The Yellow Dove A Romance of the Secret Service By George Gibbs Author of "The Flaming Sword," Madcap," etc. Convright, 1918, D. Appleton & Co.

'Oo's 'im, I'd like to arsk?"

gun-barrel. The nearer high-angle guns were speaking now—fruitiessly, for the sounds seemed to come from directly overhead. The fog lifted again and a shaft of pale suniight shot across the of entrenchments.

There 'c is, not wastin' no time-'e

You'll know b-y soon 'oo 'Yaller-belly is, won't 'e, B.ll? Pow! That's 'im-

m sharp ones."
"Garn!" said the one called Bill. "'E

dahn hinformal-like, out o' nowhere-

"And cawn't they catch im?"
"Catch 'im—? Bly me—not they! A
thousand 'orse-power, they say 'e 'as thousand 'orse-power, they say 'e 'asthey was a lot o' bloomink captivatin'

"But the 'igh-hangles-"Moves too fast-'ere an' gone agayn, afore you can fill yer cutty. They do say 'as 'ow when Yallerbelly comes, there's sure to be big doin's along the

dshn at Copenhagen—
"Company, gran'pop—"
"Aw! Wot's the hodds? Dahn at Copenhagen, 'e flew abaht same as 'e's daughter, the idea of the Honorable of the Honora

"And what happened?" "You'll 'ave to arsk Sir John abaht that, me son," finished the other dryly. "We was drillin' rear-guard actions,

We was drilled, right, left, an' a bit in the middle." Bill rose and spat down the wind. "Tyke it from me," he finished, with a glance aloft through the a bit in the middle. mist, "there'll be somethin' happen beween 'ere an' Wipers afore the week

'Aye-the 'earse, Bill." Wot 'earse?" asked the newcomer

"The larst time 'e kyme-down Wipers ay. There was a lull in the firin' an' ween the lines o' trenches where the sad Dutchies was comes a 'carse—a real 'earse with black 'orses, plumes an' We thought 'twas some general d come to fetch and hup we stands ut o' the trenches, comp'ny after comp'ny, caps off, all respec'ful-like. This ere 'earse comes along slow an' mourn-ful, black curt'ins an' all flappin' in the wind an' six of the blighters a-marchin' heads down behind it. They wheels up abreast of our comp'ny near a mound o' earth and stops, an' while we was lookin'—the front side of that there -y vee-Hicle drops out an' a ma--gun begins slippin' it into us pretty 'Earse-that's wot it -a 'earse! an' it jolly well made a funeral out o' B Company.

"Gawd!" said the newcomer. "And 'I ayn't sayin' nothin' abaht 'im.

The sounds of firing rose and fell again. The fog thickened and the last crashes of the high-angle guns echoed out to sea, but the rush of the flying planes continued. Three machines there were by the sound of them, but one few ever more distinct until the sounds the three were merged into one, seer it came, until like the blast of a storm down a mountan side, a huge shadow fell across the dunes and was sone amid a scattering of futile shots to the fog, which might as well have en aimed at the moon

the prescient, straightened and through the fog toward the flying

"A 'earse," he muttered. "That's wot it was a 'earse."

automatic chess passes."

A 'earse," he muttered. "That's wot it was—a 'earse."

CHAPTER I

Sheltered People

TADY BETTY HEATHCOTE had a reputation in which she took pride for giving successful dinners in a heighborhood where successful dinners in a heighborhood where successful dinners were a rule rather than an exception. Her prescription was simple and consisted solely in compounding her social elements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with intellements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with intellements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with intellements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with intellements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with intellements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with intellements had been born, plays had had their real premieres, novels had been devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty," she said with some devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to by Lady Betty, see some not made in heaven and the said seeds on the resident mix the feeling of the right mix decision to go to France as soon as the training was completed she became their frail and the feeling of the mix it is and the feeling of the mix it is and the feeling of the mix it is "He's also an excellent story of the prescription was simple and consisted solely in compounding her social clements by strenuous mixing. She had a faculty for discovering cubs with inciplent manes and saw them safely grown without mishap. At her house in Park Lane politics, art; literature and science rubbed elbows. Here pictures had been born, plays had had their real premieres, novels had been devised, and poems without number, not a few of which were indited to be a few of which were and the cause of the few of the few of the control of the few of the few of the few of the

addatact cash and then a tense hush.

