

# The WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRAL AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

**It Looked for a Time as if Charles Sanderson Would Have the Decided Pleasure of Sending a Bullet Through Christopher Brent, but an Unloaded Revolver and a Detachment of British Soldiers Changed the Entire Situation**

**There Are Many of Sanderson's Colleagues in This Country Who, if They Have Not Already Lived Through Similar Experiences, Are Not Very Far Away From the Business End of Some United States Army Rifles**

There is nothing so near but that it can be snatched away at the last moment by an ironical fate which seems to find its great st pleasure in dangling a helpless, squirming, mousy sort of thing before a greedy, g oating cat, human or otherwise.

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SYNOPSIS

The story opens in the West Coast private hotel in an English seacoast town when CHARLES SANDERSON, the proprietor; his son, CHARLES SANDERSON, JR.; the Justice of the Peace, MR. POLLOCK; MISS MYRTLE, a school teacher; CHRISTOPHER BRENT, Molly's fiancé; MRS. MIRIAM LEE, a thirty-five-year-old English naturalization; PENNICUK, a young English soldier; and FRITZ, a servant in the house, are the entire occupants of the hotel.

Brent and Miriam are representatives of the British Intelligence office, and discover on the reverse side of the innocent-looking Brennecke a complete wireless outfit. After getting a message that a U-boat is waiting off the harbor for a given signal, Brent dismantles the Marconi. This discovery positively links up the Sanderson household with a steaming German spy plot destined to cripple Great Britain.

Later, Brent sees sketches of the harbor made by Fraulien Schroeder, who he is convinced is the lover of the spy. The fact that there is an artist in the house accounts for the presence of carrier pigeons, and Brent shoots one of the birds as it leaves the house. He discovers a sketch of the harbor defenses in a small case tied about one of the pigeon's leg. The plotters decide to burn the hotel that evening, at a signal to be given by the carrier pigeon.

Meanwhile Brent and Miriam complete the details for the escape of the German spies. Absolutely at a loss to account for the many guests to their home, Sanderson and his wife determine to take Mr. Pollock into their confidence, explaining that Sanderson has been robbed of certain Admiralty papers.

Molly, in details of the accusations leveled at her lover, decides to exonerate Chris and starts on a tour of investigation. She finds the man taken from the pigeon's leg in Mrs. Lee's purse and returns to Brent to warn him as to Miriam's character. In order not to divulge any information, Mrs. Lee admits her guilt and sends for Sanderson, to whom she confesses that she is a German spy. Together the plotters complete details for the destruction of the house and the getaway.

Pennicuk is stationed by his commanding officer on guard duty on the cliff, and Brent tells the young soldier of the Sandersons' plans.

Later, believing every one to be out of the dining room, Brent enters. His pocket searchlight fails to reveal Sanderson standing in the shadow of the house. When Brent starts to flash signals Sanderson jumps out and captures the British Government despatches.

Brent was glad when the light went away; the next moment the dull boom of naval guns broke upon their ears. "That," cried Chris grimly, his pity vanishing at the thought of what this man had meant to happen that night, "that is a little practice for our gunners at a moving target. Submarines are tricky things to hit, but I think they'll manage it all right."

"That was it, then," said Charles. "Your signals—I understand," and, maddened by rage and hopelessness, he sprang toward Brent with his hands out.

An extraneous circumstance stopped Charles in his dash at Brent, who, for his part, stood still where he was. The word "Halt!" in an authoritative voice rang from outside the window and almost simultaneously came the sound of rifle butts being grounded on the veranda.

Instinctively Charles had checked, true German that he was, at the sound of the command. And now he saw his own revolver facing him implacable as ever, as Brent circled slightly round the table. "Too late, von Mantel. Keep quiet. Come in, corporal," Brent added, raising his voice.

The corporal opened the window and stepped into the room followed by Pennicuk and a couple of other men with fixed bayonets.

"Private Pennicuk told us what's up, sir," said the corporal, saluting. "What can we do?"

"Take charge of this man."

"A spy, sir?" asked the corporal with restrained joy in his voice.

"The head of them. Better search him for weapons." Brent still kept the muzzle pointed on Charles, while the three soldiers searched his pockets at the order of the corporal.

"Sorry, von Mantel, but it's necessary," said Brent. "Get your other man all right, corporal."

"Yes, sir, he's on his way to the hospital."

"Ah, then, you didn't kill him, Pennicuk?" asked Brent.

