

The WHITE FEATHER

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While a Lass Is Trying to Save Her Lover From the Toils of a "Serpent" Whom She Believes Holds a Mystic Charm Over Him, Enemies of Great Britain Are Bringing Their Plans for the Kingdom's Destruction to a Close

An Apparent Cessation of Activity on the Part of the Government Does Not Indicate That the United States Has Ceased in Its Quest for German Spies Working Here, Many of Whom Operated in England During the Early Years of the War

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SYNOPSIS
The story opens in the West Coast private hotel in an English seacoast town where MIRIAM SANDERSON, the proprietress, her son, CHARLES SANDERSON, serving in the English Admiralty, MR. POLLOCK, the Justice of the Peace, and MRS. POLLOCK, his wife, CHRISTOPHER BRENT, Molly's fiance, MRS. MIRIAM LEE, widow of thirty-five, the German woman, MISS MYRTLE, sister of PAULINE SCHROEDER, a colorless little English naturalization, PENNICUK, a young English soldier, and FRITZ, a German in the house, are the entire occupants of the hotel. Brent and Miriam are representatives of the British Intelligence Office, and discover to the reverse side of the innocent-looking Briton a completely wireless outfit. After getting a message that a U-boat is waiting off the harbor for a certain Admiralty officer, they discover the German spy plot destined to cripple Great Britain. Later, Brent sees sketches of the harbor made by Pauline Schroeder, who he is convinced is the heroine of the plot. The fact that there is an artist in the house accounts for the presence of various persons, and Brent shows one of the birds as it leaves the house. He discovers a sketch of the harbor, and in a small case tied about one of the pigeon's legs. The picture depicts a U-boat waiting off the coast. Brent and Miriam complete the details for the capture of the German spy. Absolutely at a loss to account for the many names mentioned to take Mr. Pollock into their confidence, explaining that Sanderson has been robbed of certain Admiralty papers. Molly, in despair at the accusations leveled at her lover, decides to accompany Chris and starts on a tour of investigation. She finds the map taken from the pigeon's leg in Mrs. Lee's purse and returns to Brent to warn him as to Miriam's character.

Miriam's Ruse

THERE was only one chance, and that was to play on Molly's love for him. If he could make her think that he, and he alone, was in the game she might shield him, anyway until tomorrow, when all could be made plain. It was unfortunate that he had been trying to teach her the sacredness of an idea over any individual tie, and he could only hope that her instinct would triumph over counsel so alien to her habit of mind and so newly administered. "Have you said anything to Mrs. Lee, Molly?" he asked. "Not yet." "Then you mustn't. I'll tell you why. I gave that paper to Mrs. Lee. I thought I or my room might be searched." Molly gave a little cry and snatched her hands from under his. "You gave it to her knowing what it was?" "Knowing what it was. She, of course, is quite ignorant about it. I just asked her to take charge of it for me." Molly sat looking at him with all the pretty color vanished from her face. At last the truth of his teaching had penetrated to her brain. She had told her father and Pennicuk only that afternoon.

that however much in the wrong Chris might prove to be, she would only love him all the more. Now she knew it was not true, that there are some things which love cannot survive, because they destroy the very essence of the person who was loved. She realized now that she had worshipped Chris because he had always seemed to her above every other man she had met. He was immeasurably lower than her, absurd, pompous, but honest far, lower than Percy, with his nice, ordinary, well meaning nature. In a flash she saw that she would have preferred even an intrigue with Mrs. Lee to this.

Brent saw, and in that moment of comprehension, although it made his task more difficult, he realized that unknown to itself and to him until now, Molly's spirit was, after all, akin to his. She, too, could prefer personal unhappiness to the loss of an idea.

Molly cried convulsively, leaning over the arm of the chair farthest away from him. He could not attempt to comfort her. Suddenly through the horror in Molly's mind a sudden flash of inspiration came.

Why, how silly she had been to imagine that this terrible thing Chris said of himself could be true. There could be only one reason for his saying it, the old conventional man's reason. He was doing it to shield a woman, to shield Mrs. Lee. She whirled round, and catching him by the shoulders looked into his eyes.

"Chris, I don't believe a word of it," she declared. "You are not telling me the truth. You're saying this to shield her. You're just beginning to understand. How long have you known Mrs. Lee?"

