

# The WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRALL AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

**Four Innocent, Unoffending, Noncombatant English Subjects Are Doomed to Die in a Vicious Plot of German Spies, Who Plan to Burn a Private Seaside Hotel as a Signal to a U-Boat Waiting in the Harbor**

**Even Before War Was Declared by the United States This Country Had Many Opportunities to Taste of the Heartlessness of the Prussian System, in Which Right Is Might and the End Justifies the Means**

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SYNOPSIS  
The story opens in the West Coast private hotel in an English resort town when a German spy, CHARLES ZIEGEN, is seen in the room of a British officer, FRITZ. ZIEGEN is a German spy, and FRITZ is a British officer. ZIEGEN is seen in the room of a British officer, FRITZ. ZIEGEN is a German spy, and FRITZ is a British officer. ZIEGEN is seen in the room of a British officer, FRITZ. ZIEGEN is a German spy, and FRITZ is a British officer.

unkindly contempt. "And now, please, if you will leave me to deal with Mrs. Lee?"  
"Chris went toward the door, then paused. "I say, Sanderson," he said earnestly, "you won't be too rough on her, will you?" He struck his eyes in his eye and beamed confidently through it. "She's an awfully good sort, she is, really. I'd be awfully upset if she was to get into any trouble."  
"Chris went."

When they were alone together Sanderson walked very slowly across to where Miriam stood, her head up and her hands lightly clasped behind her. He knew that this woman must be a secret service agent employed by the British Government, but he was not yet aware of exactly how much she knew about him and the rest of the household. It was of vital importance that he should find out. He adopted a tone which, if she still thought him the innocent victim of, say, fraulein or Fritz, would not give him away.  
"So you are the spy, are you?" he asked quietly and with a slight but grim smile playing about his clean-shaven mouth.  
"Does it surprise you?" she asked, withholding any clue, while her eyes danced with mischief.  
"Not altogether, but—well, I'm sorry."  
"Why?"  
"I don't like fighting against women."  
They stood looking at each other, neither giving away the secret of how much he or she knew.

German chiefly used in South Africa—like a native, and part of her training had been to get as thoroughly conversant as was possible with the pet catchwords and phrases in use among the denizens of what may be called the spy world.  
A curious place, this, a kind of mental demimonde, a place where emotion, except for the one great passion which was supposed to focus everything, was discouraged, and where mental effort had to be kept at its brightest and sharpest. To be plunged into a section of it, as now, gave Miriam a curious feeling of having been dropped on

Miss Myrtle, from whom, of course, all knowledge of events was kept hidden by both sides, came patting into the sitting room in search of fraulein just as the council of war in which Miriam had to play such a difficult part was about to begin. All four conspirators were sitting around the table, ostensibly playing bridge, so that everything should seem natural to any one who glanced in.  
Miss Myrtle's sandy pompadour and the long face which matched it so ludicrously in tone came sidling around the door some what in advance of her thin, hollow chested figure, which was clad in that abomination



word, but I didn't get to sleep again for several hours."  
"Fraulein began a rummage in her black silk bag. She produced a little bottle full of white tablets and then looked up at Miss Myrtle, fixing her steadily with her bendy brown eyes. "Shall I give you a little remedy I have, dear Miss Myrtle?" she offered. "Let me send you up some hot milk instead of your room."  
"This is not a sleeping draft," replied fraulein, getting up and shaking the top of the little tabloids into Miss Myrtle's palm as she spoke. "This is a mere no-bill. It will put you to sleep sound and healthy sleep."  
"So very comforting," crooned Miss Myrtle. "I am sure I am most obliged to you, fraulein. Thank you, and good-night." She gave a little angular inclination of the pompadour to the assembled company and departed, while Charles gravely held the door open for her.  
He shrugged his shoulders slightly as he came back to the table and sat down again. "I must say your methods are thorough, fraulein," he observed. "They are somewhat unpleasant to any one of a fastidious taste. I don't like them myself, but I don't suppose it would do any good to tell you so. You would give it to her, and we couldn't stop it short of a scene."  
"O, Charles, it's murder," said Mrs. Sanderson half hysterically. "I'm sure we never meant to do any harm to any one. If only things hadn't gone so wrong today."  
"You must just look on the thing as purely incidental, mother," replied Charles. "I don't think Miss Myrtle would be much loss to the human race, myself, although I don't think she's worth destroying, either."  
"Ach, they are all worth destroying," insisted fraulein. "Every English soul sent below in a meritorious action. Is it not so, Mrs. Lee? What does our new-found sister say?"  
Miriam gave a little laugh that sounded incredibly natural even to her own critical ears.  
"I agree with fraulein, and with Mrs. Sanderson, too. A Miss Myrtle more or less is no great matter, but still, every one we make sure of is to the good."  
"I think you are all terrible," said Mrs. Sanderson, passing her plump fingers over her eyes. "But I suppose it must be. Our aims are great and glorious; we must remember that, and not notice what dirt there is by the way."  
Miriam wondered whether she referred to Miss Myrtle or her own actions as dirt, but, needless to remark, did not voice her thought.  
"Oh, enough about all that," said Charles, pushing the whole subject of Miss Myrtle aside as of no importance. "We must come to business."  
"Ah, yes, business," repeated fraulein. "As you say, this little episode is purely incidental. The signal is to be given at 1 o'clock, is it not so?"  
"Yes, at 1 o'clock. I have the incendiary bomb ready. It will only be necessary to set it, and in a few seconds after the explosion the whole house will be burning. They are pretty thorough things, you know. But to make doubly sure I shall spray some petrol about at the last moment."

