

GOOD ROADS,
GOOD HOMES,
BEST CHEESE

CLOVERDALE COURIER.

The Nestucca Valley First,
Last and all the
Time.

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PEARL of the ARMY

By GUY W. McCONNELL



A Story of "America First," Unmasking America's Secret Foes

Novelized From the Motion Picture Serial of the Same Name Released by Pathe

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Ralph Payne, U. S. A., is given secret plans of defense to deliver to Panama. He attends a ball at the Granada embassy with Colonel Dare's daughter, Pearl. As a climax to a series of mysterious incidents he is arrested for treason. The ambassador of Granada is found dead and the plans missing from Payne's coat. Major Brent, Payne's rival, enters into suspicious negotiations with Bertha Bonn. Pearl Dare follows a burglar from her home; is drugged and left in a field, and later overhears plotters, who almost capture her. Payne is sentenced to life imprisonment. A train carrying Pearl, Bertha Bonn and Payne on his way to prison is wrecked and Pearl sees Payne's lifeless body at her feet. She meets a mysterious stranger who offers her his services to trace the traitors. She learns that he has the plans. Pearl finds Adams in Washington and learns of his peculiar actions. Adams warns Senator Warfield that he is in danger from a ring of spies. While they talk the senator's office is attacked by conspirators. Bertha Bonn asks Pearl to hand Adams a package which proves to be the plans. Adams is made Colonel Dare's orderly. They are ordered South. The Granadians capture Pearl and Adams to get the plans. Pearl begs Adams to let her take his belt which contains the defense plans. They escape and Adams steals the belt from her. Brent confronts Adams communicating with the enemy. Bertha Bonn warns Pearl against her professed friends. Pearl is captured again by the Granadians. She is rescued by Adams. Disguised as his brother she accompanies him into the camp of the conspirators, and poses as a chemist. They are recognized; in the fight Adams saves Pearl from harm. Colonel Dare arrives with American troops. The black scarf appears.

EIGHTH EPISODE

International Diplomacy.

The dramatic end of Bolero in his stronghold at Englita on the western boundary of Granada and the recovery of the Canal defense plans, proved several important things to the United States government.

It established absolutely the existence of a foreign alliance; it cleared the Granadian government of responsibility in the Payne case, it being proven that Bolero and the murdered Granadian ambassador, De Mira, were traitors to their own country, secretly and independently in league with the foreign alliance in the furtherance of their personal ambitions; it welded the two nations more closely together than they ever had been. This marked the birth of a united American spirit to defend the Monroe Doctrine against invasion from overseas.

Perhaps no more startling international plot ever had been woven than

the attempt of the foreign alliance to embroil the United States and Granada in a war for the purpose of exposing our unprepared position to defend a counter-attack at our weakest place; the Canal. The government took the death of Bolero as an indication of the failure of the plot.

If only to settle public unrest, some 50,000 experienced soldiers were now added to the military garrison on our 40-mile strip on the isthmus; negotiations to purchase the Danish West Indies were started for the purpose of making a new naval base in the Caribbean; a more watchful gunboat patrol was maintained on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the big ditch; and with that the incident became a closed one, so far as the public knew.

But the incident was by no means closed in inner government circles. First was the unsolved mystery in the Payne case. It was now admitted by everyone connected therewith that there was more than reasonable assumption of doubt of Payne's guilt, which made his untimely death all the



Pearl in the Power of the Silent Menace.

more regrettable. Yet, there was the testimony of Colonel Dare's orderly—T. O. Adams—who claimed to have found the Canal defense plans in Captain Payne's military belt, or at least

in a belt which he swore on his oath came from Payne's body.

Adams had so firmly re-established his position that his word was accepted as the truth. Careful investigation of a man answering his description, hailing from Monk's Corner, Nebraska, and in the various kinds and places of employment represented by Adams was made, verifying his claims.

Between Toko and Adams quite a jealousy sprang up, and between one other person and the colonel's celebrated orderly a hostile feeling existed. This was Major Brent. The major, who had satisfactorily explained the muffler affair, could not get over the fact that Adams had come back a hero in the estimation of the government and the Dares.