At that moment the door opened and Miriam came into the room.

Miriam had heard Molly's last words by the simple expedient of listening at the door. This was one of the disadvantages of her profession—that, instinctively, she now always applied her ear to the crack of a door before putting her fingers to the handle. She now saw, as she thought, that Molly was making a scene about her (Miriam's) behavior with Brent, and, anxious to help him, lest jealousy should set fire to their mine, she came the rescue.

"Are you talking about me?" she asked casually and with her charming, friendly smile. Molly made no attempt to tidy the disordered hair she had pushed back from her forehead or to dry her wet cheeks. She just sat looking up at the other woman.

"Yes," she answered. "I was asking Mr. Brent to tell me truthfully exactly how long he had known you." "I can answer that," she said gayly. "Let's see, now," and she began to count on

her fingers. "One, two, three, four, five, six, yes, twenty-four hours." "That's not true," said Molly. "No," said Miriam, at a loss, and flashing an anxious look at Brent. "What is it? Is anything the matter?" "A good deal's the matter," replied Brent. "Mr. Sanderson's lost some valuable papers, and they have been traced to one of us." "They were found in your room," Molly told her. "Yes," countered Brent quickly, "they were those I gave you."

Molly looked straight at her. "Mr. Brent has just told me," she said, "that he took the papers and that he gave them to you and you had no idea at all what they were." "Yes, I'll bet he has," replied Miriam, strolling slowly across the room so that the gold threads woven in her dress caught the light now here, now there, and gave an impression of undulation which helped her effect immensely and gave the true snaky touch. "What do you mean?" demanded Molly. "Why do you talk of him like that? You speak as though he belonged to you."

"Chris! And you told me that you had never met Mrs. Lee before," she said. "He told you that because I asked him to." "I was speaking to you, Chris," went on Molly. "Can't you answer for yourself?" "I shouldn't advise it," suggested Miriam, "if you want to hear the truth." "You mean he'd lie to me? I don't believe he would—not now. Would you still lie, Chris?" "I—!" began Brent. "Of course I wouldn't!" "He's lying now," remarked Miriam. In an amused voice. "Your fiance, Miss Pol-

lock, is one of those men who would commit almost any crime sooner than give a woman away. They call that the one unpardonable sin. Funny, isn't it? And rather rare, but I don't know where women like me would be without them." "You've got Chris in your power," persisted Molly, sticking to her phrase. Miriam shrugged her shoulders. "A little, perhaps; a very little. When you have grown to know as much of the world as I do, Miss Pollock, you will realize that any woman can get a man into her power so long as she can make him feel sorry for her."

cried Molly. "Chris told me that he had met your husband there." "But not a word about me?" asked Miriam. "No." "You are a brick, Kit," remarked Miriam, flashing a smile at him. "Well, Miss Pollock, I was married to a farmer in Rhodesia, and even to think of my married life makes me go cold. Well, Mr. Brent came along and was sorry for me. He gave me money so that I could run away. He got me work in Cape Town. That didn't satisfy me. I was ambitious; I wanted to be rich. I wanted to live, really live, after all those wasted years in Rhodesia. I didn't want anything more to do with men, though; you needn't think that. I had enough of that side of life with my husband. But I wanted excitement, something to fill my life, something that would pay well. This opportunity came. My country was nothing in particular to me. I took the job on. Well, I wanted a dupe, an unconscious assistant—!" She paused a moment. "I hope you won't mind what I am going to say, Kit, but I couldn't help thinking of you. You looked the part so well," and she gave a little ripple of laughter which struck Molly as being peculiarly heartless under the circumstances. "I just made use of him," Miriam explained. "It was so easy. He asked no questions, he just believed in me."



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earlier, thought over the situation swiftly and in silence. Even more than he, she cared nothing for the personal issue, since she had nothing to lose in that respect except a temporary diminution in the regard of some people she hardly knew and did not care about. Brent's was the master mind in their scheme. It was of vital importance, then, to keep him free to continue them, and she saw her way at the same time toward clearing matters for him and Molly. She gave a little hard laugh, and so completely was her outward semblance in training and at the command of her mind, that with that swift decision, she became at all appearances a complete adventuress.

Brent marveled as he watched her. Here was a department in which Miriam was ahead of him; there was no flaw in her acting.

