# Neal of the Navy

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse,"
"Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Moving Pictures of each installment of "Neal Of The Navy" will be own every Friday night at the Dreamland Theatre. SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount olee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer rescues five-year-old Annette finces rescues five-year-old Annette insten from an open boat, but is forced instended in the case of the lost of the lost in a sand his compared and Ponto in a vain attempt to a papers which llington has managed a send aboard the Princess with his aughter, papers proving his title to and alling the whereabouts of the lost island? Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his did to become a blank. Thirteen years agree. Hernandez, now an opium smugaper, with Ponto, Inex, a female accompare, with Ponto, Inex, a female accompare, with Ponto, Inex, a female accompared, and the mindless brute that once in lington, come to Seaport, where the flington, come to Seaport, where the lington, and or son Neal and Annette llington, and or son Neal and Annette llington, and it to steal the papers left to Annette or her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the eachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by or and disgraced. Neal enlists in the sample of the steal the papers for them but eddentally sets fire to the Hardin home of the brute-man rescues Annette dispers to steal the papers for them but eddentally sets fire to the Hardin home of the brute-man rescues Annette dispers that heat applied to the map resule the location of the lost island. Subserver that heat applied to the map resule the location of the lost island. Subserver that heat applied to the map resule that heat applied to the map results.

#### FIFTH INSTALLMENT MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

dry. "It is a piece of the mapmy map, Irene," she went on, "the map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. Sear-face got a portion of it—don't u remember, at Crooked Crag but harmless portion. I got a part and did Neal. Wait. Look. The piece dry-see what the heat has done." Inez Castro bent over her. "Where lid the writing come from?" she de-

"The heat brought the writing out," id Annette, "See, Look now at he longitude. What does it say?" Iner looked eagerly. "One hundred d twenty three degrees," she exlaimed slowly, "and forty minutes

"That isn't all," went on Annette. There's a message a message from he past upon our pieces, Neal's and nine—a message that I've got by

"What," queried Ines, yawning, "Is Annette nodded proudly. "This is

be message," she returned. " Granted o Bington, Spanish-American explor r, for distinguished services, by Job Bonaparte, king of Spain, in the car eighteen hundred and nine, the original grant, being in the possession of the fathers—" She stopped. What was the rest of that?" she used. "I can't remember."

"Think," persisted Inez, with curius insistence.

Annette laughed. "It has escaped e. I will have to ask Neal about that the next time I see him.

"Part of the message is on his portion, too?" said Inez. "And what about the latitude?"

Annette shook her head. "That I can't remember either," she returned. stupid that I am. Yes, the latitude to on his piece too."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

Unbooked Passengers. "I think it's risky," said Neal Hardia. "Let me see that ad again."

Annette handed him the Providence. Rhode Island, morning paper. Under the head of ship notices appeared this

Fruit Steamer Coronado sails 15th his month. Bound for Bahamas. Colon, Panama, Lower California porta and Ban Francisco. Open for limited booking of passengers. Pler 1010 Previdence, R. I.

PETER HANDY, Master. Neal read the advertisement over and shook his head again.

"Risky, I tell you," he repeated. Annette's eyes flashed. "But what am I to do," she protested. don't-you can't understand.' Her lips quivered for a moment. "I have got to find my father, Neal, and for his sake, if not for my own, I have got to find my fortune. I've got to so some time. Why not now? The message was plain enough—the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California-I must see them. This is the easy way."

Neal folded up the paper and thrust it in his pocket. "At any rate," he said, "I'll look this captain up. If

the Coronado is a likely ship and if you are bound to go, God speed." He looked the Coronado up and found her quite a likely ship. saw her captain and found him satis-

The next day Annette and her friends, including Welcher, booked for the cheap trip on the Coronado. "You're my only passengers so far."

said Captain Handy, "and I don't care If I don't have any more." Capt. Peter Handy sauntered down

the wharf. A big, swaggering individual was looking the Coronado over. "Bill," said Capt. Peter Handy. "I'll deck and watched. Annette, who had tell you how it is. I picked you out inherited quickness of mind, saw what as a cheap bargain and took a chance on you, not knowing you before. This was happening and turned to Mrs. to you to pick your crew. Pick them "You and Irene," she said, "go into DANCE—Saturday nighted. Bill; coming back I can make the wireless room. Let us all so— Hall. Everybody invited.

It up to you. Get the best for the money, Bill, and get 'em cheap."

"I got 'em already," returned Bill, and I got 'em cheap. Leave that to

On the evening of the fourteenth. the four booked passengers boarded the Coronado and were assigned to staterooms.

Bill left the captain snoring in his bunk and stole across the deck and down the gangplank to the wharf beyond. Once upon the river front he turned east and strode on rapidly for a quarter of a mile. He darted into a narrow alleyway, reached a dimly lighted window in an old board house on the shore and rapped sharply on the window pane. A door was opened stealthily and he shambled in.

Huddled at tables and flung care lessly in corners were the forms of sailors, supine, drunk, drugged. Bill took an electric flash light from his pocket and examined carefully each of these slumbering objects of hu

"I'll take him," said Bill, "and him there with the broken face; and him and that chap over there."

Ten minutes later he nodded in a self-satisfied way and jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward another door.

Is he inside?" he queried. "Oh," said the proprietor, "the three of 'em is there."

