

# The WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRALL  
AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

Many persons who have attempted to drive an automobile can never quite remember when the crucial test comes, which foot to press down and which to take off. Imagine Miriam's feelings while she is at the wheel of a high-powered car carrying two dangerous enemy spies to their death.

**Fraulein Schroeder and Mrs. Sanderson Were Very Well Satisfied When They Entered the Large Touring Car Waiting a Short Distance From the House, as Miriam's Reassurances Set at Rest All Doubts, but They Were Destined to Receive a Great Surprise**

**War Is No Respector of Personages, and Many an Apparently Respectable Business Man Has Been Ferreted Out by United States Federal Agents in Their Merciless Hunt for German Spies Since Hostilities Were Declared, Much to the Astonishment of Neighbors**

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**SYNOPSIS**  
The story opens in the West Coast private hotel in an English seacoast town when England has been at war one month. CHARLES SANDERSON, a young English soldier, and MIRIAM, a young English girl, are the central figures. Miriam is a German spy, and Charles is a British intelligence officer. They meet in the hotel and fall in love. Miriam is a beautiful girl, and Charles is a handsome young man. They are both very intelligent and very brave. Miriam is a German spy, and Charles is a British intelligence officer. They meet in the hotel and fall in love. Miriam is a beautiful girl, and Charles is a handsome young man. They are both very intelligent and very brave. Miriam is a German spy, and Charles is a British intelligence officer. They meet in the hotel and fall in love. Miriam is a beautiful girl, and Charles is a handsome young man. They are both very intelligent and very brave.

This was making things seem almost too real, and even Miss Myrtle was too horrified to scream. Mr. Pollock turned his bewildered face—for all his convictions, including that most sacred one, his belief in his own judgment, had been upset toward Sanderson. "Is this true?" he asked him almost in a whisper. "You heard them say so," replied Charles unemotionally. "Under the circumstances it would be futile for me to deny that I have been working for my fatherland. I have lost, that is all. The fatherland will find other servants." At that moment the boom-boom of heavy firing came again from the sea—report after report to the tune of half a dozen or so. Poor old Miss Myrtle, terrified almost entirely out of what little sense she had, collapsed on the sofa and buried her head in the cushions, moaning. "What's that?" cried Mr. Pollock. "A German naval disaster, with any luck," said Pennicuk cheerfully. "The loss of a few submarines, I hope. This house was going to have been burned down as a signal to 'em, but Brent stopped it. Brent had our cruisers sent here and caught the whole nest of spies. It's all his doing." A struggle took place in Mr. Pollock's mind. He ought, he knew, as a good-hearted, churchgoing gentleman, to be glad that Brent proved to be a purposeful and devoted man instead of a brainless lousier. He tried to be glad and succeeded in thinking he was glad. He shook Brent's hand heartily. "We can never thank you enough, my boy," he boomed. "You have saved all our lives and you have been damned clever about it, too. It just goes to prove what I have always said, that much as we owe to the men away fighting for us at the front, we owe every bit as much to those who, like yourself, have been brave enough to stay at home."

**Miriam's Part**  
WHAT on earth are you talking about, Miriam? It sounds the most preposterous rubbish. Why doesn't Mr. Sanderson answer me?" "Because he's the spy," explained Pennicuk. "You see that box?"—pointing to it as it still stood on the table—"if you look inside you will find it's an infernal machine timed to explode when you were all safely asleep."

up, men. Is there anything more, sir?" he asked, turning to Brent. "Nothing at present, I think, corporal. O, wait a minute, isn't that the telephone?" Every one listened and a faint, insistent ringing was heard from the hall. "I'll see what it is. Don't remove the prisoner yet, corporal," ordered Chris. Several minutes passed before he came back, and as he had but the door after him, those in the sitting room did not hear even a one-sided conversation—a fact which annoyed Mr. Pollock considerably. He was just wondering whether the corporal would allow him to go into the hall, where he would insist to Brent on his right, as a J. P., to be told what was going on, when Miss Myrtle diverted his attention. Finding the

Mrs. Lee has taken them with her, which is not quite the same thing. "What do you mean?" asked Charles hoarsely. "I mean that Mrs. Lee, like myself, is employed by the English Government, and that the two plain-clothes men who came down in the train with you today were the escort she used for your mother and Fraulein Schroeder." "I don't believe it," cried Charles violently. "It isn't possible. By God, Brent, I'll—"

Now her feelings were much those of an actress who suffers acutely from stage fright just before she goes on the stage. Miriam's blood seemed to be pounding through her head, her hands felt icy cold. She knew that, humanly speaking, nothing should go wrong with their plans—and yet how easy it was for the unforeseen to happen. Miriam was more like a man than like the usually accepted type of woman. In that her anxiety was entirely for her work and not any personal fear for those engaged in it. She was fairly sure nothing untoward could happen to Chris, because she was impressed by his own belief in his

as patches darker still. With relief surging at her heart, Miriam got out of the car and went toward them. "Here you are, my comrades," she said, speaking in German, but very low. "These are my friends, the comrades I told you about. Is everything done? Are we free to start?" "Everything is done," replied fraulein; "that is to say, everything is in readiness. Charles had nothing to do but to set the bomb and see that Fritz does his work properly, then they will come on and join us in London in time to get away while it is still early morning."

her well-earned repose, but which lasted until the insatiable desire for action was too strong for her again. Miriam coaxed the car round the sharp turn that led into one of the streets of Eastermouth, and slowing down, she cautiously along it toward where the station of a red light showed her the police station was awaiting them. The next moment she stopped the car in front of the open door. "What is the matter?" asked fraulein sharply, leaning forward. "There is nothing gone wrong with the car, has there?" "No, nothing wrong with the car," replied Miriam, half turning round in her seat and slipping her hand into the big pocket of her overcoat till she felt her fingers close over the butt of her small, but very useful revolver. "We have arrived at our journey's end, that's all."