Side-apearly, but not quite. A sound by many as to be almost lost in the sense of the var with Germany had been soft the var with Germany and the new through the season at Carlabad—no special was under the for bank.

Side-apearly, but not quite. A sound by many as to be almost lost in the desperate character of the war with Germany had been soft the var with Germany and the new through the season at Carlabad—no special was under the for bank.

Side-apearly, but not quite. A sound by the war with Germany had been soft the var with Germany had been soft the benefit of the war with Germany and the same series of the var with Germany and the hearts of the benefit of the war with Germany and the hearts of the benefit of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored on the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored of the war with Germany and the number of whether All words the best extracted of the war with Germany and the number of the developed and the property of the war with Germany and the number of the bored of the war with Germany and the number of the bored of the war with Germany and the number of the war with Germany and the number of the bored of the war with Germany and the number of the development of the war with Germany and the number of the bored of the war with Germany and t "Stow yer jaw, cawn't yer 'ear? Ole of the new association for the training

"Stow yer jaw, cawn't yer 'ear? Ole Tailer-belly, agayn."

The sounds were now clarly audible and to the South a series of rapid detentions shivered the air.

"There goes 'Johnny look in the air.

"A hearse order rang out from the training and equipment of nurses. Lady Heath-cote herself showed signs of the wear and tear of an extraordinary situation, but she mahaged to meet it squarely by using every ounce of her abundant energy and eyery faculty of her resourceful mind.

Many secrets were hers, both political and department of nurses, Lady Heath-cote herself showed signs of the wear and tear of an extraordinary situation, but she mahaged to meet it squarely by using every ounce of her abundant energy and eyery faculty of her resourceful mind.

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Many secrets were hers, both political and early served with the mahaged to meet it squarely by using every ounce of her abundant energy of the seal in the mahaged most circle, she knew that even her that s own house might not have been im-mune from visitors whose secret mo-that dives were open to question. It was, that si therefore, with the desire to reassure body? "Yus. But they're arfter 'im. There herself as to the unadulterated loyalty herself as to the unadulterated loyalty of her intimates that she had carefully the way he looked at her. She felt scrutinized her dinner lists, eliminating very sorry for him, but Betty Heathadon under his coat of windburn.

Some of the complexion of a family with the Red Cross.

You're one of the new lot, ayn't yer?

Party of art, in which John Rizzio, the Hammersley booked

bright particular star in London's firmament was to lend his effulvence. John Rizzlo, dean of collectors, whose wonderful house in Bashale "Garn!" said the one called Bill. "E Square rivaled the Brit'sh Museum and the Wallace collection combined; and the Wallace collection combined; an Italian by birth, an Englishman by Nice droppin's fer a dove, ayn't they?"

Nice droppin's fer a dove, ayn't they?"

"Dove? said the newcomer.

"Yus. Tubs the swine calls em——, who had been an intimate of King who had been an intimate of King "Tusb, yer blighter."

"Tub, I say. Whenever troops is who knew as much about the inner working of the Government as majorin, 'e's always abaht—jus' drops who knew as much about the inner workings of the Government as majorin, 'e's always abah hinformal-like, out o' nowhere—"

"Tubberda's circle it hat been her custom to give him a dinner on the anniversary of the day of the a quisition of the most famous picture in his collection "The Contract

which had before the death of the old Earl, been the aim of collectors throughout the world. As usual, the selection of her greats had been le't to Rizzio, whose variety of taste in friendships could have been "Aye," said Bill. "When we was no better shown than in the company shu at Copenhagen—" which now graced Lady H athcote's

