KeWHITE FEATHER

The fact that "curiosity once killed a cat" does not deter Molly from determining to find out who is the spy in the house. It is with the knowledge that she would attempt to clear Chris and thus learn the mysterious one's identity that the plotters take Pollock partly into their confidence.

AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY An Employe of the British Admiralty Can Easily Persuade an Impressionable, Self-Satisfied Justice of the Peace That He Has Been Robbed of Important Government Papers, and Mr. Pollock Falls an Easy Victim to

By LECHMERE WORRALL

Ambassador Gerard in His Book, "My Four Years in Ger-many," Makes It Very Clear That There Are German Spies in the United States Embassies and in the State Department, Just as There Were in the English Government Offices

Sanderson's Snare

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SYNOPSIS

The story opens in the West Crest private force in an English seasons town when forgand has been at war one month MRS SANDERSON, the proprietress for soil CHARLES SANDERSON, serying in the East ish Admiralty MR. POLLOCK, the Justice of the Peace; his daughter, Mol.Ly, nineteen CHRISTOPHER BRENT, Moly's fiames MRS. MIRIAM LEE, a widow of thirty-five the latest arrival; MISS MYRTLE, a someter, PRAULEIN SCHEOFDER, a colories little German woman, claiming twenty years of German woman, claiming twenty years of

MIRIAM LEE, a widow of thirty-five the latest arrival MINS MINTILE, a solution PRAULEIN SCHROEDER, a colorious little German woman claiming irouity years of English naturalization PENNICLIK, a solution English naturalization PENNICLIK, a solution English naturalization PENNICLIK, a solution and Miriam are representative of the Hotel. Brain and Miriam are representative of the Hritish Intelligence Othes, and discover on the reverse side of the innocentisocking freplace a complete wireless of the After setting a message that a U-boat is weating off the harbor for a given signal. Hereit dismantles the Marvoir. This discovery positively links up the Sanderson busicated with a gisantic German sup plut destined to crippie Great Britain.

Later, Brent sees electives of the harbor made by Fraulein Schroeder, who he is restyined is the brains of the plot. The fact that there is an artist in the house accounts for the presence of exerier rigions, and Hreft shoots one of the birds as it leaves the house. He discovers a satche of the harbor defenses in a small case tied about one of the pigeon's legs. The plotters decide to burn the hotel that evening, as a signal to a U-boat waiting out at ear. They also plan to burn all the occupants.

Meanwhile Breat and Mirlam complete the details for the canture of the German shies. Absolutely at a loss to account for the many upsets to their plans. Sanderson and his collegance determined to take Mr. Poliock into their confidence, explaining that Sanderson has been robbed of certain Admiralty papers.

Some News for Molly

66TT SEEMS so different in the papers." said poor Mr Pollock weakly. "What a terrible thing! In this house, you say,

Sanderson? Surely you must be mistaken." "I'm afraid not." replied Charles quietly. He had kept his eyes fixed on Mr. Pollock's telltale face ever since that gentleman had to the Admiralty." entered the room.

"Of course, it's either Fritz or fraulein," said Mr. Pollock

"It's neither, I'm afraid. Fraulein's position, of course, is too obvious for her to in-dulge in such a thing even if she wanted to. As for Fritz, I have all his movements acand I have searched his room besides, his Dutch papers are perfectly in Mr. Pollock began to count off the re-

maining guests on his short, nedgy fingers.
"Well, then, there's only my daughter;
that is out of the question, of course. Miss Myrtle"—and an involuntary smile of con-tempt broke from hun—"why, the mere idea is absurd. Then there's Brent; he is too much of a fool, and Mrs. Lee—and myself." Here he came to an abrupt pause and slowly his face became suffused with an even stronger rosiness than usual. "Good heavens!" he went on. "You don't mean to say you have got the impertinence to to insult me—that accounts for why that ment. Upon my word, I almost wish we little foreign devil of a Fritz has been dog- could."

ging my footsteps all way-by heavens:-

"Dear Mr. Pollock," interrupted Mrs. Sanderson, "do pray keep calm; it isn't you we suspect at all. How could we? In fact, it is in your official capacity as a justice of the peace that we have called you in."

Mr. Pollock very slowly subsided again The Sandersons waited until calm was restored. Then Charles spoke.

