough," she cried. "I under-stand that you and Chris..." she was in-terrupted by Chris himseif, who came running toward them.

He looked angrier than Molly had ever 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

"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 perfectl; hateful." She burst into a passion of tears, and, although her words had been childleb, there was a sound in her crying that no any who knew here. 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 ow." he said unromantically, but with em-

"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 Pritz 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. in for it, Miriam. You scoot through the

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 brick color. Her bosom heaved under its light black satin; she could hardly contain herself. tain herself.

"There he is," said Fritz, "now he shall tell me. See what he has to say."

Brent lounged forward in his best man-

"What do you say," he cred.

Tou saying?"

"O, Fritz," cried Molly, "how you startled me. I'm afraid Mr. Brent has shot one of your pigeons. He must have done it by accident."

"Ach, mein Gott, mein Gott." Fritz dashed across the veranda, his face white spaper.

Brent lounged forward in his best manner. "It's about that poor little bird, Mrs. Sanderson, I suppose," he began; "I am trevocable disaster. "You play de fool; 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 was entirely thrown off its balance by this trrevocable disaster. "You play de fool; you am not a fool. no."

"Look here, I'm damned if I'm going to May and the chimal colling." Collinged fraulein, pinching her jutting little chim still further forward between her finger and thumb. "When does Charles come down?"

"Look here, I'm damned if I'm going to May a bally waiter talking to me like this. Really, Mrs. Sanderson, I can't think how ground frault." The same of the province of the balance by this still further forward between her finger and thumb. "When does Charles come down?"

"Look here, I'm damned if I'm going to He's due quite soon," replied Mrs. Sanderson, I can't think how ground frault in the province of the balance by this trevocable disaster. "You play de fool; you am not a fool. no."

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"Look here, I'm damned if I'm going to think they are the province of the province of

Fritz was glaring at him unbelievingty.

"Mine pest, mine peautiful pird," he
moaned; "you shot him on purpose."

"Look here, Fritz," retorted Brent, beginning to show signs of fritation. "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."

worth," broke in Mrs. Sanderson, and her

reason for the beastly bird and there's an end of the thing as far as I'm concerned." And he stalked through the French window. Then the two still standing in the room

Then the two still standing in the room heard him speak in an altered voice: "Hello. Mrs. Lee, there you are! You've got me into a nice row, twitting me about my shooting like that. Of course, I've been and gone and shot one of Mrs. Sanderson's pet pigeons. I say, you know, you will have to let me give you a beating at snooker

Fraulein, to whom the sounds of the dis voice was trembling slightly. "It had won championships all over the country."

"Well, look here, Mrs. Sanderson, put a rifled glance from her sharp brown eves.

said fraulein "Accident or no accident," said fraulein slowly, "I like not the way that things are going. What did the telegram from Charles say? It was in code, of course?"

'Yes, it said that the troops are going through and that the emergency signal must be given tonight."

They all drew closer together. The room was growing very dark. Outside on the veranda a shadow peered for a moment round the corner of the window tonight as a revenge."

Fritz and Mrs. Sanderson looked at each

Brent; but the next moment he had ducked and hidden, but his ear was close to the receiver in the palm.

"Tonight," repeated fraulein with a thrill her voice. "Tonight the Lord will dein her voice. liver them into our hands. At what hour

courage high. But for fraulein, much as she admired her, Mrs. Sanderson felt fear. This little anuff-colored insignificant woman had a certain deadly quality of unchanging vindictiveness in her spiritual makeup vindictiveness in her spiritual makeup which the smaller nature of Mrs. Sanderwhich the smaller nature of Mrs. Sandership which the smaller nature of Mrs. Sandership of a hurried exit through the window son recognized instinctively. Fritz was but son recognized instinctively. was single minded, one ideaed, and with an entirely abnormal sense of values and proportion.

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

> "Don't give way," she said coldly to Mrs Sanderson; "It is necessary for the safety of our plans that no one should be warned. and it is important, too, that only those to whom we shall send it will ever guess that the signal is a signal. It must be natural, and what more natural than a house catching fire? Look, for instance, at Mr. Brent, how he smokes all day everywhere. should not be throw a match about? It is a thing that happens often. As to these sople, if they burn, that will make everything safe. Why should you mind? They are our enemies, the enamies of the fatherland, the enemies of the Lord."