It was Major Brent who, while Adams was being examined by the general array staff, tried to pierce his testimony full of holes and make him out anything but a well-meaning and patriotic fellow.

"You knew that the Canal defense plans were in Captain Payne's belt from the very beginning, didn't you?" queried the major at that time.

"I d-didn't," answered Adams to the point.

"When did you discover them to be concealed there?" interposed the chief of staff.

"On the day Major Brent t-took them from me."

"In the hut of the old woman in Granada?"

Adams nodded.

"Why then did you resist arrest and conceal the information you now vouch?"

"I had a notion that I could k-ketch that there Silent Menace. I wanted to c-cop the credit. Ain't that natural? I j-just let Major Brent think t-that I was a Granadian spy."

"But who other than you could have given the Canal defense plans to Bolero?" interjected Brent, sarcastically.

"Why, the Silent Menace, himself!" answered Adams in surprise at such a question.

"It was not you, then?"

"I told you before it w-wasn't me," maintained Adams, his features flushing in anger. "The Silent Menace ain't been about lately—ever since I shot Bolero."

To that suggestion there could be only vague comment.

Major Brent fell silent and bided his time.

"You'll get me yet, w-won't you, major?" ironically inquired Adams one day when the two were for a moment alone in Colonel Dare's library.

The major eyed him ferociously.

"You may depend upon it, I will."

"I'm terribly scared of you," laughed the orderly. "M-me and Miss Bonn—we're afeared t-to open our mouths. Have you seen the lady lately? And that reminds me, major—you'd give a hull h-heap to have that photograph back, wouldn't you? I ain't a-no blackmailer, but—"

Brent held up a protesting hand, for Miss Dare was approaching.

Adams withdrew into the hall. He chuckled when he overheard Miss Dare's greeting.

"Thanks for the flowers, Thornton." She wore a beautiful and becoming corsage. "It was as usual thoughtful of you." Then she changed the subject.

"I wonder what has become of Miss Bertha Bonn?" she asked, innocently.

"Miss Bertha Bonn?" repeated Major Brent, blankly.

"The girl we saved from Bolero. I haven't seen or heard of her since we left the Granadian border."

Adams lingered in the hallway, listening.

"I know nothing about her," hed Major Brent in the manner of one dismissing an uninteresting subject.

"Will you look her up?" persisted Pearl, clinging to her theme.

"If you ask me to, yes."

"Obtain her address, please. I'll ask her to call. I want to set her straight about—"

"About what?" Brent faltered.

"Don't pry into women's secrets, Thornton," she warned in an arch manner. "I may possibly want to discuss—"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Brent, trying to be comical, but falling utterly. He was in hot water and showed it by muttering something about Adams.

"Did you call me, Miss Dare?" interrupted Adams, suddenly appearing in the doorway. His laughing eyes were fastened upon the disconcerted major.

"I don't see how you can stand that awkward gink around," growled Brent

Thrift and Savings Deposits

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as Pearl dismissed the orderly with a kindly motion.

Pearl's eyes opened wide. "He's not awkward. He's handsome."

"You'll rue it," warned Brent, sighing as one who knows.

Subsequently Adams, obtaining leave from Colonel Dare, went uptown and paid an unexpected call on Miss Bertha Bonn in her apartment in the Hotel Wilton.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, feeling a bit awkward in her luxurious sitting room. "It must cost you a heap of money to live here."

Bertha laughed and offered him a cigarette from her gold case, lighting one herself.

They sat down.

"I knew that you would come sometime. I'm not afraid of you any more, T. O. Adams. In fact, I believe that we can get along well together," she began, cordially.

"What do you think I e-come for?" inquired he, looking at her steadily.

"To talk with me about Major Brent's photograph and my locket."

Adams winced at the ugly word.

"I wasn't the t-thief," he denied. "I kin explain a-all that if I want to."

"Tell it to the marines, Adams!" she decided.