Fraulein nodded her birdlike head approvingly. "All that is good," she remarked; "and now for us, our dear ones. Have you planned that out?"  
"There I can help you," broke in Miriam. "I haven't been working alone down here. Although I wasn't told about all of you, I have two men assistants here and I know the cause, who are staying down in the town. They keep a big car in readiness, only have to telephone them tonight."  
"Ah, that's splendid," exclaimed Mrs. Sanderson. "I cannot tell you how I want to get away. Luckily the house is so isolated, many people can arrive, let alone the engine. How long before are we to start, Charles?"  
"Well, I have calculated it out this way, mother. In the excitement of the first finding of the bodies—Mrs. Sanderson, I'm afraid—'it will, I should imagine, be quite twelve hours before these stupid English realize that we are not amid the ruins. I have all our passports ready and the yacht sails tomorrow morning. Therefore, if you all get away in this car, Mrs. Lee's about midnight, I shall stay just to set things going, and Fritz and I will join you in the two seater later in London. You have all got everything ready, I suppose?"  
"Everything," replied fraulein. "But now there is one thing more which is causing me some little trouble. I don't consider that Brent has been fully explained."  
Miriam's heart gave a great bound, then seemed to stand still. She pressed her hands together under the table in nervous apprehension. Fraulein went on.  
"What about the Marconi instrument having been tampered. That has never been explained. And the shooting of the pigeon, that was a queer coincidence, isn't it?"  
"I can explain the pigeon," said Miriam wearily. "In fact, I have already done so. I was teasing Mr. Brent about his shooting and wagered he couldn't hit a sitting gull. Owing to this system of ignorance we are all kept in, I, of course, thought that I would use your pigeons in the service of the admiralty. I knew when I saw one rising that it must be being sent on some message of importance. The rest you know. I had my little dummy package prepared and managed to change it when we were all looking at the dead bird afterward. Even when I saw what the map was it did not convey the truth to me, for, of course, I only thought it was a plan that Mr. Sanderson had to get to the admiralty as quickly as possible. My one aim was to get it to Germany as quickly as possible, but all we can do now is to take it ourselves."  
"You have it?" asked Sanderson.  
She nodded. "Yes, I still have it."  
"That's all right, then; but as you say, fraulein, the tampering with the Marconi installation remains unexplained."  
"I suppose none of you know," broke in Miriam, speaking quite casually. "That young Pennicuk had a course in wireless training? And he was in and out of a good deal this morning, you know. It's no good saying he hasn't the brains, fraulein, because that's what we've each and all thought of everybody in this house. Somebody obviously had the brains, and it seems to me that everything points to Mr. Pennicuk."  
"Ah, but that puts quite a different light on it," exclaimed fraulein. "If Mr. Pennicuk has had experience in wireless. He is not, as you say, the type that we should use for investigation work, but then the English must use what they have, and he is a very typical Englishman. They have a curious way, these apparently commonplace young men, of getting a lot more done than any one would ever suspect."  
(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

**A New Trap**  
I UNDERSTAND you have something to say to me, Mrs. Lee," he said coldly. "Yes," she replied, nodding at him. "Leave us together, will you, Kit?"  
"Wait a moment, Brent," said Charles. "I understand from Miss Pollock that you have been the cat's paw in this little affair, and have been trying to shield Mrs. Lee for old acquaintance sake. Is that so?"  
"That's quite true," put in Miriam swiftly. "Of course, Brent," continued Sanderson, "you, as a mere idler, do not, I suppose, realize the importance of events just now. I hope you have learned that just because you have an admiration for a pretty face you must not go doing anything its owner asked you. Surely even you might have guessed that all was not quite right?"  
"I never thought it was anything to do with me, on my word, Sanderson," replied Chris, with an anxious fawniness of manner. "I'm devilishly upset about it. I can tell you. I'd always liked Mrs. Lee; she used to be one of my best pals in South Africa. How was I to know? Brent hated himself as he spoke, but he knew he was doing the only possible thing under the circumstances, and, accordingly, he did it as well as he knew how."  
"Well, see that you are not quite such a fool again," commented Charles, with a not

