GWHITE FEATHER

AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

Chris listened for a moment with a lift

tle smile of sympathy and understanding tugging at his mouth. Then, as he recog-

nized the "Danse Macabre" and heard the dry rattling of the skeletons, he felt a little shiver. Why had she chosen to him that grisly composition tonight of all nights? He straightened himself, turned out the light and went down stairs and out to the

veranda. He knew that Charles Sanderson had been taken to his mother's room when

he arrived and that the disaster to the pigeon must have been made known to him. What he did not know was whether

the supposed map had yet been discovered to be a dummy. He went out along the deserted veranda to where his little Eave-dropper's

"So now you think it is Brent, do you?"

"But my mother says he did not seem a

ill upset or confused," remarked Charles.

"Either he is an utter fool or excessively clever. I wish I knew which. Danin him.

anyway! The work of months ruined, ruined, and all by this bilthering creature

with an eyeglass. But the map's safe,

"Ah, dat, yes," replied Fritz, "But I have

more bad news. Another dreadful thing that has happened to me."

"What? Good God! Out with it, man!

"It is not I who have done anything," replied Fritz in an injured voice. "Frau-lein Schroeder, she give me a letter mit

plans to post. She and Mrs. Sanderson go

some one spring upon my back; my back, it is nearly broke, and tied his handkerchief

tear it off, but it is too late; he is gone, and

Sanderson walked up and down the room

about mine eyes. One second only and

thank goodness."

What have you done now !

tugging at his mouth.

The Most Innocent Query, the Most Offhand Manner of Offering an Object Accidentally Dropped, May Be the Veil Purposely Drawn to Screen a Guarded Thrust for Valuable Information

Mysterious Things Have Happened to the Plotters About to Complete Their Plans—The Only Way to Solve the Latest Mystery Is to Establish the Ownerskip of the Handkerchief Used to Blindfold Fritz

(Copyright by Edward J. Clede.) SYNOPSIS

The story opens in the West Cribotel in an English seaconst to England has been at war on MRS SANDERSON, the proprietire (HARLICS SANDERSON, Serving in lish Admiralty MR. POLLOCK, Ce the Peace; his daug ter MOLLY, CHRISTOPHER BENNT, Molly's in MIRIAM LEE, a widow of thirt. MIRIAM LEE a bridge of the latest arrival MISS MYRTLE. FRAULEIN SCHROEDER, a co

PRAULEIN SCHROEDER, a colories little German woman, calmins twenty years of English naturalization PENNICUIE, a socrat manner of the Sade.

Brent and Miriam are representatives of the British Intelligence Office, and discover on the reverse side of the limberatiosking freelight and the British Intelligence Office, and discover on the reverse side of the limberatiosking freelight as message that a U-boat is wasting off the barbor for a given signal. Breat dismantles the Marconi. This discovery positively links up the Sanderson forces of with a signantic German spy plot dustined is cripple Great Hyllan.

Later, Brent sees sketches of the larbor 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 carrier piscons, and livest about one of the birds as it leaves the brings he discovers a sketch of the harbor defense in a small case that about one of the birds as it leaves the brings had been as a seen as the burn all the obsenced to burn the heigh that evening, as a wignal to a U-boat waiting out at sea. They also plan to burn all the obsences.

Brent or Pollock, Which?

CHRISTOPHER BRENT realized this, but being very human, that did not worry him nearly as much as the idea that Molly too, might see it from that point of view. He had tried that day, as much as was consistent with loyalty to his work, to lie just so clumsily that Melly, when she knew everything, would not be able to reproach him with being very adept,

A sudden distaste for the whole business ewept over him. He was in that lax mood when even excitement appears a weariness to the flesh. It was true, he reflected, that the Sandersons were betraying the country which had taken them in and trusted them from which they had got money, position, comfort; but he, tod, who sat at the Sandersons's table and broke bread with them. was planning to bring about their down-fall. It was an odious necessity. At this point in his reflections his sense of humor mercifully came to his a'd, and he remem-bered that the "bread" consisted so often of pigeons and that at least he was paying three guineas a week for the privilege of

