

GOOD ROADS,
GOOD HOMES,
BEST CHEESE

CLOVERDALE COURIER.

The Nestucca Valley First,
Last and all the
Time.

VOL. 13.

CLOVERDALE, TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1917

NO. 6

PEARL of the ARMY

Guy W. McConnell

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Colonel's Orderly.

It was all over.

The Silent Menace was unmasked. On the roof of the army administration building, helpless, huddled, his eyes closed, his face partly concealed in the crook of his unbroken arm, he lay in the center of an awed group, dying.

In this group was Major Thornton Brent and his wife, Mrs. Thornton Brent, formerly Miss Bertha Bonn. Even in that tragic moment a gold locket was conspicuous at her throat. At last had Bertha come into her own and the inscription on the miniature in the locket become a fact, indeed, Colonel Richard H. Dare and the chief of the army staff were also in the group, spellbound before the revelation they beheld.

Kneeling beside the dying man, from whom consciousness had not entirely fled, was Miss Pearl Dare and her father's orderly and her lover, T. O. Adams, about whom the shrouds of mystery had not altogether been removed.

The flag which the Silent Menace had attempted to despoil again fluttered in its place on the army administration building pole.

The dying man opened his eyes and gazed upon it in intense hatred. "It will yet come down!" he growled, as if foretelling the future.

A gust of wind shook the flag and unfurled its stars and stripes before the gaze of the stricken man, as if to defy and challenge him and the whole world.

The dying man turned from the hateful object of his sight and breathed his last. "The Silent Menace has not perished!" were his departing words. "America, look out!"

A shudder of horror ran through the spectators. Pearl Dare and T. O. Adams gave the dead man's face one indescribable look, rose and walked away, hand in hand, thinking of many things, of everything.

The dead man was Toko.

Toko, the Dare chauffeur, the faithful servant, the never suspected or questioned.

Toko was the Silent Menace.

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

Novelized From the Motion Picture Serial of the Same Name
Released by Pathe
Copyright, 1916, by Guy W. McConnell



Toko was the leader of the Foreign Alliance, the master political criminal, the man of distinguished characteristics of bearing, speech, physical prowess and illimitable power; a ruler, an international dreamer, superclever and supercunning, a genius in shaping events, in intrigue, an archplotter for crowns and sceptres against democracy and personal freedom.

Toko, the quiet and unassuming chauffeur, was all this, the man who shook America and foisted it to the last with a thick black muffler.

That he died a madman there was not the slightest doubt; for no sane person, no matter how revengeful or desperate, would have hazarded discovery when he must have known that every secret service man in Washington was searching for him. Furthermore, his language and appearance in death indicated that the man had gone entirely out of his head.

And now a curious change was apparent in the department of T. O. Adams. Before leaving the roof with Pearl he approached Brent and Bertha, briefly congratulated them and, not as a subordinate addressing his superior but as an equal, he requested the major to bring his wife to the Dares as soon as possible; and he also asked the colonel if he would try and arrange to be at home at an early hour.

Both the colonel and Brent took it that he had something further to tell about the Silent Menace and agreed to his wishes. Bertha did not know what to think. A preposterous notion had come into her mind, but it was so preposterous that it was dismissed at once, leaving her blank.

Adams and Pearl went to the hospital in which Toko had been placed on the day of the night they became prisoners on the ship of the Silent Menace en route to the canal. Here, to their amazement, although they now clearly understood, they learned that on the same night Toko had been taken from the hospital on a written order purporting to come from Colonel Dare, nothing strange being thought of that. This cleared the last but one of the only two missing links in the mystery of Toko, the other being seemingly impossible of solution.

It was this: How did Toko learn that the Canal Defense plans were con-

cealed under the left shoulder strap and the chemical wafers in the watch-fob locket of Captain Ralph Payne on that day in July when the latter left the secret council chamber of the general army staff, the only person outside of those in the session to whom this secret was known? And was the Granadian ambassador murdered by Toko?

"Someone must have told Toko!" declared Pearl, perplexed, as they hurried homeward. "Yet not a soul had left the council chamber when Captain Payne reached his hotel and found Toko's warning."

"Then you now think that Captain Payne was entirely innocent?" queried Adams, curiously.

"I am positive, as you are!" burst from the girl.

"There is no telephone connection from that council chamber, is there?"

"No connection of any kind with the outside world."

"And no one in the chamber knew what was to be done with the plans and the wafers when the meeting was called?"

"Not until they assembled did anyone except the chief of the army staff know, not even that there were such plans and wafers."

Adams laughed lightly. "Then there is only one answer to this puzzle!" he exclaimed. "Payne must have been guilty of forging his own handwriting on that note of warning and of telling Toko—or the Granadian ambassador—that the priceless secret was on his person—and where. That's all there is to that, Pearl!"

She looked at him questioningly. "You do not believe that! Do you?"

He laughed again. "What else is there to believe?"

She fell silent, sighing, and he said nothing more on the subject just then.

As soon as they reached the Dare residence, and before they entered the house, Adams very gravely requested Pearl to go with him to Toko's quarters over the garage. She eagerly consented.

When they entered the chauffeur's room it was apparent that Toko had been there recently. The floor was littered with torn-up pieces of letters and envelopes, on which the addresses, signatures and dates, as well as the postmarks, were rendered undecipherable. There was not a stitch of clothing or a single personal effect of the chauffeur in the place, not even a trunk or valise.

"He cleaned everything out, didn't he? Bag and baggage!" commented Adams, disappointment written on his face. "We shall probably never know who Toko was."

"What's this?" questioned Pearl, paying little heed to his remarks, absorbed in a discovery she had made.