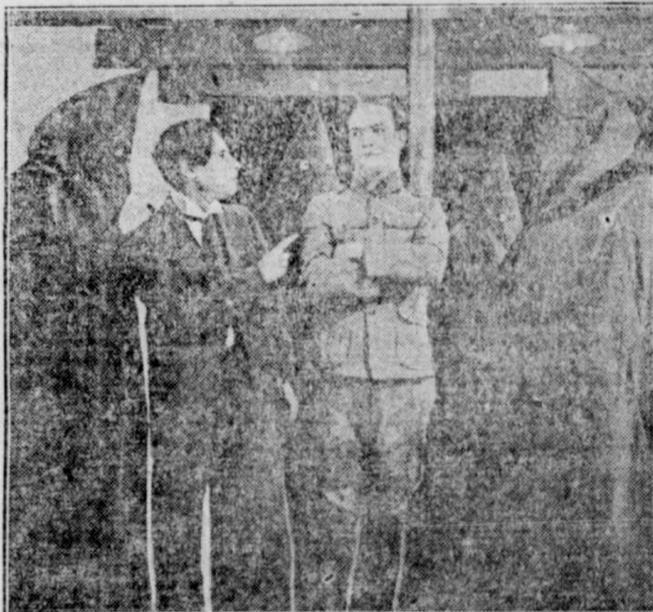
"W-why haven't you squealed on me, if you're s-so smart?"

"That's what I call coming straight to the point. I told you a moment ago that I think we can get on well together. I'll forgive you everything and keep your secret forever, if you give me back my locket and Major Brent's photograph."

After an uncertain pause, Adams carelessly inquired: "What if I told you t-that I never seen that locket or photy? W-would you believe me and still keep my—secret?"

"I don't see how I could do the former, at least," she retorted, inspecting him curiously. "The latter, possibly—if only for, well let us call it a diplomatic reason."

"Let's git down to a b-basis," he proposed after another silence. "You



Surrounded by Masked Figures.

was her frank and quick response.

"That's about it," he admitted, showing that he was a little surprised.

"I'd like t-to have that photy."

She did not seem to understand him.

"You would like to have it? Haven't you got it?"

He ignored her question with a stare.

"Didn't you steal it from me and then decoy me to the Granadian frontier with a promise to return it if I helped you out of that scrape when they nearly had you caught at the senate building?"

"I didn't," he replied emphatically.

"Didn't your messenger send me to Senator Warfield's office with the packet and note when everybody thought that you had stolen the preparedness budget?" the girl insisted.

"He w-wasn't my messenger. Did you know the e-contents of that packet and note before they were opened?"

Her reply gave him a start. "The note, no. The packet—it contained the Canal defense plans. I recognized the wrapper, most naturally."

His eyes narrowed. "And yet you l-let me get away with these plans—you saw me stuff them i-in my pocket and hand over the budget instead?"

The girl merely nodded. "I knew all the time that you were the thief they were after."

think that I g-got the locket and photy—that I'm t-the trouble maker, that there Silent Menace—what do you think about M-major Brent?"

"You've bought h-him, body, mind and soul—that's why I'm your friend."

Adams had difficulty in restraining a desire to laugh in her face, for this was not true. "You got it in f-for him hard, ain't you? You're jealous of someone, eh?"

The abrupt question startled Bertha.

"Of Miss Dare, yes," she admitted, her eyes flashing. Then, with a catch in her voice, "I'm afraid to analyze my real feelings for Thornton. To do so might lead me into rash behavior."

"You don't m-mean to say you love him?"

"I hate him!" she began, impetuously; adding with doubt, "I think."

"There is something b-between you—something big?"

"There was something—big," she responded, her eyes fixed upon the floor.

"You know all about that."

Then as the hush of twilight fell upon them, Bertha told Adams of her girlhood romance as though she were repeating to him a familiar story; of her futile attempt to regain Brent's affections; her threat to expose him to Captain Payne or Miss Dare through the medium of the locket

Continued on last page.

National Thrift Is the Slogan of the Day.



STATISTICS show that the country today is prosperous. Bank deposits have increased. Statisticians agree, however, that a period of depression is possible after the European war. Wise people are preparing by adding to their bank balances. Are you? If you haven't a bank account, open one today. If you have a bank balance, make up your mind to add to it. See us about your banking.

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