He got up and stretched himself, but stopped suddenly as the sound of a plano being played in the hall suddenly began te being played in the hall suddenly began te surge through the house. Christopher went to his door and listened. It was Molly playing; he knew that. Her particular talent was music, and she had really studied that the playing is the surge of the plant. What is it? Who the

and heavy, but I do not think he could have leaped on my back like that. Anyway, here is de handkerchief," and he pulled a large ed and green handanna, still knotted, from

Followed a little silence, during which Brent rightly guessed that Charles must be examining the handkerchief. Brent's shoulders shook a little with a silent laugh, for the handkerchief, as he well knew when he had used it, was not his at all, but the one Mr. Pollock had dropped during his indig-nant exit. The idea to use it had come to 'hristopher in one of those flashes to which e always trusted.

"Well, there's no mark on it." Charles said at last, "might belong to anybody. Pah! it smells of scent; scent and tobacco." "Mr. Prent, he use scent," cried Fritz. engerly. "I see a pottle of eau-de-Cologne on his dressing table."

had always lacked force and depth. Now these qualifies, though still tentative and unequal, as though they were trying to force their way through, were at last to be heard in her playing "This isn't cau-de-Cologne. Well, I musfind out. You had better be getting on with the dinner now, Fritz. Clear out."

Fritz cleared out and Brent made his way nto the hall. Molly was still playing tormly and took no notice of him.

She was dressed simply in a fittle pale pink gown with a blue sash, and the paller which had been hers all day had given place to a bright flush on her checks. Brent thought he had never seen her look so tri-umphantly pretty and so childishly young

miphantly pretty and so culturally young.

Mrs. Lee, coming down the stairs in a wonderful black and gold gown, seemed suddenly old and faded to his eyes. Unconscious of this—indeed, aware of looking her best—Miriam came across the hall and under cover of the music spoke eagerly but your law to kirour. very low to Brest. "Well, poything fresh?" she asked

Friend was concealed in the palm. He could see by the thin line of light between the drawn curtains of the sitting room that "Nothing in particular," replied Brent beginning to move slowly in the direction of the sitting room with her, "I think people were within, and, crouching down, he prepared to listen. everything's fairly clear now. We have got to prevent em burning the house down to night and we've got to get our signals through to the cruisers, that's alt." There were only two voices speaking in the sitting room, and they were the voices of Charles Sanderson and Fritz. "It's horrible," said Miriam. "I shouldn't

have thought human beings could have planned to do such a dreadful thing. It's "I am sure it must be Prent. I watch and I watch Mr. Pollock and I see him do Brent shrugged his shoulders, "They're no more, but I see Prent with mine own

logical enough," he said; "it's all war," "It seems to me we're taking too great a chance, Kit," went on Miriam, "What's going to harnen to the others." Suppose they do manage to fire the house Miss Myrtle, Mr. Pollock—Molly."

"My dear girl, don't I know it? The "My dear girl don't I know it." The fact that I know it and remain calm ought to show you how sure I am of success. If I were to give the show away now and have the whole bally lot arrested we miss nabbing our friend Uzz, to say nothing of perhaps letting a lot of other people get warned of the failure too soon so that they

"All right, Kit, but I've got nerves some What do you want me to do?" "I want you to appear to go to hed it the ordinary way, just as if nothing has happened. And then-

an slip away.

out, I was left to myself here. I begin to tidy the room. Suddenly from nowhere Here the door of the sitting room opened and Charles came toward them. "Would you believe it," continued Brent,

as though going on with a story, "he ac-tually went three in no trumps," "What is this tragic tale, Mr. Brent? "It's about an idiot who went three in

trumps without a spade in his hand. Can you imagine anything more ghastly?" "Are you going to have a rubber to-

"No. Mrs. Lee has challenged me to a game of spooker after dinner, a pair of gloves on it."

"Have a cigarette?" asked Charles, "that is, if Mrs. Lee doesn't object," and he held out his case toward Brent. "No. thanks. I'm a piper.