Taken on the back of the door was a plain, bulky envelope, sealed.

"T. O. ADAMS,"

the address read. "That's what I've been rather expecting to find, Pearl!" Adams cried, with an enthusiasm at which she wondered greatly. "May I have it, please?"

A curious depression came upon Pearl as she looked from the name on the envelope to the owner, whose face was wreathed in smiles of real joy. She handed it to him without removing her eyes from his. Then an unfinished conversation at the army administration building flashed into her mind.

"Do you recall the unanswered questions I asked you, Adams, several hours ago?" she inquired, quickly and seriously, coming quite close to him.

"Yes, Pearl," he replied in low, tense tones.

"Will you now answer them, please?" she continued, in a pleading way; "so that all may be clear between us—so that there may be no hidden mystery to crop out in the years to come and—spoils our happiness and content and mutual trust. Is your name really T. O. Adams? Do you come from Monk's Corner, Nebraska, or wherever that outlandish place may be? Did you know that Toko was the Silent Menace? You were not in any way in league with him, were you?"

"Must you have your answer to all these questions now?" he inquired in a strange, thick voice.

"As you wish," she rejoined, not without a tinge of impatience.

"I am not T. O. Adams of Monk's Corner, Nebraska," he finally admitted in hollow tones.

The statement did not seem to surprise her. She made no comment, looking down at the tip of her slipper, waiting.

"I am not the mysterious inventor of the Canal Defense plans or the chemical wafers," he continued in the

Money will Take Care of You

TAKE care of your money and it will take care of you. Some time in your life you will need the help that a little ready money affords. If you take care of your present income, you will accumulate a surplus fund that may be used in case of sickness or loss of steady income. Begin by opening a Saving Account at this Bank and then deposit a portion of the money received. We welcome Savings Account in any amount from a dollar upwards. Your money will be safe and earn interest, so that your account will grow, both by your deposits and interest additions.

4 Per Cent Paid on Savings and Time Deposits. Best Banking Facilities in Town.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BANK

Established in 1902

Tillamook,

Oregon

same tones.

She looked up at that, her face showing pain and surprise.

"I never said that I was!" he continued, quickly, interpreting her thought. "I said that T. O. Adams was, and he was. And he was from Monk's Corner, Nebraska."

She seemed to be puzzled at this explanation, which was not an explanation at all, so far as she could see.

"I did not know that Toko was the Silent Menace, although I suspected it, and I, of course, was not in league with him in any way. Now, are my answers satisfactory?"

"No!" she exclaimed, candidly, stepping back a pace. Her voice was cool. "Who, may I ask, is the man to whom I have given my love and pledged my life? What has become of T. O. Adams, whose name and character you have assumed—I must admit, so well?"

"Adams is dead, Pearl," this strange person stated in accents so harsh with emotion that she became startled and only by sheer power of will restrained an impulse to fly from a haunting, undefined terror and—him.

"He died in my arms," the enigma went on, speaking in a disjointed way. "He breathed his secret to me, not knowing mine." He paused heavily, repeating after awhile: "Not knowing mine!"

"Where did Adams' death occur?" she demanded in a shrill voice which shocked the ears of her listener.

"He was killed in the railroad wreck. He was on the same train and in the same coach with Captain Ralph Payne. As was I," the imposter informed her in a mutter.

"You were with Captain Payne?"

He nodded solemnly. "I was."

"You knew him well? You were his friend?"

"I knew him well and tried to be his friend."

stated, a trifle more composed.

"Do these papers explain the disappearance of Adams on the afternoon the defense plans and wafers were stolen from Payne?"

Pearl was quite herself again. It was evident that she meant to force from this man every shred of information he possessed. It was also plain that he was loath, for some reason, to come out with the whole truth.

"They do," he presently admitted. "Adams was not stricken with paralysis as the army surgeons believed. He was drugged by the Silent Menace. He recovered consciousness, and—must I go on, Pearl?" he cried with sudden distress.

"Must you go on?" she repeated, with rage. She whipped out a pocket pistol. "If you do not do so, and if you falter with the truth, I give you fair warning I shall not hesitate to use this. Go on!"

"Well, he killed the nurse set by the Silent Menace to watch him—"

"Toko?"

"Toko; yes. He hid her body in his trunk, carried the trunk down the back stairs of the cheap hotel in which he was stopping, found a wheelbarrow, took it to the railroad depot and was about to depart for Monk's Corner, there to bury the body secretly and return, when news of the Payne case and the murder of the Granadian ambassador filtered through the press. Following this, he waited and took the same train with Payne, intending to see and talk with him. Then came the wreck in which he received mortal injuries. As I have said before, he fell in my arms dying, just able to tell me enough to interest me and direct me how to learn all. I buried the dead nurse, trunk and all," he tersely concluded this astounding revelation. "I can take you to the very spot and prove this statement white."

Hold Fast to the Dollar.



THERE is an old saying that "any fool can make a dollar, but it takes a wise man to hold it." There is one sure way of holding the dollar, and that is to bank it. When a man deposits his surplus cash he is loath to draw it out. On the contrary, if he carries the money on his person there always is the temptation to spend. Bank your money with us.

NESTUCCA VALLEY BANK

Cloverdale, Oregon.



Toko Was the Silent Menace.

"You were sure of his innocence—absolutely sure? It was Payne you set out to clear, not—Adams?"

"Yes; for Adams was engaged, on his own account, on the same mission. He left papers to that effect in his hand grip. I have those papers," he

alone knows, I didn't want to make, for it incriminates a well-meaning fellow, though he is dead."

Pearl shuddered and smoothed her fevered brow. "Oh, Adams!" she wailed, unconsciously using that name

Continued on last page.