> "It is too terrible," repeated Mrs. Sandern. "They must be saved."
> "Think," added fraulein, "if this signal miscarry, if the flames are put out too soon, if any suspicion arises, it is the sons of the fatherland who will suffer and whose

lives may be lost by it." "O, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Sander-on. "You are right. The cause demands it and the sooner we win the sooner there will be peace." She turned to Fritz, making a violent effort to pull herself together.

"Mr. Charles will give you his orders; do nothing until you have heard from him. Have you packed, Luise?"

"Everything. After twenty long years of exile I return to my own land." Fraulein pulled out her handkerchief and quite unaffectedly wiped her eyes. "Ach, lieber Gott, it is good, too good." She put her handkerchief back. "And my drawings," she announced in her ordinary voice. "there they are, take them, Fritz, and post them. They are all addressed. I am sending them to London to our good friend Mr. Smith, from whom they go to Holland and from there to Berlin. It is all so simple. I think now I will go and rest until the dinner hour. On occasions like this one must not tire one's mind." And with a slight inclination of her head the little woman folded her brown shawl about her and departed.

Fritz caught her back. "Ach, we forget. The guard on the cliff. Mr. Pennicuik, he will see the fire and make an algen." will see the fire and make an alarm. Fraulein looked quietly at him.

Pennicuik must not see the fire, Fritz," she "But who will stop him?"

"You will," replied Fraulein Schroeder and made a little gesture with her hand icross her throat. Fritz mimicked it with his own hand, drawing his phenomenally large thumb across his dirty collar.

"So? Good, I understand," he said and fraulein went her way.

Mrs. Sanderson glanced round the room. "You had better tidy up here as usual, Fritz," she said to him, "nobody must sus-pect that things are not normal. Fold up the papers and open the window; the room's rather stuffy, there seems to be no air." She passed a handkerchief over her face

as she spoke and took it away damp. Then she, too, went out and left Fritz alone.

He moved quickly about the room, rearranging here and there; he shook out cushions and folded up the morning's papers; and then, stooping, picked up a few matches from the floor. from the floor. The next moment he feit a heavy weight land with velocity in the small of his back, as though some one's knee had just been planted firmly there, and a lived a life of constant alarms and through handkerchief was knotted swiftly round his it preserved smiling faces and kept their eyes. He called out and tried to throw

Of all the people dressing for dinner evening at West Crest, only two-Mr. ock and Miss Myrtle-were in blissful norance that strange things were tor

Fraulein, refreshed by her little rest, calmly buttoning herself into her high p of plaid silk. She showed no trace of e excitement, but a certain inward seemed to suffuse her dry little persons The end of which she had been working so many years was close at hand at last. twenty years all her spiritual life had a tered in the achievement of that end to extent inconceivable to any one not a Pa sian. An Englishman, of course, feels loy

An Englishman, of course, feels loyale. He is quite cheerfully prepared to die in his country, "and all that sort of thins as he would say. But it is only the Gerna who has been educated to such a pitch what one may call country love that considers everything done in its name right. This is caused not so much by the different character of the two races as to the different ideal which has been set he fore them. England might be called the nurse of the world. She takes young courties, holds them severely in check, relation, trains them up, and as they gow fitted for liberty and self-government, she gives it to them. Germany's ideal far otherwise. It is the antiquated ideal of the absolute monarchy swelled to its uttermost limits, the ideal of what is called glory, and of which the essence is self-aggrandisement, though self may be. most limits, the ideal of what is called glory, and of which the essence is self-aggrandisement, though self may be trans-lated into terms of kaliser and country. Nevertheless, a spiritual passion is the strongest in the world, and is a thing which has always made history. And the lifes

has always made history. And is a thing which has always made history. And the lying, the plotting and the deliberate cruelties of such spies or those at West Crest wera after all, the outermost ramifications of the after all, the outermost ramincations of the ideal. The work of spies is sordid and absurdly melodramatic, and altogether what an Englishman would class as "bad form," but in the majority of cases it is at least the control of the inspired by a genuine passion. with all the spies at Wave Crest, though a much less degree with Fritz than wi a much less degree with Fritz than with the others. But fraulein moved on the fire of her conviction as on wings. And the Sandersons, mother and son, though less strained and excitable, were equally con-vinced of the righteousness of their cause of the righteousness of their cause

