e WHITE FEATHER That "appearances are deceiving" was never more evident than in the case of Christophe Brent. The moral is clear enough: Because a man is not "in khaki" there is no reason to believe that he is unpatriotic, and the person who hands him a "White Feather" may be the more cowardly of the two.

olly Is More Perturbed by the Sudden Realization of Her Injustice to Brent Than at the Entire Chain of Events Which Nearly Took the Lives of the Guests at West Crest in the German Spy Plot That Failed

Little Care, Combined With a Minimum of Investigation, Will Serve to Set Right the Mistaken 'Patriotism' of Many Americans Who Feel It Incumbent Upon Themselves to Suspect Every Foreign-Looking Person

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SYNOPSIS
The story opens in the West Crest private
stol in an English sesconat town when
indeed November of the Property of the

to arrival MISS MURTLE, a spinster, AULKIN SCHROEDER, a coloriess little arman weathan, claiming twenty years of glish naturalization; PFNNICUR, a spouse is glish solder, and PRITZ, a servant full list of the present and Miriam are representatives of British Intelligence Office and discover the reverse side surples of the program of t

Laist, believing every one to be out of the laist, believing every one to be out of the line room, Brent enters. His posted search the room of the laist to reveal Schotzeson Minister in shado and search search laist in the laist of the laist search search laist laist death signales Sanderson lutines out deapures the British Government detective. Sanderson's masters is sort-lived, for a und of British soldiers appears in time to we Brent's life and to capture the German or A few seconds before the arrest Pennish shoots Fritz in the latter's attempt to order him.

him.

he meantime, Miriam has called for
in Schroeder and Mrs. Sanderson in a
ouring car, estensibly to take them to
Instead she turns them over to the

Some Explanations TIRIAM paused, brush in hand, and

M looked at her inquiringly. "What do you mean when you repeat it like that?" she asked. "What's all

"Everything between me and Chris."
"My dear child, excuse me, but what utter onsense. You are just tired out, that's what's the matter, and you're seeing everything out of focus. Everything's going to begin all over again for you and Chris, and soing to be much better than ever before." "I don't see how it can," said Molly mis-ably. "I'm sort of feeling two things at ace. I don't know how to explain tt." "Try to tell me about it." suggested

Mirlam, sitting down beside her. "Well, it's like this," began Melly. "Part of me feels that I am not worthy of Chris and that he's been so great and wonderful me or feel the same to me again. And the other part of me—" she paused.

. AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

"It sounds very absurd, but the other part of me can't forgive Chris. You see, he's lied and lied and lied to me. Of course, I can quite see he had to, and I know he hated dure see he had to, and I know he hated doing it, but still the fact remains that he can, doesn't it? And I can't help feeling that now I should always be uncertain about Chris, about what to believe. Just when I was loving him most, and he was being nicest, I should think, I wonder if this is true or whether he is only saying it? Oh, it sounds horrid of me, but don't you see what I mean?" you see what I mean?"
Miriam nedded and took both of Molly's

hands in hers. "I quite see what you mean, my dear," she said, "but won't it make a difference to you when I tell you that Chris sees it, too? It's what he's been afraid of. sees it, too? It's what he's been arraid on but I have known him a great many years now, and I can tell you this, that he has always realized the danger of his work—that the bush his values. I mean, and make it might upset his values, I mean, and make him think less of lying than other people— and the consequence is that he is more rig-orous than any other man I know in his personal affairs. You could always believe him about anything like that. And, Molly, I don't know how much you know of the world, but you surely know that there are not many men who could be such a good pal to me as he has been without ever saying or doing or thinking anything that one man might not do or say or think here. night not do or say or think in relation to another. Ask any of his friends and they will all tell you Christopher Brent is the straightest pai on earth."

"I know. I'm sure he is," replied Molly a little more cheerfully, "but you must see it is difficult to feel quite the same about it at first, isn't it? It isn't that I blame Chris for any single thing he's done. It was his duty, and I think he has been splendid. It's only that it's a little-well-disconcerting to

find he could deceive one so well."
"Suppose you forget about your side of it for a bit, Molly. Realize that Chris hated it just as much as you do, only for his country's sake he had to sacrifice everything, even you, if necessary. He has had an awful strain in these last twenty-four hours, my dear, and it's up to you to make him happy now it's all over." idea caught at Molly's imagination

and she sat up eagerly, fresh life kindling in her face.
"If I can do that," she began, then stopped as Chris himself came in

"There you are, Molly!" he exclaimed "You poor little thing. I have been looking for you everywhere, and now I can't stop with you after all. I must go upstairs again. Mirlam, you had better come, too; the doc-tor says it's only a question of a few minutes.