> duty at the War Office; Lady Joyliffo who bad less her coul at Mons a teresting widow, the bud of whose new affections was already emerging from her weeds; John Sandys, under-secre her weeds; John Sandva, under-secre-tary for foreign affairs, the object of those affections; Miss Doris Mather, daughter of the American cotton king, who was known for doing un-usual things, not the least of which usual things, not the least of which was her recent refusal of the hand of John Rizzio one of London's catches. and the acceptance of that of the Ho orable Cyril Hammers ev. the last to be mentioned member of this distinsuished company, gentleman sports-man and man about town, who, as everybody knew, would never set the

> world affre. Not one knew how this miracle had Not one knew how this his happened for Doris Mather's brains were above the ordinary; she had a wind properties taste in books and a were above the ordinary, see how discribinating taste in books and a knowledge of pictures, and just before dinner upstairs in a burst of confidence she had given her surprised hostess an idea of what a man should.

> "He should be clever Betty," she sighed, "a worker, a dreamer of great dreams, a firebrand in every good cause, a patriot willing to fight to the

her and she paused.
"And that 's why you chose the him blankly.

Honorable Cyril?"

The Honorable Cyril only stared at him blankly.
"Haw!" he said, which, as Lady.

frowned at her image in the mirror.
"Don't be nasty, Betty, I couldn't
marry a man as old as John Rizzi."
Lady Betty only laughed again.
Lady Betty only laughed again.

Prelude

PiFTS of sulien gray in the dirty verified the most unimportant decisions are accommendation of the most unimportant decisions. The decision of the matched with sples," he growled, "For combet with sples," he gr

mistake, pauses between the alternatives of tenacity and recantation. And yet as soon as she saw him a little tremor of pleasure passed over her. In spite of his drooping pose, his vacant stare, his obvious inadequacy, she was use there was something about Cyril Hammersly that made him beyond doubt the mest distinguished.

When the ground—'specially dermans,"

Bockles, "said Lady Betty contempt thousty. She was inclined to be intolerant stare, his obvious inadequacy, she was inclined to be intolerant. For her Algy had already been mentioned in dispatches. "I don't understand vou, Cyril."

Hammersly that made him beyond doubt the mest distinguished.

"You forcet Cyril's four years at youd doubt the meat ustings over "You to looking person in the room—not even "You to Heldelberg

He took her hand and bent over her fingers. Such a bread back he had, such a finely shaped head, such a finely shaped head. shoulders, such strong hands that shoulders, such strong hands that were capable of so much but had achieved so little! And were these all that she could have reen in him? Reason told her that it was her mind ping from Po-1h. "Hummersley is merely stolcally peaceful. Listen."

"You forget Cyril's four years at

He came over to her at once, the monocle dropping from his eye.

"Aw'fly glad. Jolly good to see you, m'dear. Handsome no end."

He tank her handsome to end." ley calmly, sniffing at the rim of his

wine lass.
"This is nardly the time to confess it" said Kipshaven dryly.
Doris sat silent, aware of a deep hu-

when he gets them."

"D—n him!" growled Kipshaven flower of our service already killed in quite audibly, a sentiment which battle. We need men and still more echoed so truly in the hearts of those men. Any able-bodied fellow under present that it passed without come forty who stays at home"—and he there was a movement at the mantel. glanced meaningly at the Honorable

ril carelessly.
"Delighted. When the war is over," credulously, another doubt, a

"Don't be too hard on the chap,"
Rizzio was saying in an undertone to
Kipshaven. "You're singing the
'Hassgesag.' He's harmless—I tell you
—positively harmless." And then as
the others moved toward the door:
"Come, Lady Heathcote won't mind
our tobacco."
Hammerslev led the way, with Byfield and Rizzio at his heels. and he there was a movement at the mantel.

field and Rizzio at his heels,
Jacqueline Morley had been trying
to play the plano, but there was no
"Harm
"Tipperary," when there was a gencrous chorus in which the men joined.
Ham

Hammersley found Doris with Con-stance Joyliffe in an alcove. At his approach Lady Joyliffe retired, "Handsome, no end" he murmured to her as he sank beside her.

be so generous."
"What?" "Just what everybody is thinking

about you—that you've got to do some-thing—enlist to fight—go to France, if only as a chauff-cir. They'd let you do that tomorrow if you'd go."
"Chauffeur! Me! Not really!"
"Yes, that or something else," that or something else," de-

went on distinctly.