understanding. "I'll make things easy for you if you will be quite square with me."  
"What does that mean?" asked Miriam cautiously.  
"I have lost, as you must know, other documents," replied Charles with equal caution. "Where are they?"  
The time had come for Miriam to play her trump card and she played it. She laughed in his face. "Beyond your reach," she replied triumphantly.  
"It remains to be seen," he said a trifle grimly. "Where are they?"  
"I'm sorry that I can't give you precise information, but they are on their way to Germany."  
Charles took two steps backward and stared at her with his mouth open. Miriam did not give him long to think.  
"I knew that Fritz had been given an important letter to post to some one in London. I thought it might be something connected with your admiralty work, and I used Mr. Brent to get it for me. I told him—she began to laugh a little—"what do you think I told him? That Fritz was a German spy. Of course he was only most anxious to help me—thought it most awfully good fun."  
"But who the devil are you? What are

you?" cried Charles, coming toward her again.  
Miriam swept him a deep courtesy of defiance, her black and gold skirts swaying out into a glittering circle about her. "One of the fatherland's most humble but devoted servants," she said quietly. "The game is up—you'll denounce me, I know. But at least I have been able to do something for Germany."  
"But, mein Gott," cried Charles in his excitement, "this is incredible. We are saved, after all."  
"We! What do you mean?" asked Miriam, staring at him as though bereft of reason.  
"You! U! Well! And, throwing his head back, Charles laughed aloud in his relief. "Well, I'll be damned!"  
The hour that followed was the most difficult Miriam had ever known. It was one thing to bluff Charles Sanderson for a few successful minutes; it was quite another to keep it up under questions from the rest of the gang as well. She began to realize the truth of what Brent had said, that fraulein was the leading spirit, and that there was something oddly sinister about this quiet, faded little woman in the brown shawl.  
Miriam had several things in her favor. She spoke German—that is, the mongrel

known as an "evening blouse," made of drab velvet, trimmed with an unfortunate selection of glittering ornaments, and surmounting a cashmere skirt of the same hue.  
"I've just come in to say good-night," she said in the carefully bright voice that years of governing had instilled into her.  
Mrs. Sanderson checked the annoyed expression which she felt rising to the surface of her countenance and smiled blandly. "You are going off early tonight, Miss Myrtle," she remarked.  
"I know, but I need the rest. I am such a light sleeper, and I haven't really quite got over my little chill yet. Besides, last night Mr. Brent awakened me when he came upstairs. I'm sure he would be most upset if he knew it, so I haven't said a

word, but I didn't get to sleep again for several hours."  
Fraulein began a rummage in her black silk bag. She produced a little bottle full of white tablets and then looked up at Miss Myrtle, fixing her steadily with her bendy brown eyes. "Shall I give you a little remedy I have, dear Miss Myrtle?" she offered. "Let me send you up some hot milk instead of your room."  
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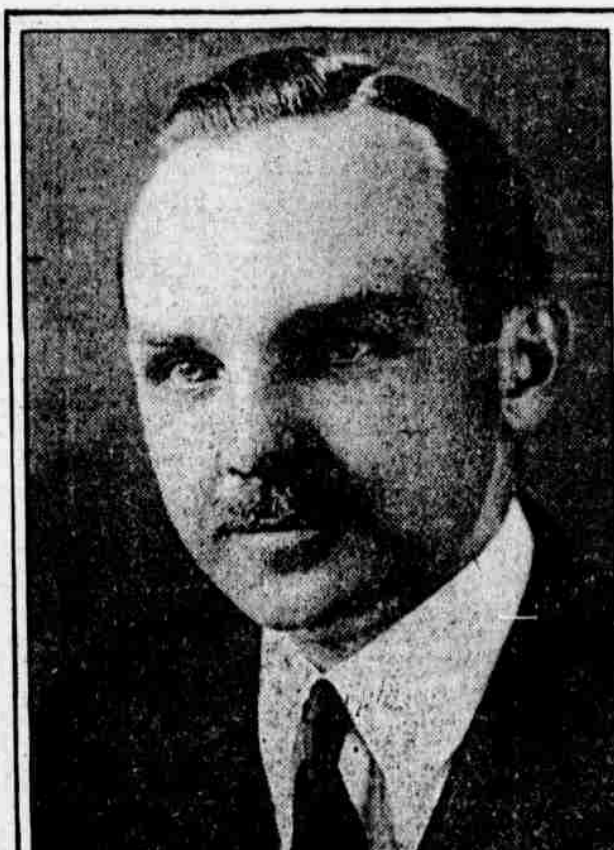
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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## PICTORIAL RESUME OF INTERESTING INDIVIDUALS FIGURING IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY



MRS. GRIZZILLA TAYLOR, COSTUMED AS LIBERTY, REIGNS AS QUEEN OF THE ASSBURY FAIR BABY PARADE



PROF. HIRAM BINGHAM, OF THE YALE FACULTY, WHO HEADS THE DIVISION OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES



CHARLES ZIEGEN, SPEEDBOAT EXPERT, WAIVES EXEMPTION WHEN DRAFTED FOR THE NEW NATIONAL ARMY



LIEUTENANT AL SPROUL, SON OF STATE SENATOR SPROUL, DRILLMASTER AT BIDDLE CAMP



BECK, FORMER PENN STATE FOOTBALL STAR, IN TRAINING AT ALLENTOWN AMBULANCE CAMP