Miriam stood up and once again Melly had the feeling of being slipped into the background while more important things were attended to. She looked after them and the tears rushed uncontrollably to her eyes. But the next minute Brent ran into the room and came up to the back of her chair as she knot unrobt. and that he's been so great and wonderful and the tears rushed uncontrollady to her and splendid and saved all our lives, while eyes. But the next minute Brent ran into the room and came up to the back of her myself suspect him of all sorts of dreadful things. I don't see now he can ever forgive ing over it.

"And to think, Chris, how we all have criticised you!"

"Don't go to bed, sweetheart, wait for me," he whispered, and taking her head between his hands he made as if to kiss her, then checked himself and went quickly out of the room again.

Molly remained kneeling up in the chair, then with sudden determination she, too, went out and up the stairs, and crept toward the door of the room where fraulein lay.

Traulein lay drawn up in a conterted "Don't go to bed, Molly," went on fluttering consciousness. Charles sat beside her, and the only expression in his pale, impassive face was sheer distasts for the whole affair. Never sheer distasts for the whole affair. Never heless, what remnants of humanity the downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and, since he was persion in his pale, impassive face was sheer distasts for the whole affair. Never heless, what remnants of humanity the downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and, since he was persion in his pale, impassive face was sheer distasts for the whole affair. Never heless, what remnants of humanity the downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and, since he was persion in his pale, impassive face was sheer distasts for the whole affair. Never leave, what remnants of humanity the downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and, since he was person in his pale, impassive face was sheer distants for the whole affair. Never leave, "But what shall I do with you, sweetheart who he downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and, since he was person in his pale, impassive face was sheer distants for the whole affair. Never leave, "But what shall I do with you, sweetheart who he downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and the only expression in his pale, impassive face was sheer distants for the whole affair. Never leave, "But what shall I do with you, sweetheart who he downfall of his hopes had left him were centured in his mother, and the only expression in his pale, impassive face was sher

Molly did not attempt to pass them, but stood looking in. She was almost past hor-ror. It seemed to her by now that a night-mare had become the usual mode of life. mare had become the usual mode of the Miriam was already beside the doctor on the other side of the bed. Chris stood by the window, looking out of it. He felt the long-drawn painfulness of the scene rather as Charles did—as an infliction that had to be borne. But although the dying woman to be considered to the control of the christic companion it was Chris he borne. But although the dying woman had been Charles's companion, it was Chris who was the more moved by the sight. It was not a pleasant death, not the quiet and inevitable drawing to the full of one who dies in due time, but rather a sudden and violent disruption of the life tissues. Everything that was sordid and ugly in the work of spies seemed concentrated and fused in the stiffening figure on the bed.

Charles and his mother were both, in their different ways—his clear cut and posi-

their different ways-his clear cut and po tive, hers muddled and hopeless—aware that all the glamour and glory had been stripped off their exploits. No one engaged in what was glorious would have been driven to end it like fraulein; that was the bare fact, and there was no getting away from it. Even the silent soldiers posted about the room were dimly conscious that the excitement and the thrill of the spy hunt had dwindled to a terrible drabness. There seemed no glory on their side, either; only unpleasant

Suddenly a more violent convulsion than ever before jerked fraulein's body up upon the bed, and in that moment her distorted, passionate spirit passed.

Chris, who had turned from the window to come to the bed's foot, was conscious of an immeasurable feeling of relief, as though a heavy weight which had been pressing on all of them in that house was lifted. He became in a moment the man of decisive action again. In a low quick voice he ordered the removal of Charles, and as he himself conferred with the doctor and the inspector he saw out of the corner of his ye that Miriam was attending to Mrs. San-

"She had better he taken down to the police station," he ordered. "You can't pos-sibly sit up any longer, Miriam, and there she can have a woman warder with her Corporal, you take Herr von Mantel with you. You have got the bomb, haven a water, "It's waiting outside in a bucket of water,

Very well, that's all, then. Tell the colonel I'll come down and see him in the morning."

Molly crouched back against the wall of the couridor as Von Mantel with his guards passed along it, followed by Mrs. Sander-son between Miriam and the inspector. Then Chris came to the door of the room. The light was behind him, so that his figure howed dark, but even so she could see by the sudden droop of it how worn out he looked. Her brain registered the fact un-consciously, though naturally at that mement the stark horror of what she had everything else. She ran toward him with

a frantic cry.

"Chris, take me away," she sobbed.