"We suspect Mr. Brent," he said. "and, very likely, Mrs. Lee."

"Brest! Pool; nonsense-too much of

"We have grave doubts," replied Charles not without a certain dry humor, "as to his lack of intelligence."

"And Mrs. Lee, you say?" went on Mr. collock, "Mrs. Lee and Brent? By Jove, Pollock, "Mrs. Lee and Brent? By Jove, that explains a lot—why Brent wouldn't enlist and why he and Mrs. Lee have been sitting in each other's pockets. My girl's had a lucky escape, and so I shall tell

"That was another reason," replied Mrs. Sanderson, "why I thought you ought to be told."

"Very right, Mrs. Sanderson; very right indeed; but even in my private capacity, still less in my judicial one, I never jump to conclusions. Have you any proof against Brent? Do you know that he has got the

"No; the case rests on suspicion only at present," answered Charles, "That is where we thought you or your daughter could help us. You will not forget, Mr. Pollock, that it is your bounden duty as an Englishman to use every means in your power to discover these papers, which are of vital importance

"Certainly; oh, certainly; but ! don't see what my daughter can do.

'I gather from what my mother has told ie that Miss Polock has more influence with Brent than any one else has, and from what I have observed myself I should say that whatever duplicity be may indulge in clsewhere, he is very genuinely devoted to

"I thought so until today myself," admitted Mr. Pollock, "But I don't believe Molly would consent to try to get anything out of Brent. When I tried to throw sub-picion on him today about not enlisting and about Mrs. Lee she only said that she frusted him absolute y and all that sort of stuff. You know what woman are."

"But don't forget," put in Mrs. Sanderson, "that Mrs. Lee is involved in this suspicion; too, when you arouse Miss Molly to take stens.

"Ah, if we could prove that, then Molls suggest that I-if you brought me in here | would be cured of this undesirable attach-



"Don't run away," said Molly in a low, urgent voice, "I want to talk to you."

A slow smile spread over Mr. Pollock's face. "Set a woman to catch a woman, ch?" he asked wisely. "Especially when there is a man in the case." And he gave the satisfied chuckle of a man who understands | go about it. He felt completely master of all about women.

Mrs. Sanderson shook her finger at him. You know too much, Mr. Pollock!" said archly. "You make none of us feel

human nature brought under my not ce, and one thing I have discovered—that all women are alike, all of them."

"You will understand, Mr. Pollock, why

"You will understand, Mr. Polloca, why my mother and I called you in to help us. We feel that you, with your wide experi-ence, are the man to handle the situation authoritatively and delicately."

"My dear sir, just leave it to me; leave it entirely to me. If I can prove even

"If I may speak for my sex." went on Mrs. Sanderson, "I should say that even a hint that Mrs. Lee and Mr. Brent were working together would be sufficient to make your daughter determined to try and find out the truth."

"Let us hops, for his sake, that you will have a the policy. There are not be able to." Charles replied. "Have an other eight, Mother, perhaps you will find Mrs. Pollock, Mother, perhaps you will find Mrs. Pollock and ask her to come in here to her father. I will just go and have a turn on the cliff; it's a lovely need to the meredit. Also here was the gift possessed by so many people who never felt intensely, the gift of attracting affection.

She had loved Brent quite naturally, and as easily as she loved a summer's day, or

Left alone, Mr. Pollock puffed furiously at his egar, determined to be both firm and tactful and trying to arrange how he should the situation when Molly came into the

The bright colors still held in Molly's cheeks and her eyes glittered. She had been "Observation, my dear lady; merely observation. In my position as a justice of the peace I have had very queer aspects of games, and she still had the tenseness of appear which a trace can see a special value. comething of quality of its wires passed into the performer through the finger tips.

Molly had been playing like some one powersed, and she was possessed by jeal-ousy and fear, the two worst feelings known to the soul. Up till now everything had gone so easily for Molly. At school she had been popular with the girls because she was protty and sweet and not clever enough to make them feel uncomfortable and popular with the mistresses because she was intelli-gent enough, backed by her prettiness and disturbing day in many ways." anything mysterious against Brent he shall with the mistresses because she was intelli-

as easily as she loved a summer's day, or a dance, or a box of chocolates. There had never been anything about her love to make her afraid either of herself or of him—and herfeet love makes fear. Fear of the fates, est the whole universe from lightning to a taxicab should be bent on the destruction the loved one. Fear of one's self that such known emotions should be stronger than a lifetime's training. Fear of the other jest he should wake up one morning and find bilingelf no longer in love. The last of these fears had hold of Molly now and was traching her all the others. From merely loving she had fallen in love. Even Mr. Pollock saw something unusual and disconcerting about her tonight as she came into the room and stood in front of him.