Miriam, to whom all this conversation mass so much Greek, watched the two with puzzled eyes. It was obvious to her that

cussing perfumes," replied Charles casually, still drawing the handkerchief lightly across "Are you? What sort of tobacco do you his nostrils. He suddenly held it out toward "It is yours, isn't it, Brent?" he

U-boat in the harbor.

At this moment Mr. Pollock, displaying t

marvelous expanse of glossy shirt front, came into the room.

"No. as a matter of fact we were di-

"Hallo, Sanderson, you're back, I e boomed, "That's splendid. T

Brent the latest news from town, ch?"

from his pocket.



"Madame, de map is not dat I place on the pigeon's leg."

speech.

the sitting room.

clared fraulein firmly.

Dinner that night was a triumph of civ-

probably hardly a word of truth spoken.

"Fritz thought so for a time,"

After dinner the Sandersons and fraulein

"Something tells me it is Brent," de-

gathered together for a council of war in

Charles was trying to find out something, | it blandly, but Mr. Pollock, cramming ble but what, she could not tell. "I have rather a special mixture," replied

Brent casually, "a little tobacconist makes it up for me. "O': It's scented, isn't it?" asked Charles,

"Scented? No, I don't think so, I'm sure and Brent pulled out his pouch and sniffed at it. "Most people jeer at scented tobacco." re-

narked Charles in a chatty manner, "but rather like it myself. I have always had a with education. And, always with the ex-keen sense of smell from my boyhood, and ception of Mr. Pollock and the Myrtle, every there's nothing I enjoy more than a really one at Wave Crest played a part and good sniff, at a rose for example, or even a played it well during dinner. There was good perfume. I suppose it's an effeminate but I always use some on my handkerchief. "O, do you?" Brent's voice betrayed noth-

ing but a polite assumption of interest. "I don't myself, Can't stand it," "O, then this handkerchief isn't yours,

suppose? Some one's evidently dropped it and I picked it up," and Charles sniffed

Whether it is Pollock's pomp-Chris took the handkerchief and inspected ourness or Brent's fatuity that is the mask, the finesse of it is simply incredible." "Ach" said fraulem suddenly "what about Mrs. Lee?" "Mrs. Lee! I wonder. • • Yes.

> think, mother? "I certainly think it might be Mrs. Lee. We know nothing of her. She simply sent a telegram and came down."

Guests at West Crest Private Hotel enjoyed their dinner one autumn evening in blis-

ful ignorance of the fact that in a few hours they would be "roasting like pigs" in fire that would not only destroy the house but give the prearranged signal to the

do it, claiming the handkerchief was about the cleverest thing he could have done. The

trouble is, we are faced with the two alter-natives of Brent and Pollock, and which-

ever one of them it is must have a geniu-

that is quite a possible idea. What do you

those plans away from Fritz.'

chief was his?"

"It is quite the type," continued fraulein The charming widow, with money, traveling alone." "And In that case," said Charles, pursung the idea to its logical outcome,

probably Brent as well. They're thick as Mrs. Sanderson shook her head. "I do not think so," she said. "If it is Mrs. Lee very charming one, and she probably hit

upon Brent as her most likely tool. You see it was she who taunted him into shooting that pigeon this evening." "We must make sure," sa'd fraulein. What about Miss Pollock, the girl? is in love with Brent. Surely there is a

"We night tell her that Brent's a spy in the pay of the Germans," suggested Charles. "Ach, she'd only laugh at us," said fraulein. "It must be done better than that, Brent has not yet explained why he can't

enlist. Miss Pollock must be made to think of that. She will confront him, and if he loesn't satisfy her-"My dear fraulein," broke in Charles impatiently, "if Christopher Brent represents the English intelligence department, a harem of beauty won't get the truth out of him.