There were three men in that small room, a strangely assorted trio. One was a huge individual, bigger and stronger than Bill himself; another was an uncanny, fat, little Mexican with dangerous eyes; the third was a Portuguese with a saber cut cross his

grinned. "Huh." he said. we're all here, mates. Outside l picked up enough men to fill up the Coronado's crew and here I run against three of her passengers."

Hernandes smiled and showed his teeth. "Three unbooked passengers," he said.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The Trickle of White Powder.

Hernandez motioned toward the door. Ponto, the Mexican, closed it noiselessly and swiftly and shot the bolt. "You understand the terms," Hernandez said. "This stuff has just come in to us tonight. We have it loaded in our launch outside."

"You understand then," said Hernandez, "that when this cargo of cocaine is sold, your share will be many hundred dollars-a thousandover a thousand."

Two mornings later, a sailor lying in his bunk against a bulkhead in the hold-kept wakeful by his battered face a gift from Bill. On this particular morning, however, the unusual thing that attracted his attention was a quantity of fine white powder that sifted through the knot hole.

"Holy smoke," he exclaimed joyfully within himself, "this ain't no fat thing, ain't it? This here's cocaine." By noon the whole forecastle knew

about the rat hole and what is more had sampled it-or rather the strange white powder that came trickling

Next day something happened. Bill, the mate, gave Snooks an order that Snooks declined to fill. Bill was accustomed to being disobeyed, and for every ill he had a remedy. He seized a capstan bar and aimed it at Snooks' head; but there was a glitter in Snooks' eye that Bill did not understand. Snooks leaped for him and wrestled with him like a wildcat. He forced Bill, panting, up against the rail, bellowing meanwhile like a mad bull. Bill felt for a belaying pin. found it, clutched it, raised it high in the air and brought it crashing down upon Snooks' shoulder. It broke a collarbone, but it might have been a feather for all Snooks cared.

"Mates," cried Snooks, "you ain't going to see me licked. Come one

They came. Some sprang down from the shrouds; some appeared from companionways; some came hurrying along the decks. They were men battered and broken-but all had one uncanny characteristic—their eyes glittered, glittered fearfully and fear-

Bill sprang away from the clutching grasp of Snooks and drew his

"Captain Peter Handy," he roared

And mutiny there was a mutiny based not so much upon the ill treatment of Bill the mate as upon the offect of the trickling white powder. The captain responded to the call;

so did one or two others of the undrugged crew. The four booked passengers heard the riot-it could have been heard half a mile away. They rushed on dock and watched. Annette, who had

Just as she said it a mutineer rushed past her, stopped, leered into her face and grasped her by the hand. With a sudden wrench he closed the door of the wireless, shutting the three people inside-Welcher and the two other women-and then with a glare into Annette's eyes, he drew her toward him and crushed her struggling form against his breast.

Below there were other passengers who watched the fight-Hernandez and his two companions. The brute watched stupidly-Ponto and Her-



"This is What He Was After!"

nandez with polite interest. But suddenly the brute looked up toward the deck. He growled deep in his throat. "Hold him," said Hernandez to

But it was too late. With one bound the brute dashed up the companionway and reached the deck. With another bound he was upon the sailor who had caught Annette. In an instant Annette found herself released, hardly knowing how it had

She wrenched open the wireless door, sprang in, slammed it shut and shot the bolt.

"Where is the operator?" she in quired. There was no answer. The operator

was not there.

Annette selzed the wireless appa ratus, donned the headgear and sent out the S. O. S.—that long wail of terror that is heard far out across the

On the deck of the destroyer Jackluted.

"Sir." he said, "I have an S. O. S. from a steamer Coronado, five miles south. Mutiny on board." A seaman standing near started for-

ward. "Godfrey," he exclaimed under his breath, "the Coronado-Annette's

The lieutenant gave an order. "Put her about," he said. Forced draft

When the destroyer reached the Coronado, the Coronado was in dire straits. The mutineers, maddened and emboldened, and strengthened with renewed doses of the white powder, were in possession of the ship. The mate and Capt. Peter Handy lay unconscious on the deck. Every sailor had a bottle in his hand-a bottle full of strong drink.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Jackson was upon them-she had launched a boat and her boat had reached the Coronado's side. With the agility of perfect training the Jackson's men swarmed over the rail. boarded the Coronado and without an instant's hesitation attacked the mutineers, their lieutenant at their head. Neal drew a deep breath and nudged the man next to him. "This is war," he said, "it is what

we're looking for. Come on." There was a fight-no arms'-length fight at that. It was man to man.

It was a melee—it was a riot—it was pandemonium. In the midst of it there was a resouding crack. Neal's lieutenant, off his guard for once, received a well-aimed blow upon his head-a blow from a capstan bar. He fell like a log and three brutes leaped for his head-seeking to batter him into a shapeless mass.

Neal saw his peril and sprang into the midst. Never in his life had he fought as then he fought.

The blood rushed into his brain; unwonted strength flowed into muscles! his eyes were everywhere-his voice strong and fearless.

"All together now," he shouted. One -two-three."

There was a mighty superhuman rush, a ringing shout-then it was all over. The mutiny was quelled. Neal leaped upon a bridge and waved a cutless. He said the first thing that occurred to him-the thing he felt he had to say.

"I am in command," he shouted. "The first man who disobeys me will be shot."

There was a clutch upon his arm. He looked down. He found that his right arm was bleeding from a cut. but he found something else. A small hand was grasping it quite tenderly. He turned. Annette laughed hyster-

ically. "What about any woman who disobeys?" she said. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

night-Moore

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