"No, I only winged him," replied that youth regretfully. It was something to have drawn blood, but he felt it would have been more exciting to have killed the man. "He'll mend for a better shot," he added, cheering up.

"There's nothing on the prisoner, sir," answered the corporal as the search ended.

"Very well, take him in charge," ordered Brent. "By George! there's everybody in



The word "Halt!" in an authoritative voice rang out from the window.

ous conditions; as it was, his absurdity passed as unnoticed as Molly's white wrap, her blue ribboned loveliness. As for Molly, in a crimson flannel dressing gown and woolly slippers, she was a delight. True British indignation at having been disturbed in his night's rest glowed in Mr. Pollock's face.

Sheer hysteria showed in Miss Myrtle's face, but Molly was set and pale like a mask. In that white flash from one searchlight she had seen Chris, looking so much graver than usual, and in his dressing gown and slippers, as though he had been taken from his bedroom, surrounded by soldiers. It leaped to her brain that Chris was a spy after all and that these men had come for him. A mental illumination, truer than that of the searchlight by whose gleam she had leaped to such an untrue conclusion, swept her mind at the same instant. There comes to every one once or twice in life a moment of absolute clarity such as this; when all values suddenly assume a new scale, which yet is recognized at once as the true one.

This is what had happened to Molly now. She saw that, as Chris had told her, an idea was the most important thing in life, only instead of being an impersonal idea as his was, hers was based on her feeling for him. The mental obsession of her life for the next few years would be her attitude toward Chris. That this should be so was a tremendous advance on her previous preoccupation as to whether or not she was to be loved, and that, no matter what Chris had done, her horror at the action would be drowned in her love for him, even though it poisoned its waters.

All this swept into Molly's life as swiftly as the searchlight, though it stayed behind when that had passed and was to remain even when she found she had been mistaken in her premises. So when Mr. Pollock switched the lights up she said nothing, only gazed at Chris.

"Well, now, what's all this about?" asked Mr. Pollock, the J. P. in him rising superior to his costume. "Sanderson, what the devil's the matter?" and he advanced toward Charles, who stood pale and mute.

"Stand back," ordered Brent sharply. There was a moment's absolute petrification, during which Mr. Pollock stared at Chris with mingled rage and incredulity. "Stand back, indeed!" he blustered. "I shall do nothing of the kind. I'm an English magistrate, sir. As a justice of the peace, I must insist . . ."

"I'm afraid you will have to stand back, sir," retorted Brent politely, but with a certain enjoyment which he would have been more than human not to feel. "We have just been capturing a spy."

"A spy?" Miss Myrtle's ready pipe and Mr. Pollock's boom came out simultaneously.

Molly said nothing, but relief flared in her eyes.

"Pennicuk, you're here, thank goodness!" cried Mr. Pollock. "Perhaps you will kindly explain?"

"Fire ahead, Pennicuk," agreed Brent, reverting to his nonchalant manner as he foresaw that the floods of gratitude poured on him by his fellow boarders would be harder to bear than his lowest ebb had been.

"It's quite true what Mr. Brent says," began Pennicuk. He had seen the direction of Molly's gaze and knew that for her he himself practically did not exist. But even if there had been any rivalry possible his natural generosity would still have given Brent all the credit possible. "It's entirely thanks to him," he went on, "that we've captured the spy, and that we are not all dead tonight."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

**The Captive**

FOR God's sake, shoot me and have done with it," he said.

The sound of a shot peered out into the night, but not from Brent's revolver. Pennicuk had fired his rifle. A thin cry rang out with its dying reverberations.

"What's that?" almost shouted Charles.

"It is, I trust, the end of Fritz's dangerous career. Pennicuk is quite a crack shot, they tell me. No, don't move. Keep your hands up."

Again the bright light swept the room and died in darkness.

## DEAF MUTES "DISCUSS" ADVANCEMENT—OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS TELLING THE NEWS



AN ADDRESS IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE  
Mrs. Elmer E. Scott is making her views known to members at the thirty-first meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.



OFFICERS OF SOCIETY FOR ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF  
The organization's thirty-first annual meeting was held at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy. Sitting, left to right, John A. Roach, first vice president; James S. Reider, president; Joseph W. Acheson, second vice president. Standing, R. Middleton Ziegler, secretary; Alex S. McGhee, treasurer.



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Bill Meaney, former national quarter-mile low hurdle champion, now a Sammee.