They were interrupted by Fritz, who burst into the room obviously in a state of great excitement. "Mr. Karl, sair." he cried "Madame, de map it is not dat I place on the pigeon's leg. Just now have I examined it and I find it

has been changed." pincenez more firmly down on his nose darted forward. "Damnation" said Charles. "Here; give it to me. By God, it is a substitution, waterproof silk and all. This proves it,"

"No, dash it all, it's not. That's mine, he said, and snatched it from Brent's hands "That it is Brent? asked fraulein. "Ach, I am not surprised. Fritz, coming in at that moment to an dinner, stopped dead, bereft of "We must muzzle him tonight," said

Charles. "The question is how? Getting him up to his room on some pretext and gagging and tying him up there is to ilization. Mere animals cannot dissemble. That is an accomplishment which comes with education. And, always with the ex-"Ach, but wait," advised fraulein. have a plan." She folded her little arms on the table and leaned forward across them to him, her shoulders hunched up under her brown shawl, looking not unlike

a big bird of prey, with her features that were so sharp for the broad modeling of her face and her bright brown eyes. "We will tell Mr. Pollock first," she went on, "and suggest he warn his daughter, Pollock is a magistrate. He doesn't love Brent and wants to get him out of the way as much as we do. If we make out a good

case he will have him arrested at once

"Whatever kind of yarn can we se again at the bandanna which he had drawn | strong and vigorous enough to have got

"The truth is good enough for n "But if so," argued Mrs. Sanderson fraulein placidly why did Pollock admit that the handker-

"The truth?"

"Yes. Is not Charles a servant of the English admiralty? Does he not lose he valuable papers?" "My dear mother, whoever we are up against is certainly no fool, and he may have done it as a blind. In fact, if he did

"By jove, fraulein," said Charles, "By jove, fraulein," said Charles, "yea have got it." He did not gesticulate like Fritz or show emotion as readily as he mother, but even he seemed to gleam mon with suppressed excitement, though he as

quite stiff in his chair.

"Find Mr. Pollock, Fritz," he ordered, and ask him if he will come in here a moment. See that we are not disturbed." "Very well, sir."

"I will go," said fraulein. "It would not do to have me, a German, present at the interview. You must tell me afterward. She wrapped her shawl about her place shoulders and departed with Fritz. A moment later and Mr. Pollock loomed in the doorway, his face beaming with an

after-dinner rosiness.

"Fritz says you have been kind enough to invite me to have a cigar with you," he said cheerfully.

Charles rose and drew a chair up to the table for him.

"I shall be charmed if you will have the eigar," he said, offering one. "But the real reason of the request is that my mother and I want the benefit of your counsel

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Pollock, much gratified and pulling his chair in with the air of a chairman at a board meeting.

I shall be very pleased to do anything I can. As a J. P., of course, I have had great experience of human nature, and I may be able to throw a little light on anything that is puzzling you. What is it all about?" Mrs. Sanderson leaned forward confiden-

tially "You are very good, Mr. Pollock," she said. "The fact is, we are in a very awk-ward predicament."

"Indeed, you don't say so. I'm very sorry to hear it, I'm sure." "It is this way," began Charles, leaning

forward in his turn, so that Mr. Pollock was fairly hemmed in by Sandersons; "when I came down from London last night brought with me certain important papers— Government secrets. Those papers have disappeared." Mr. Pollock stared at him, mouth and

Mr. Pollock stared at him, mouth and eyes open. "You don't say so!" he ejaculated. "That is serious, very serious, What do you suppose happened to them?" "Stolen." replied Charles briefly, "Good God!" said Mr. Pollock. "This is really terrible. Do you suspect any one?"

We suspect that one of our number is a Mr. Pollock almost bounded in his chair.

It is one thing to talk glibly about spies plans, maps, and all the rest of the bag of tricks, just as one may discuss a terrible railway accident on the other side of the globe. It is a very different thing, however, to have it made real to one of some inti-

mate connection So it really is true," he said, as though nalf to himself. "What is true?" asked Mrs. Sanderson ruickly. "Sples and all that

there really is such a thing . . "But, my dear Mr. Pollock," repiled Mrs "But, my dear air. I on paragraphs about Sanderson, "you read us paragraphs about Sanderson, from the papers every day; spies out loud from the papers every day; thinking and talking about spies. then, should you be so surprised?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Charles moodily, "but now he thinks it is Pollock again. Certainly Pollock is quite PHILADELPHIA'S HALL OF FAME WILL BE BUILT BY THESE MEN PICKED TO GO TO FRANCE





























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