Miriam's gauntleted hands clutched the wheel more in nervousness than in preparation.

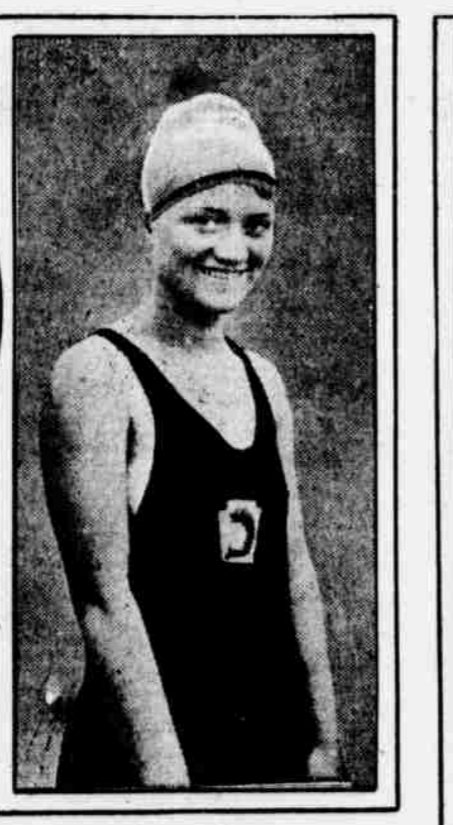
"And every one else? The English? Are they all in bed?" asked Miriam. "Yes, they are in bed. I wish I could have given them all the same sleeping draught I gave to Miss Myrtle, but I do not doubt they will sleep sound enough without it. They will sleep the sleep from which they will never awaken," and the ecstasy in fraulein's voice thrilled oddly through the darkness. "Come, come," urged Mrs. Sanderson, "do not let us talk here. Let us get away. It had to be done tonight, but I couldn't bear to see it; let us get far away as quickly as possible." "You are right. We must not waste time," said Miriam. "See, you two sit here as far back as possible. Herr Schmidt will sit opposite you and his friend by me. The luggage is already on the roof." The two women took their places in the car, and Miriam and Herr Schmidt tucked rugs around them so deftly that the throwing of them off would not be a very easy matter. Then Miriam took her place at the wheel again. Her heart had left off racking her with its heavy beats. Now that the time for action had come she felt cold and calm. It had been the waiting that tried her so severely. She switched on the head lamps and started the car, and the next moment they were running silently out on to the high road. The road down to Eastermouth was not very good, and short as the way was, Miriam was most anxious that no contraptions such as a burst tire should delay them.

"This all of them?" asked the inspector of her as Mrs. Sanderson and fraulein were virtually lifted out of the car and stood upon the pavement. "They went into the police station, and you stay here with the car. Now, madam, if you will come in with me." "This little incident gave Miriam the feeling of unreality which she had felt on first seeing the Marconi installation, and in consequence she again felt the old uplifting of the adventurer spirit. As long as the affair was sufficiently melodramatic she could enjoy it thoroughly. "This all of them?" asked the inspector of her as Mrs. Sanderson and fraulein were virtually lifted out of the car and stood upon the pavement. "They went into the police station, and you stay here with the car. Now, madam, if you will come in with me." "This little incident gave Miriam the feeling of unreality which she had felt on first seeing the Marconi installation, and in consequence she again felt the old uplifting of the adventurer spirit. As long as the affair was sufficiently melodramatic she could enjoy it thoroughly.

## SPORTS, POLITICS AND THE WAR FURNISH ANOTHER QUOTA OF INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS



ABOVE, WINTHROP WILLIAMS, OF THE EVENING LEDGER STAFF, WHO HAS JOINED BATTERY D, FIRST REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY FIELD ARTILLERY, IN CAMP AT SEA GIRT, TO THE RIGHT, BESSIE RYAN, PRODUCT OF THE FIRST REGIMENT POOL, WHO TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE NATIONAL 100-YARD CHAMPIONSHIP



FRENCH CIVILIANS, DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE GERMANS, RETURN TO FRANCE BY WAY OF SWITZERLAND. The Swiss are taking tender care of the unfortunates who daily cross the frontiers of the tiny republic. The photograph shows the arrival of evacuees at Geneva, where they are taken in charge by soldiers.



A SOUTH JERSEY TEAM WITH AN ENVIABLE RECORD. The Woodrow nine has attached nineteen scalps so far this season. It met its match in the Curtis Country Club aggregation, however, and has twice been defeated at Lawndale.



PRINCIPALS IN THREE-CORNERED FIGHT FOR PITTSBURGH MAYORALTY NOMINATION. Left to right, these aspirants for the favor of the Republican voters are E. V. Babcock, W. A. Magee and Dr. J. P. Kerr. The third of a series of five articles on political conditions in the Smoky City, written by a staff representative, appears on the editorial page of this edition of the EVENING LEADER.