"What's the matter, father"" she asked, and if such a thing had been possible when she was speaking to him, Mr. Pellock would have thought her voice sounded bored. "Mrs. Sanderson told me you wanted to speak to me about something important."

"So I do, so I do. Sit down, my child. You don't look quite yourself, and I'm not

Molly sat down and Mr. Pollock came and loomed over her, from the hearth rug.

"I have something of very grave importance to say to you. Something of international importance," he announced.

A little smile flitted over Molly's face. She was beginning to see the funny side of her parent.

"It all sounds very thrilling," she an-

"It is about your-your late admirer, Christopher Brent."

The polite attention went out of Molly's face. She leaned wearlly back in her chair. "O, father, don't start that again. I'm e tired of it. You have said quite enough about it."

"Have I, indeed? And let me tell you, miss, this is something you have never heard before," said Mr. Pollock, his tact flying away in his excitement. "You were not aware, I take it, that Mr. Brent is suspected of being a spy—a German spy?"

Molly stared at him a moment and burst out laughing. 'O. father, that's really too ridiculous. However did you get hold of that Idea?"

"This is no laughing matter. You may be sure. Molly, I should not distress you by telling it to you unless I had good grounds of the assertion. Certain important documents which the admirally had intrusted to young Sanderson have disap-

"That is no reason why Chris should have stolen them."

"I am quite aware of that. As a justice of the peace, Molly, I have learned not to connect statements too rashly and without proof. I do not positively say that Brent has stolen them. What I do say is that suspicion points in his direction. As a matter of fact, it makes in the direction. of fact, it points in the direction of Mrs. Lee as well."

"Mrs. Lee!" Molly's supine figure straightened to uprightness. "I shouldn't be surprised if it was Mrs. Lee; I shouldn't be a bit surprised.

The process of reasoning that had taken place so quickly in Molly's mind was as follows: "Mrs. Lee is flirting with Chris. I love Chris. Therefore Mrs. Lee is a German spy." This satisfied Molly completely. She could not help feeling glad that Mrs. Loc was a spy. Although, of course, she was very sorry that important admiralty papers had been stolen.

"There you are, then?" cried Mr. Pollock triumphantly. "What was I telling you?" "That's not the same thing as saying it's

Chris," declared Molly somewhat elliptically. "I won't believe it of him, nothing would make me." "Can you explain why they are so in timate then? If it isn't that, it's certainly something else," and Mr. Pollock resettled his pince-nez with an air of triumph.

Molly sat silent, clutching the arms of the chair. "They are supposed to have met yester day for the first time," continued Mr. Pot-lock remorselessly. "Any fool can see that's a fairy tale. Can't you?"

Molly did not answer, but her head frooped a little lower. "Very well, then, if they had met before

resterday why did they conceal it? If their acquaintance is innocent why should not they be open about it? Then, there's another thing. Why doesn't Brent enlist? He says he can't. Very well, then, let him give his reasons. He declines to. Something fishy about that, eh? Well, haven't you got anything to say?"

"Mrs. Lee a spy," repeated Molly thoughtfully, having taken not the slightest notice of this last speech of her father's. For it flashed across her that this would account for a great deal. If Mrs. Lee was a spy and if Chris. too, was a spy, it meant that he did not necessarily care for her, after all; that they were merely working together.

umphant. Then as realization of what meant to be a spy began to dawn on her, she had to throw this comforting thought aside. She endeavored to find a solution which would clear Chris both of personal interest in Miriam and of

plicity in her designs. "I'm sure Chris isn't a spy," she said at "I'm sure Chris lant a spy, she said at last. "That woman has used him, that's what it is. You know how Chris believe everything he hears; he is much too good—that's what's the matter with him. She's just used him. She's a spy, I'm sure of it."