"Take me out of this, or I shall go mad.
Ob, Chris, Chria!"

"Why, Molly, what did you come up for?

How wrong of you! You poor child," and putting his arms around her Chris picked her up bodily. She let her head fall on his shoulder, but still clung to him tensely. "You must go to bed, Molly," went on Chris.

than by any consolation. Two soldiers stood, Dassage, the first breath of dawn. The just behind him and two more were at the door.

Mally did not attempt to pass them, but gleamed at the rim.

"Let's go out. Chris," said Molly, "Jung for a few moments. Look at the sky and the sea, it all looks go clean,"

Brent turned her face up toward his and scrutinized it in the wan light. Even Molly triumphant prettiness showed signs of warf, ness; there were dark marks under her eye and she was very pale, but Chris thought he had never seen her look so pretty, or rather, more than pretty. This was, indeed, Undine after she had found her soul; but as he looked he gave a sigh to the lover thoughtlessness that was gone.

All he said, with the absurdly begins

All he said, with the absurdly boyish not in his voice she had always liked, was: "Molly, darling, how frightfully clever of you! Come along, before anybody catche us." He took her hand and together the beat small down the stairs. In the hall, heartened down the stairs. In the us." He took her hand and together the hastened down the stairs. In the hall he in sisted on muffling her up in a big coal. Then they went across the veranda into the garden. The lawn was covered with innumerable twinkling points of dew and the glossy leaves of the laurel shone bright. The shrill, confused chirping of the birds came from the elm trees. Chris and Molly wenter that led on to the clift was from the cim trees. Chris and Molly west to the little gate that led on to the cliff path and stood there looking over the soa. The destroyers had gone; nothing remained to tell of the events of the night before, and the slowly brightening sea looked as insecent of war as the quiet of the English gar

cent of war as the quiet of the English garden in which the two stood.

Chris caught Molly to him.

"Dear little sweetheart," he said. "The nightmare's over. Look up at me."

"I—I—can't." said Molly. "I feel so ashamed. Oh. Chris, to think we were all criticizing you, and that all the time you were being so wonderful and splendid?

"Den't be a little goose, darling. I want wonderful and splendid a bit. I was only doing my job. And I tell you. I'm jolly giad it's over, if it's only so that you can be nice to me again."

"How can you want to have anything."

"How can you want to have anything more to do with me?" asked Molly, "narrow-minded, silly little prig, that's what

I am."
"Molly, I shall shake you. Do you know what you are? You are the dearest, sweetest, goodest little child there ever was When I think of all you give me, I squirm; yes I do, darling, I positively squirm."
But Molly shook her head and refused to be comforted. to be comforted.

to be comforted.

Suddenly Chris changed his tactics and appealed to the new Molly who he felt had come to life that day.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I am just about all in. Don't worry me any more Fim so tired, I hardly know what I am doing, and so sick of the whole sordid affair and the wretchedness of it. Nobody need think it's been a glorious or a wonderful experience: been a glorious or a wonderful experience; distorted human nature is the most appall-ing thing one could come up against. Now it's all over, I feel like a pricked balloon." Molly's hand stole out and she began gently to stroke his hair.

"Oh, it's been hateful," he burst out, for the first time regardless of what demands he made upon Molly and not seeking to spare her, "and there's that terrible little woman lying upstairs now. I wish to heaven they had burned the house down; it reeks of evil as though it could never be clean again.

Ah. Molly, recapture your lovely gayety for my sake. Make me laugh. Don't let go of me."

Molly flung out her arms and pressed her cheek against him. "Hush, Chris; hush, darling," she said.

"It's all right now. You have got me to take care of you."

And she never guessed that Christopher had maneuvered for her to feel that flow of strengthening. She was sure that her arms could held and support him, and he was self-reliant enough to be glad should herself be helped by the tender delusion.

## PATRIOTIC ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RED CROSS AND FOOD SAVING



SUCCESSFUL RED CROSS DINNER HELD ON THE LAWN AT GODFREY S. MAHN'S RESIDENCE AT AMBLER FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WOOL FUND FOR KNITTING SWEATERS FOR SOLDIERS



MERION'S RED CROSS HOUSE IN WHICH SIX ROOMS HAVE BEEN FITTED OUT FOR THE CARE OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS



OOD ADMINISTRATION AT WASHINGTON GIVE ATIONS IN THE PROPER METHODS OF CANNING IND PRESERVING FOODS



AMBLER RED CROSS CHAPTER, WITH STANLEY J. LYNCH, FIRST PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY, THEIR MILITARY ESCORT