"Because I could never marry a man people talked about as people are talking about you." She hesitated a moment and then

Not marry 7" The Honorable Cyrll's face for the first time that evening showed an expression of concern, "Not marry—me? You can't mean

"I do thean it, Cyril," she said firmly,
"I can't marry you."
"Why—?"

"Because to me love is a sacrament.

Love of woman—love of country, but
the last is the greater of the two. No man who isn't a patriot is fit to be a husband."

She broke in before he could protest, quietly "Yes—a patriot, You're not a patriot—that is, if you're an Englishman. I don't know you, Cyril. You puzzle me. You're lukewarm. Day after day you're seen your friends and mine go you've seen your friends and mine go off in uniform, but it doesn't mean anything to you. It doesn't mean anything to you. It doesn't mean anything to you that England's n danver into an armchair. and that she needs every man who can be spared at home to go to the front. You see them go, and the only thing it means to you is that you're losing elubmates and sportmates. Instead of taking the infection of ferver, vo. go to Scotland to shoot, not Germans but Deer!" she repeated scath-

But there aren't Germans in Scotland; at least, none that a chap could shoot," he said with a smile.

shoot," he said with a smre.
"Then go where there are Germans
to shoot," she said impetuously. She put her face to her hands a moment. "The captain of a merchant steamer who saw it quite plainly reported that the power of the machine was simply amazing—that it flew at about six thousand feet and was lost to sight made no reply.

"The object of these remarks turned them speak of you tonight. The object of these remarks turned thousand feet and was lost to sight made no reply.

"The object of these remarks turned them speak of you tonight. Here y are in the midst of friends, people who know you and like you; but what must other people who don't you understand? You've got to prove yourself. You've got to make people stop speaking of you as I've heard them speak of you tonight. Here y are in the midst of friends, people who know you and like you; but what must other people who don't you've got to prove yourself. You've got to make people stop speaking of you as I've heard them speak of you are you would not not people who don't you've got to prove yourself. You've got to make people stop speaking of you as I've heard them speak of you are you are you've you are you've you've got to make people stop speaking of you as I've heard them speak of you are you've you've you've got to make people stop speaking of you as I've heard them speak of you are you've heard them speak of you are you've you've you've got to make people stop speaking of you as I've heard them speak of you tonight.

woman and one of your truest friends, has lost patience with you.—I had al-most said lost confidence in you." Her voice trailed into silence. Ham-mersley was moving the border of the

there. Make some silly ass mistake probably. No end of trouble—all "I was never more in earnest in my around. "And you're willing to sacrifice the

good will, the affection of your friends. the respect of the girl you say you Oh, I say, Doris. Not that

"Information is getting out somewhere. I violate no confidences in telling you. The War Office is perturbed."

"How terrible!" said Lady Joyliffe.
"And don't they suspect?"

"That's the wors. It. The Germans got wind of some of Lord Kitchener's plans and some of the Admiralty's—which nobody knew but those

"And some of the Admiralty's—which nobody knew but those that," said the Earl. shell. You, Cyril, you! Is it thatthe love of ease? Or is it something
else—something to do with your German kinship—the memory of you
mother. What is it? If you still want

mother. What is it? If you still want
me, Cyril, it is my right to know—"
"Want you, Doris—" his voice went
a little lower. "Yes, I want you,
You might know that."
"Then you must tell me." He hesitated and peered at the eye-

glass in his fingers. glass in his fingers.
"I think—it's because I—" He
paused and then crossed his hands
and bowed his head with an air of

and bowed his head with an air of "Byfield has them." relinquishment. "Because I think I "Not that package." put in must be a —he almost whispered the with a wave of the hand. And word—"a coward."

Dorin Mather rawed at him a long other."

"You—a coward!" Doris repeated.

vide-eyed. "I don't believe you."