The moral danger with all spies, even such legitimate work as that being carried out by Brent and Mrs. Lee, is that a long out by Brent and Mrs. Lee, is that a long course of lying is apt to undermine the individual's sense of values. Christopher feit this danger himself. Not at the moments when he was busy and the excitement and the risk kept his brain occupied, but in the flat moments after any violent that the result is the sense of the result in the flat moments after any violent that the result is the sense of the result in the flat moments after any violent that the result is the result in the flat moments after any violent that the result is the result in the flat moments after any violent that the result is the result in the result in the result is the result in the result is the result in the result in the result is the result in the result in the result in the result is the result in th but in the flat moments after any violent action. He was feeling it now as, ready dressed, he sat on his bed for a few minutes and tried to get himself in tune again before going down stairs. He had lied hard all day to Molly, the thing had been absolutely necessary and he had done it. The point was, would Molly ever trust in him again when she discovered what a good liable was? Any one can forgive a necessary he was? Any one can forgive a necessarile, but a too great pitch of accomplish easily it is ten to one that instinct will turn it on whenever convenient, or, at the less the temptation will be there

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

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

value. Charge for its character and accomalishments and all that. I don't mind. It's a rule of life that one has to pay through the nose for one's little errors." "A little error?" asked Fritz. "I am not

quite so sure; no, I am not." "Look here, Fritz, what the devil do you mean?" "I think you understand quite well what

'Yes." replied Mrs. Sanderson

"And the map?"
"That's safe, thank God."
"Thank God!" echoed fraulein.

"I saw Brent from my window; what does

"That it was an accident. He seems gen-

"It was no accident," commented Fritz.

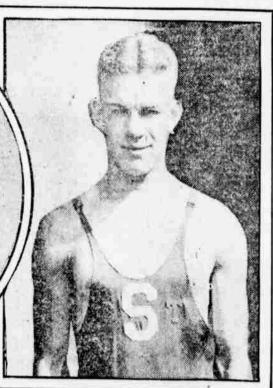
"It must be plainly visible about one," said Mrs. Sanderson. Her voice was very

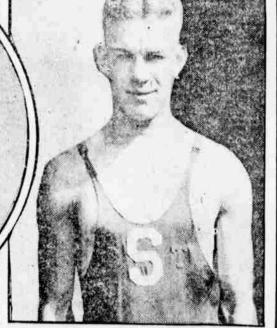
"Tonight," echoed Fritz in his turn "Th souse, it purns tonight, that is fine. Six English pigs roast in their peds,"

"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 vas curiously distorted, but at least they ought no reward for and no satisfaction of a personal kind in their work. They lived a life of constant alarms and through

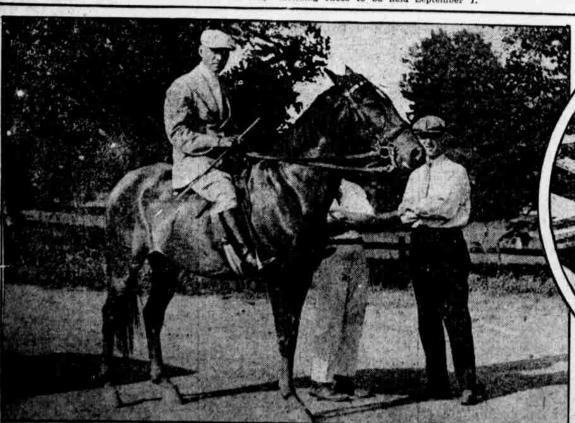
PICTORIAL PRESENTATION OF INTERESTING HAPPENINGS FIGURING IN THE DAY'S NEWS







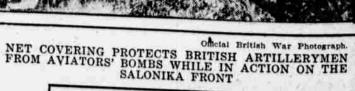


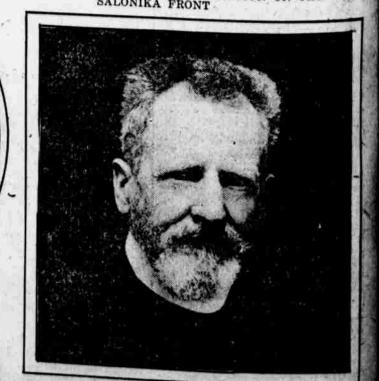


W. FREELAND KENDRICK, PHILADELPHIA'S RECEIVER OF TAXES, ASTRIDE HIS FAVORITE HORSE, "RED BIRD"



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 HERE