Matters were going quite as Mr. Pol. ock had wished. "I'm bound to tell you," he pointed out. "that suspicion rests pri-

marily and most strongly upon Brent," Molly sat for a moment with her fingers pressed over her eyes, thinking back over the events of the day. She thought of how Miriam had provented her running out to Chris when he was on the lawn with his air with how. It had turned out afterward. gun, and how it had turned out afterward that it had been Mrs. Lee who had teased him into shooting the pigeon, which showed she had some amount of influence over him.

Molly remembered, too a little incident that had occurred that evening as she was that had occurred that evening as she was going up to dress for dinner. She was passing Mrs. Lee's room, the door of which had swing slightly open, and she had seen her taking something from the front of her gown. For no other reason than that everything Mrs. Lee did was a source of unwilling interest to Molly, the girl stopped for a second and looked at her. It had been a folded paper which Mrs. Lee took from her gown and which she slipped inside a hand-kerchief sachet lying on the dressing table. Molly had watched her idly, and then, suddenly aware that she was doing rather an denly aware that she was doing rather an-odd thing in gazing through some one's bedroom door, had fled on to her own room, Now the little incident assumed potentiali-ties unthought of before. Molly jumped up.

"Father, I have an idea. I have thought of something. Wait, I'll see what I can do.
I'll be back in a minute." She ran toward
the door, and, as it happened, straight into
Brent, who entered at the moment. He had caught hold of her arms just above the glowering at him from the hearth rug. His fingers gave a swift, reassuring pressure before he dropped his hands. He looked from Pollock to Molly.

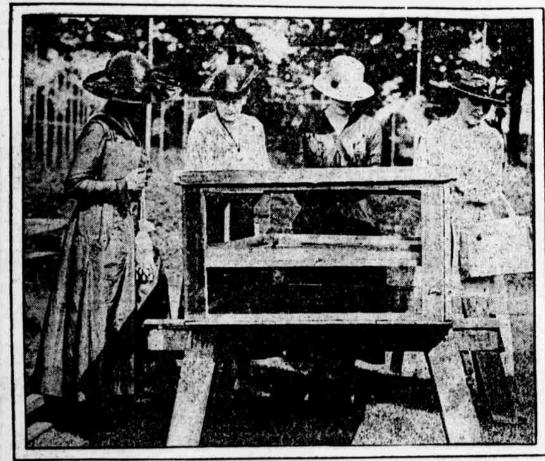
"Awfully sorry if I'm disturbing you," he said. "We've run out of chalk in the billiard room and Mrs. Sanderson said I should find some in the drawer here."

"Don't run away," said Molly in a low urgent voice. "I want to talk to you. I'll be back in a minute," and she ran out of the room. Molly went swiftly through the deserted hall, past the silent piano and up the stairs. When she reached Mrs. Lee's door her courage shelpend somether. door her courage slackened somewhat

Never in all her life had Molly done any of the petty, dishenorable actions many schoolgirls indulge in. Now, just because Mrs. Lee was suspected of being a spy, she in her turn was going to spy on her. Molly went through, in a far lesser degree, what Brent had been feeling alone in his room that evening before dinner. thought of Chris came surging back at her and she gently turned the handle of the door.

The room was in darkness; she switched on the light and entered, shutting the door behind her. Her heart was beating vic-lently. She knew that Mrs. Lee had been playing snooker since dinner with Chris-and now that he was in the sitting room with her father, Mrs. Lee might come upstairs for any woman's reason, just such a little things as wishing to powder her nose. And then what could Molly say at being caught in her room? Nevertheless, Molly could not resist a quick survey, as attempt to try to see something which would be a clue to Mrs. Lee's personality. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

MAIN LINE WOMEN DOING THEIR BIT IN THE PRESERVATION OF FOODS FOR WINTER



INTERESTED WOMEN INSPECTING THE APPARATUS FOR DRYING FRUITS
AT THE LOWER MERION HIGH SCHOOL



LINDMAN, MISS CARO MILLER AND MISS ALICE A. JOHNSON, EXPERT ADVISERS AT THE ARDMORE CENTER



MISS RACHEL T. DAY, SUPERVISOR AT THE ARDMORE CANNING CENTER, DIRECTING THE WORK OF WOMEN MEMBERS



ELECTABLE TROPHIES IN THE STOREROOM