He bent his head again.
"I—I'm afraid you'd better," he mid

She rose, still looking at him in "Not until dreadful one, winging its flight to and fro across her inner vision,
"Come," she said in a tone she
hardly recognized as her own, "come

He stood uncertainly and as she

started to go,
"You'll let me take you home, Doris?" he asked. She bent her head and without re-

plying made her way to the group beyond the alcove.

Hammersley stood a moment watch ing her diminishing back and then a curious expression, half of trouble

half of resolution, came into his eyes. Then after a quick glance around he curtain he suddenly reached into

Hammersley?" he asked.
"Happy," said the Honorable Cyril.

"In the smoking-room-if you don't Hammersley hesitated a moment and then swung on his heels and led the way. At the smoking-room door from the hallway Rizzio paused, then

quietly drew the heavy curtains be-"Handsome is as hand-ome does, hind them.

Cyril," she said slowly. "If you knew, Hammersley, standing by the table, what I was thinking of, you wouldn't followed this action with a kind of bored curiosity, aware that Riz dark gaze had never once left him since they had entered the room Slowly Hammersley took his hands from his pockets, reached into his waistcoat for his civarette case, and.

as Rizzio approached, opened and of-fered it to him.

fered it to him.

"Smoke" he asked carelessly.

"I don't mind if I do. But I've taken
a curious liking for rolled cigarettes.
Ah! I thought so." He opened the tobacco jar and sniffed at it, searched
around the articles on the table, then:
"How disappointing! Nothing but
Algy's dreadful pipes. You don't
happen to have any rice papers, do
you?"

Hammersley was lighting his own cigarette at the brazier.
"No. Sorry," he replied laconically.
Rizzio leaned beside him against the

edge of the table.
"Strange! I thought I saw you making a eiggrette in the dining-

Hammersley's face brightened. "Oh. yes. Byfield. Byfield has rice papers."
"I'd rather have yours," he said

The Honorable Cyril looked up.
"Mine, old chap? I thought I told
you I hadn't any." Rizzio smiled amiably

Rizzio did not move and the Hon-orable Cyril, his head back, was already blowing smoke rings.
Rizzio suddenly relaxed with a jaugh and put his less over a small c near Hammersley's and folded

near Hammersley's and folded his arms along its back.
"Do you know, Hammersley," he said with a laugh, "I sometimes think that as I grow older my hearing is not as good as it used to be. Perhaps you'll say that I cling to my vanish-ing youth with a fatuous desperation. I do. Rather silly, isn't It. because 'm quite forty-five. But I've a curl-cosity, even in so small a matter, to osity, even in so small a matter, to learn whether things are as bad with me as I think they are. Now unless course going to add a few more stay nirs to my head by telling me an idle curiosity, if you like, but still strangely important to my peace of

He paused a moment and looked at Cyril, who was examining him with frank bewilderment.

Hammersley politely.
"I'll try to make it clearer. Some mersley was moving the toe of his variable to the mished boot along the border of the Aubusson rug.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly, "Awfly sorry," the said slowly, "Awfly begin with I thought you said you. "Sorry! Are you? But what are begin with. I thought you said you had no cigarette paners. If I heard you wrong, then the burden of proof you. I'm sure. I'm no bull. Hammersley turned his cigarette you going to do about it?"

"Oh, I say, Lord Kipshaven," he said with a slow smile, "you're not said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use, you at fault, it's high time I consulted a know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because, you know, at the know. Wouldn't be any bally use over specialist, because, you know, at the know. Wouldn't be any bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know. Wouldn't be any bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know. Wouldn't be any bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, at the said with a slow smile, "you're not know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no bally use over specialist, because you know, I'm sure. I'm no ba specialist, because, you know, at table in the dining-room, when were sitting with Byfield, quite were sitting with Byfield, quite distinctly I saw you put a package of Riz-la-Croix into your right-hand neeket. The color, as you know is yellow—a color to which my onde nerve is peculiarly sensitive." He hand a gain, "I know could nerve is peculiarly sensitive." He hauched awain. "I knew you'd hardly go out of your way to make a misstatement on so small a matter, and if you don't mind satisfying a foible of my vanity. I wish you'd tell me whether or not I'm mistaken."