"I see," remarked Miriam, "and you," turning to Brent, "you dear, chivalrous person, you let it be thought that you have stolen them." Her eyes signaled to him and he saw her game. It was, he knew, the only one to save the situation, and though hating himself for the necessity, he very difficultly followed her lead. It was not for him to look down and appear embarrassed.

"How perfectly delicious of you!" continued Miriam, "and how exactly like you! Who says that chivalry is dead?"

"Very well, then I will try to explain. It was in South Africa that I first met Mr. Brent."

"Ah, so it wasn't only your husband?"

"The only thing that could be done. If they had taken you away what would have happened to us all tonight? You see, I re-

membered that Pollock's a Magistrate and that he'd have you arrested on suspicion. He doesn't love you, as it is, if you'll excuse my mentioning it, Kit. You would not have been able to see the authorities and get at anything before morning, and then it would have been too late."

"It's going to be damnably unpleasant for you," grumbled Brent.

Miriam came swiftly toward him, glancing at the door as she did so. "I don't think so, Kit. I've got an idea. Didn't you tell me once that the German system is so arranged that one spy may meet another and have no idea of it?"

"Yes, that's true, but what's that got to do with it?" "It's all I wanted to know, thanks," said Miriam, laughing.

"What's your idea? Tell me, Miriam." "Never you mind. It's my own little ewe lamb of an idea. But tell me, who found the plan in my room?"

"Does that matter now? It's been found, that's the chief thing," Chris looked away from her and played with an ornament on the mantelpiece.

"I want to know, please, Kit. I have a right to be told." "You certainly have, that's a sure thing," he conceded. "Well, it was Molly."

Miriam slowly nodded her head. "I thought so, Kit. I'd sooner be up against any antagonist in the world than a girl in love. There's nothing she sticks at."

"What beats me," grumbled Christopher, "is why you left the plan about. Why didn't you lock it up?"

"Well, experience has taught me that the best way to hide a thing is to leave it about. I knew there was a risk of suspicion that evening and thought it quite likely that while we were at dinner they would be hunting through my boxes. It goes without saying that they would have means of opening any lock, and if the worst came to the worst and I had been searched and the thing had been found on me, all would have been over. But the lining of my handkerchief satchel, right in the heart of the cotton-wool padding, ought to have been the safest place in the world. Would have been, too, but for the pure accident of my door swinging open and Molly seeing me. It only shows how one should always take the element of chance into account."

"What a time that fellow Sanderson is coming!" commented Brent, nervously. "Upon my word, Miriam, I don't quite like our luck deserting us like this." Miriam burst out laughing. "O, you goose, I can tell you that," she said. "How silly even the cleverest men are. Do you imagine that, even in the state of mind she was in, Molly would go straight into the billiard room with her hair all over the place and her face stained by crying? She's gone upstairs to give two dabs with the brush and one with the powder puff. But, talking of a certain gentleman, I think I hear his hoof." She moved quickly away from Brent to the other side of the room, and he stood with his back half turned toward her, his hands in his pockets, looking into the grate with a shame-faced expression.

The door opened and Charles Sanderson came in. He looked straight at Miriam. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

NEWS HAPPENINGS OF THE DAY AS RELATED IN INTERESTING FASHION BY PHOTOGRAPHS



CAMDEN KIDDIES FROLIC AT EIGHTH ANNUAL PLAYGROUND FESTIVAL
Children from all the playgrounds across the Delaware assembled yesterday afternoon at Forest Hill Park for the outdoor exercises conducted under the auspices of the Board of Recreation Commissioners. The photograph shows the children of the Genge Playground participating in the grand march.



MEMBER OF A FIGHTING FAMILY
Charles H. Wood, nephew of General Leonard Wood, has left the home of relatives in Philadelphia, where he was confined by a slight attack of typhoid fever, to undergo training at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.



WILL LEAD KNIGHTS TEMPLAR IN SATURDAY'S DRAFT PARADE
Left to right: Henry L. Bialy, captain general; Alexander McQuilkin, commander, and Eugene Leach, generalissimo.



THEY WHO SOW SHALL REAP
Juvenile farmers at the Hebrew Orphans' Home, Oak Lane, are harvesting their potato crop.



LEADERS OF CAMDEN PLAYGROUND ACTIVITIES
Teachers from the various health centers across the Delaware took part in the eighth annual festival at