REWHITE FEATHER

AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

This was making things seem almost too real, and even Miss Myrtle was too horri-fied to scream Mr. Pollock turned his be-wildered face—for all his convictions, in-cluding that most sacred one, his belief in

als own judgment, had been upset-toward

"Is this true?" he asked him almost in a

"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

collapsed on the sofa and buried her head in the cushions, moaning. "What's that?" cried Mr. Pollock.

"A German naval disaster, with any tuck," said Pennicult cheerfully, "The loss of a few submarines. I hope, This house was

said Penniculk 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 goodhearted, churchgoing gentleman, to be glad that Brent proved to be a purposeful and

that Brent proved to be a purposeful and devoted man instead of a brainless lounger. He tried to be glad and succeeded in think-

ing he was glad. He shook Brent's hand

"We can never thank you enough,

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

Brent's eyes glanced across at Molly and secret laughter met in her eyes and his. In that momentary flash of humorous com-

prehension, a true comradeship was established between them that not all their love-making had attained.

"No, he hasn't," contradicted Charles,

to stay at home."

nificent

entirely out of what little sense

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 Respecter 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

whisper.

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SYNOPSIS

The story opens in the West Creat private botel in an English searcoast town when fill and the story opens in the West Creat private botel in an English searcoast town when the story open the properties and the story of the Peace his daughter, Mol.Ly, nineteen; MRISTOPHER BRENT, Molity s flaces; MRISTOPHER BRENT, MOLITY, ROSES AND LEAST STARLIES AND LEAST STARL

Miriam's Part THAT on earth are you talking about,

WHAT on earth are you talking Why doesn't Mr. Sanderson an-

"Because he's the spy," explained Penni-culk. "You see that box"—pointing to it as it still stood on the table—"if you look in-side you will find it's an infernal machine timed to explode when you were all safely

"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

"I don't believe it," cried Charles vio-lently "It isn't possible. By God, Brent, I'll-"

Miriam's task that night had been not so much difficult as supremely unpleasant. Nevertheless, she knew how easily one little

chance thing going wrong may upset the most perfectly laid plans, and her heart was pounding heavily with mingled anxiety and excitement as she waited in the car for the other women. She herself was at the "Keen back" ordered the corporal, "Close the plain-clothes men might be needed to

Now her feelings were much those of an as patches darker still. With relief surging her well-earned repose, but which lasted until the insatiable desire for a ther heart, Miriam got out of the car lasted until the insatiable desire for a was too strong for her again, 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 ley 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 the the usually accented type of woman.

dangerous enemy spies to their death.

pen. 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

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. Image

ine Miriam's feelings while she is at the wheel of a high-powered car carrying tree

"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." early morning.

"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 volce thrilled oddly through the darkness.
"Come, come," urged Mrs. Sanderson, "do

"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

You are right. We must not waste time," said Miriam. "See, you two sit here as far back as possible. Herr Schmidt will sit op-posite you and his friend by me. The lug-gage is already on the roof."

gage 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. Her nulses were unburried her hain clear. Her pulses were unhurried, her brain clear, 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

The road down to Eastermouth was not by good, and short as the way was, Miriam was most anxious that no con-tretemps such as a burst tire should delay

Supposing, for instance, that Charles and Supposing, for instance, that Charles and Fritz managed to escape from the house and come up with them upon the road; she and the detectives would be outnumbered and the whole gang might manage to make their escape in the car. It was an extreme supposition, but Miriam knew that it was as well to think of everything as far as nossible.

Accordingly she drove carefully along the precipitous and heavily rutted roads, the soil of which was sticky from recent rains. The police station had, of course, been warned of their coming, and as Easter-mouth, being a seaside town, was in com-plete darkness, Miriam had no fear that the scene which might take place in the street would attract too much notice. All was certainly going well, and yet it seemed to her that as the car descended the winding road her spirits, too, dropped in ratio with the descent.

It was true that she carried with her in the car two would-be murderesses, but she carried also their trust and confidence. which she had lied excessively hard to at-tain. Under the circumstances she really did not mind betraying their trust and con-The car was drawn up behind a curve of the shrubbery which edged the short drive. It was very dark there, for the lamps were out and no gleam from the house was footsteps. Presently they came, the short, pattering footsteps she was expecting. The same and settled the better she would swathed bulk of Mrs. Sanderson with the pleased, and then would follow for her smaller but not less rotund form of frau-"but your statement is not quite accurate. Myrtle diverted his attention. Finding the went through agonies with nervous tension. | lein beside her, loomed through the gloom | tried to make herself believe she enjoyed

was too strong for her again.

Miriam coaxed the car round the she turn that led into one of the by street. Eastermouth, and) slowing down, on cautiously along it toward where the sis of a red light showed her the police salt was awaiting them. The next moment stopped the car in front of the open down. "What is the matter?" asked fraussharply, leaning forward. "There is rolling gone wrong with the car, has there "No, nothing wrong with the car," piled Miriam, half turning round in her sa and slipping her hand into the big posso of her overcoat till she felt her fingers do over the butt of her small, but very useff revolver. "We have arrived at our journer end, that's all."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. to derson. "Have you some new plan? Add—" she ended on a scream, for she what the car had been quietly surrounds by police.

that the car had been quietly surr

Miriam said nothing because she out not think of anything to say. It seemed her that the car was charged full of and hate and rage which were almost us gible things beating about her head, much so that she let go of her revolver a hands flew up instinctively to cover hands for the cover hands for much so that she let go of her revolver her hands flew up instinctively to cover he ears and eyes.