He stopped and looked at Hammarian who was recarding him with

'ey, who was resarding him with lite if nuzzled tolerance. Then, if realizing that something was oured of him, Hammersley lear

forward. "I sav. Rizzlo! What the deut it all about? I'm sorry von're m old an' all that sort of thing. I can't help it. Now can I old cl Rizzio's smile slowly faded and gaze passed Hummersley and r on the brass fender of the firence "You don't care to tell nusked.
"What?"

"About that package of rice;

CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S Evening Public Kedo



"Well, rather," replied Captain Byfield, and he pushed a pouch and a package of cigarette papers along the tablecloth toward Hammersley.

eyeglass.
"Red Cross—you! Oh, I say. "Cyric y
Doris, that's goin' it rather thick on Heathcote.

imbulance corps and has promised to let me go. John Rizzio, tall, urbane, dark and

eynical, who had joined them, heard her last words and broke into a shrug. "It's the khaki, Hammersley. The women will follow it to the ends of the earth. Broadcloth and tweeds are not in the fashion." He ran his arm through Hammersley's. "There's noth-ing for you and me but to volunteer."

onorable Cyril?"
Miss Mather compressed her lins and
Betty once expressed it, was half the Here the Kipshavens arrived and

Lady Betty only laughed again.

"Forgive me, dear, but it real'y is most curious. I wouldn't laugh if you hadn't been so careful to describe to me all the virtues that Cyrll—hasn't."

Doris powdered the end of her nose thoughtfully.

"I suppose they're all a myth—men like that. They simply don't exist—that's all."

Here the Kipshavens arrived and their hostess signaled the advance upon the dinner table.

One of the secrets of the success of Lady Heathcote's dinners was the size and shape of her table, which seated no more than ten and was round. Here the Kipshavens arrived and their hostess signaled the advance upon the dinner table.

One of the secrets of the success of Lady Heathcote's dinners was the size and shape of her table, which seated no more than ten and was round. Here the Kipshavens arrived and their hostess signaled the advance upon the dinner table. that's all."

Lady Betty pinned a final jewel on her bodice.

"Tm sure John Rizzio is flattered at your choice. Cyril is an old dear, But to marry! I'd as soon take the But to marry! I'd as soon take the automatic chess player. Why are you going to marry Cyril, Doris?" she asked.

table could see and converse with any one else. It was thus possible delicately to remind those who insisted on completely appropriating their din are partners that private matters could be much more safely discussed in the flatter of the purpose. Doris sat between Rizzio and Byfield, Hammerskey with asked. for the purpose. Doris sat between Rizzio and Byfleid, Hammersley with Lady Joyliffe just opposite, and when Rizzio announced the American girl's

and then with a contortion set his And turning to Lady Joyliffe: "Punch" "The captain of a merchant steamer Cyril-"ought to be put to work mend-

chap——"
"No, Insulated,
flash of the eyes.

"Rizzio laughed, "Highly potential,
Rizzio laughed, "Highly potential,
The structure of the eyes.

Rizzio laughed, "Highly potential,
Rizzio laughed, "Highly potential,
Rizzio laughed, "Highly potential, but er not dangerous. Why should he be? He's your typical Briton-sport-loving, calm and nerveless in the most exacting situations - I was at Lords, you know, when Hammersley

made that winning run for Marylebo -two minutes to play. Every bowler they put up---" "It's hardly a time for bats," put in Kipshaven dryly. "What we need is fast bowlers—with rifles." The object of these remarks sat sc-

renely, smiling' blandly around the table, but made no reply. In the pause that followed Sandy was heard in a half whisper to Byfield. "What's this I hear of a leak at the

War Office? Var Office?"
Captain Byfield glanced down the able. "Have you heard that?"
"Yes, At the club,"
Captain Byfield touched the rim of

his glass to his lips.
"I've heard nothing of it."
"What?" from a cherus.
"Information is getting out some

ener's plans and some o the Admiral-ty's—which nobody knew but those that," said the Earl. very near the men at the top."
"A spy in that circle—unbelievable,"

CHAPTE said Kipshaven.
"My authority is a man of impor-

bit bracks his a who saw it quite plainly reported that ing roads, "Cyre you're insular," from Lady the power of the machine was simply The object.

minute and in Belgium the next. Our German university with your Prustroops in the trenches think he's a sian kinsmen and now openly flaunt phantom. They say even the bombs your sympathies at a dinner of Brithe drops are phantoms. They are ish patriots. Speak up. How do you heard to explode, but nobody has even been hit by them."

