

Section

# The WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRALL AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

**An Employee 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 Sanderson's Snare**

**Ambassador Gerard in His Book, "My Four Years in Germany," 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**

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ing my footsteps all way—by heavens—  
I'll—

"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."

"Brent! Poss; nonsense—too much of a fool!"

"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. Pollock. "Mr. 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 her."

"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 papers?"

"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 to the Admiralty."

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

"I gather from what my mother has told me that Miss Pollock has more influence with Brent than any one else has, and from what I have observed myself I should say that whatever duplicity he may indulge in elsewhere, he is very genuinely devoted to her."

"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 suspicion on him today about not enlisting and about Mrs. Lee she only said that she trusted him absolutely and all that sort of stuff. You know what woman she is."

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

"Ah, if we could prove that, then Molly would be cured of this undesirable attachment. Upon my word, I almost wish we could."

### Some News for Molly

IT SEEMS so different in the papers. I 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 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 indulge in such a thing even if she wanted to. As for Fritz, I have all his movements accounted for, and I have searched his room; besides, his Dutch papers are perfectly in order."

Mr. Pollock began to count off the remaining guests on his short, noddy fingers.

"Well, then, there's only my daughter; that is out of the question, of course. Miss Myrtle—and an involuntary smile of content broke from him—"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 rosiest than usual. "Good heavens!" he went on. "You don't mean to say you have got the impudence to suggest that I—if you brought me in here to insult me—that accounts for why that little foreign devil of a Fritz has been dog-



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

"Let us hope, for his sake, that you will not be able to," Charles replied. "Have another cigar, Mr. Pollock. Mother, perhaps you will find Miss 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 night."

Left alone, Mr. Pollock puffed furiously at his cigar, determined to be both firm and tactful and trying to arrange how he should go about it. He felt completely master of the situation when Molly came into the room.

The bright colors still held in Molly's cheeks and her eyes glittered. She had been at the piano again since dinner, while the others were all playing their respective games, and she still had the tenderness of a parent which a piano can give, as though something of quality of its wires passed into the performer through the finger tips.

Molly had been playing like some one possessed, and she was possessed by jealousy 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 pretty and sweet and not clever enough to make them feel uncomfortable and unpopular with the mistresses because she was intelligent enough, backed by her prettiness and

patience, to do them credit. 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 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 perfect love makes fear. Fear of the fates, lest the whole universe from lightning to a taxicab should be bent on the destruction of the loved one. Fear of one's self that such known emotions should be stronger than a lifetime's training. Fear of the other lest she should wake up one morning and find herself no longer in love. The last of these fears had hold of Molly now and was teaching 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. Pollock 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 surprised, I'm sure. It has been a most disturbing day in many ways."

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 father's words.

"It all sounds very thrilling," she answered. "What is it about?"

"It is about you—your late admirer, Christopher Brent."

The polite attention went out of Molly's face. She leaned wearily back in her chair.

"O, father, don't start that again. I'm so 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 face 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 admiralty had entrusted to young Sanderson have disappeared."

"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 readily 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 points in the direction of Mrs. Lee as well."

"Mrs. Lee?" Molly's supine figure straightened to uprightness. "I shouldn't be a bit 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. Lee 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 is 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 intimate then? If it isn't that, it's certainly something else," and Mr. Pollock resented his niece's air of triumph.

Molly sat silent, clutching the arms of the chair.

"They are supposed to have met yesterday for the first time," continued Mr. Pollock remorselessly. "Any fool can see that's a fairy tale. Can't you?"

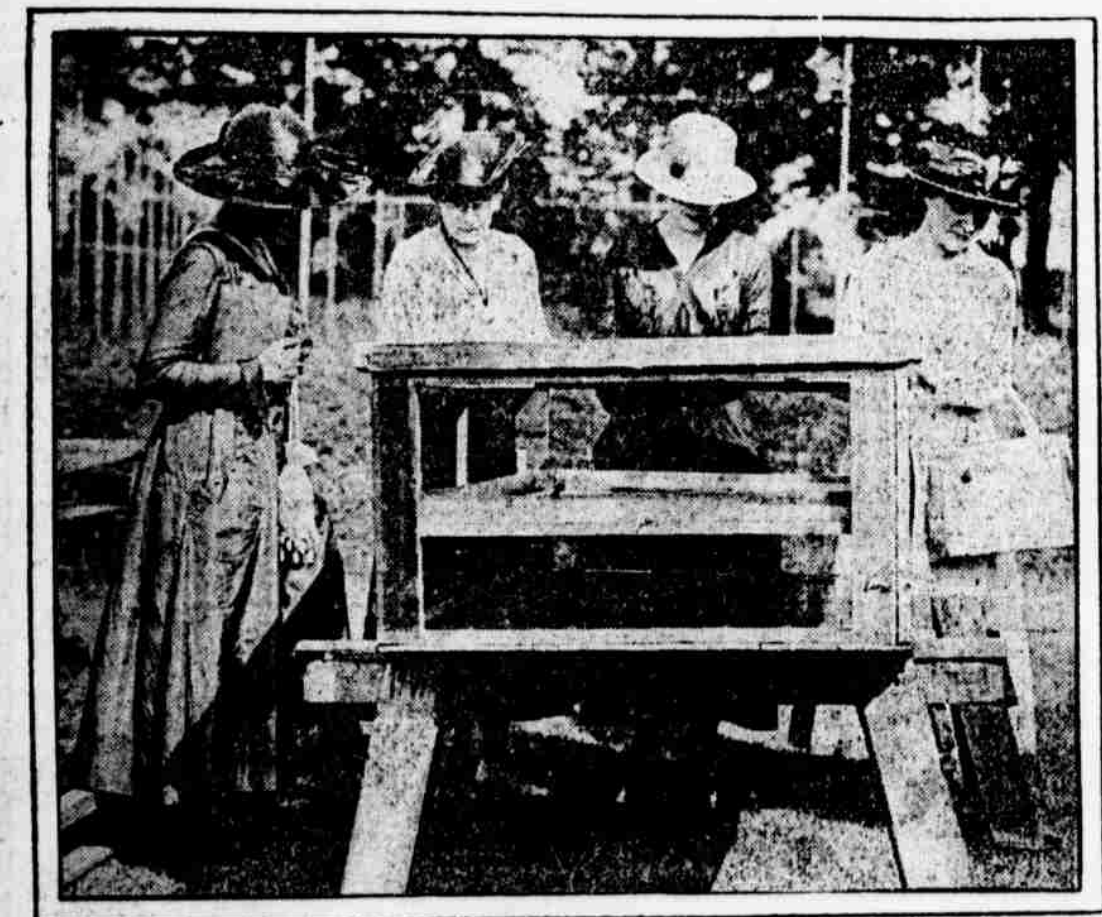
Molly did not answer, but her head drooped a little lower.

"Very well, then, if they had met before yesterday 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.

Molly raised her head and looked tri-

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



A FEW OF THE DELECTABLE TROPHIES IN THE STOREROOM AT THE ARDMORE Y. M. C. A.



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