It was with a sharp feeling of relief

It was with a sharp feeling of relief a of one brought back from some nightman to reality that she heard the car door on and the voice of the inspector saying that she had half expected to happen that she had half expected to happen of happen. Fraulein, who had struggled a self free from the enveloping wraps, divinto her pocket with her free hand—her learn was held by the erstwhile Schmidtery from Miriam warned hiny and he caurifraulein's other hand, too, as she as snatching out a ready cocked automatic. This little incident gave Miriam the feeing of unreality which she had felt on an seeing the Marconi installation, and in one sequence she again felt the old uplifting the adventurer spirit. As long as the affair was sufficiently melodramatic she could

the adventurer spirit. As long as the am was sufficiently melodramatic she could joy it thoroughly.

This all of them?" asked the inspec of her as Mrs. Sanderson and fraulein wer virtually lifted out of the car and stood upon the pavement.

Miriam laughed aloud in her relief at the easing of the strain. "That's all of the little lot," inspector," she said. "I am en-

pecting Mr. Brent to provide you with ten more later on."

"Ah, with the men, yes," replied the inspector. "This seems a pretty seriou affair. Take the prisoners inside. Simple of the prisoners of the prisoners

you stay here with the car. Now, made if you will come in with me." They went into the police station a They went into the police station, and here again the sense of drab reality and sordidness shut down upon Miriam one more. The bare walls, the shiny wooder counter, the hard chairs, the stolid, unformed men with their unimaginative face, all these things seemed an inadequate background to the tragedy of the prisoners. Not that there was anything excent the execution.

ground to the tragedy of the prisoners. Not that there was anything except the expression on their faces to redeem them ether from the outwardly commonplace. But Mylam, with that intuitive prescience which made her so invaluable in her work, could guess at the tunuit of mortification and the could guess at the tunuit of mortification and the could guess at the tunuit of mortification and the could guess at the same and the could guessia which must be rawing within these could guessia which must be rawing within these could guessia which must be rawing within these could guessian which must be rawing within the could guessian which guessian which guessian could guessian and guessian despair which must be raging within the portly muffled forms. Indeed, the common-placeness of Mrs. Sanderson's plump ast usually comely face only increased by shee force of contrast the horror of the look that was on it now. She seemed to have grown an old woman in a few minutes. Her ch her blue, somewhat prominent, eyes we glazed, and her mouth hung quivering ast open.



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

"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 "And you have actually bagged the whole lot of them?" went on Mr. Pollock, still shaking his head. "Magnificent, really magannoyed 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 with a note of triumph in his voice. "He hasn't got my mother or Fraulein Schroeder or Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Lee's one of us, you know, and they have taken her with them."

of Mrs. Sanderson and fraulein when they learned the truth. The car had a berline body, so that Miriam and the man beside ther were both of them inside; the other man sat with his back to them on one of the small seats, so as to face the prisoners. The car was a heavy one for Miriam to drive, but it had a self-staves and the importance of what he and she were doing together. Miriam was by temperament the true adventurer, which is a very different thing from an adventuress.

The car was drawn up behind a curve of the shrubbery which adoed the shrubbery which adoe

affection for him would have been merged in the importance of what he and she were

visible. The door of the car stood open, one of the men beside it; and Miriam strained her ears for the sound of the approaching enjoyment in balancing on a tight rope

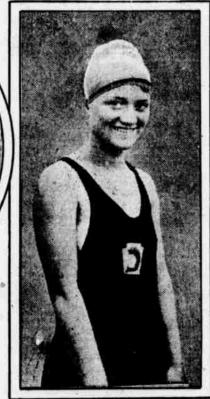
(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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

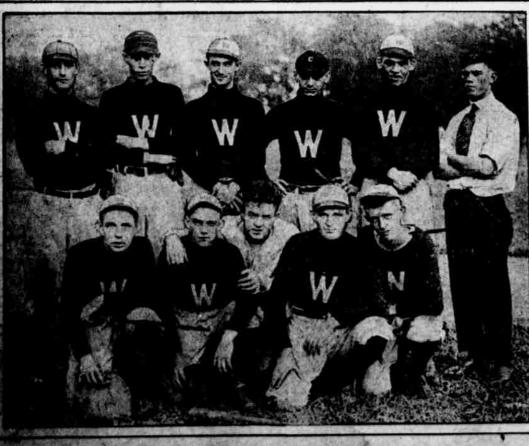


ABOVE, WINTHROP WILLIAMS, OF THE EVENING LEDGER STAFF, WHO HAS JOINED BATTERY D, FIRST REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY FIELD ARTILLERY, IN CAMP AT SEA GIRT. TO THE RIGHT, BESSIE RYAN, A PRODUCT OF THE FIRST REGIMENT POOL, WHO TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE NATIONAL 100-YARD CHAMPIONSHIP SHIP









SOUTH JERSEY TEAM WITH AN ENVIABLE RECORD



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 evacues at Geneva, where they are taken in charge by soldiers.



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. Magoe 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 Lungue.