Hammersley turned his cigarette

orable Cyril impassively. "I was never more in ea "Shoot the moon, sir," roared the life. How do you stand?" "Shoot the moon sir," roared the Earl angrily. "It's no time for idiotic "Haw!" said Hammersley, with obremarks. If this story is true, a danger hangs over England. No whole
some Briton," here he glanced again
at Hammersley, "ought to sleep until
at Hammersley, "ought to sleep until
this menace is discovered and destroyed."

"Haw!" said Hammersley, with obroad all that sort of thing. How can
an Englishman be anything else? Silly
at I say, "he finished looking calmily
stroyed."

CHAPTER II The Undercurrent

"My authority is a man of importance. Fortunately no damage has
been done. The story goes that we're
issuing false statements in certain
channels to mislead the enemy and
find the culprit."

"But how does the news reach the
Germans?" asked Rizzio.

By courier to the "But how does the news reach the Germans?" asked Rizzio.

"No one knows. By courier to the coast and then by fast motorboat able, this German spy was making perhaps; or by airplane. It's very frequent flights between England and mysterious. A huge Taube, yellow in color, flying over the North Sea between England and the continent had shop with supplies of oil and fuelbeen sighted and reported by English Where in this tight little island could vessels again and again and each a German airman descend with a been sighted and reported by English Where in this tight little island could moment vessels again and again and each flight had coincided with some unexpected move on the part of the enemy. Once it was seen just before the raid at Falmouth, again before the Zeppelin visit to Sandringham."

"A yellow dove!" said Lady Kipshaven. "A bird of ill omen, surely."

"But how could such an airplane where in this tight little island could moment took the contact the contact the surface of Englishmen? The thing smudge at Falmouth, again before the Zeppelin visit to Sandringham."

"But how could such an airplane which led to Germany."

"Well where in this tight little island could moment took the Honoral H

amazing—that it flew at about six thousand feet and was lost to sight thousand feet and was lost to sight in an incredibly brief time. In short, my friends, the Yellow Dove is one of the miracles of the day—and its pilot one of its mysteries."

"But our aviation men—can they do "What? Chase rainbows? Where what? Chase rainbows? Where shall their voyage begin and where shall the blank stare of his manoton to sight made no reply.

"Yes, I mean you, Cyril," went on the Earl steadily. "Your mother was born a Prussian. I knew her well and I think she learned to thank God that fortune had given her an Englishman for his particular to the proposed where well and I think she learned to thank God that fortune had given her an Englishman to thing the voyage we? What must other people who we? What must other people

beeh hit by them."

"What will the War Office do?"

Sandys shrugged expressively,
"What would you do?"

"Shoot the beggar," said the Hon-

cent submarine raid.

Hammersley and Byfield sat near each other at the side of the table away from the others. There was a moment of silence—which Hammersley im-

proved by blowing smoke rings toward the ceiling. Captain Byfield watched him a moment and then after a glance in the direction of the Earl leaned in the direction of the Earl leaned carelessly on an elbow toward Hammersley.
"Any shootin' at the North?" he

Hammersley's monocle dropped and Hammersley's monocle dropped and the eyes of the two men met.

"Yes, I'm shootin' the day after tomorrow," said Hammersley quietly Byfield looked away and another long moment of silence followed. Then the Honorable Cyril after a puff or two took the long amber holder from his mouth, removed the cigarette and smouth, removed the cigarette and smudged the ash upon the receiver.

"Bally heady cigarettes, tness of Algy's. Don't happen to have any baccy and papers about you, do you, Byfield?"

"Well, rather," replied the captain.

Doris Mather gazed at him a long other.'