NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Rea Mouse, " "Running Fight, " "Catspau, " "Blue Buckle, " etc.

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

sign.

rate ships. It became clear then to

Hernandez that the party on the beach

-the small company of cannibals that

had surrounded him and his compan-

ion, were merely a side issue. Here

was a city-here a multitude. He had

little time, however, for reflection. He was flung violently to the ground. The

leader of the little band touched the

Brute upon the breast and made a

followed, staring, mildly wondering,

possibly-perhaps not wondering at

The leader led the way to a rude

but, larger than the rest, and gro-

tesquely daubed with clay. In front

of this he paused and chanted some

weird song. A figure, huge and un-

wieldy, appeared in the doorway. Huge

and unwieldy as he was, he was a pygmy compared with the big Brute.

He was a chief, this man, and he

looked it, every inch. He was the

greasiest, the dirtiest, of all the

greasy, dirty crew. In his right hand

he held a bone. Now and then he

gnawed upon it-now and then he

used it as a scepter. He extended it

and touched the approaching native

on the forehead. The latter bowed-

then turned and pointed at the Brute.

tongue, "is a god, and risen from the

sea. He is hungry. He would eat.

his face. He called to all the multi-

tude, and bade them do likewise. Then

he remembered. He rose and signed

"He is hungry," he repeated. "The

Then he led the way to the Lre.

The Brute stared at it contempla-

"The god is pleased," exclaimed the

He cast from him the bone he had

been holding. He made another sign.

The Brute glanced to one side. There

Upon one of these miserable vic-

lifted him, writhing, into the air, and

started toward the flames. They were

when something happened.

and left.

nearby jungle.

his back.

Beast."

he will."

tribe.

No. Posts Bolles Citors

not slow to act.

about to fling him across the flames

The Brute understood. With one

bound he was upon them, and with

wide sweeps of his powerful hands

and arms he scattered them right

There was a wild murmur against

this outrage-a sudden handling of

spears and stone heads, but the Brute

never heeded the outcry. Instead he

apart, and set them free. He held

back the angry mob while the three

captives trotted nimbly off into the

The chief stared at him astounded

He might, indeed, have brained the

Brute with his club had he not felt

the terrific grip of the Brute upon him.

Then he realized once more that the

Brute was not a mere man, after all.

chief stilled it with uplifted hand.

Then the leader of the beach band

"He has his own captive," he whis-

pered to the chief, "see, yonder. He

brought him with him, out of the sea."

order. A dozen more braves sprang

toward Hernandez and bore him to the

chief. The chief pointed toward the

poles and the green vines lying torn

upon the ground. In an instant, Her-

nandez lay prostrate—in another in-

stant half his clothes were torn from

"Beast," he shricked, "save me

The Brute saved him. He charged

Again, murmurs. But again the

"He is his own captive," said the

Hernandez, once upon his feet, was

Quick," he said to the Brute, "get

a stone-two stones. Knock these

He held out his manacled wrists-

the Brute understood, and obeyed.

With his two hands free, Hernandes'

brain was working once again. Quick

his hand high in air, he brought this

piece of vine-a stinging, snakelike

whip-swishing down upon the head

The Brute cowered, cringed, whim

pered. Hernandez folded his arms

stared sternly at the Brute for one

swift instant, and then turned and met

the glances of the chief and all his

The chief was startled. He plucked

"Look," said the chief, "the big man

wristlets from my hands."

and shoulders of the Brute.

his lieutenant by the arm.

is a god, but this is his master."

chief to his followers, "let him do as

into their midst like a raging buil-he

tore Hernandez from their grasp.

they were stunned.

The chief understood. He gave an

stepped forward and saluted.

There was a wild clamor, but the

chief, "let us therefore est."

to the Brute.

god would eat."

tively. He smiled

The chief in turn threw himself upon

"This," he jabbered in his native

"Look-see," he signed. The Brute

(Couright 1915 by William Hamilton Moving Pictures of each installment of "Neal Of The Navy" will be shown every Friday night at the Dr camland Theatre.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount elec Capt. John Hardin of the steamer process rescues five-year-old Ametic ington from an open boat, but is forced beave behind her father and his companions. Hington is assaulted by Hermanders and Ponto in a vain attempt to et papers which Hington has managed send abourd the Princess with his aughter, papers proving his title to and ding the whereabouts of the lost island Chambar Hington's injury causes his did to become a blank. Thirteen years appear Hermander, now an opturn smugler, with Ponto, iner, a female accomplise, and the mindless brute that once as limiton, come to Beaport, where the gler, with Ponto, Inex, a female accomplies and the mindless brute that once was lington, come to Scaport, where the widow of Captain Mardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Hington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Weicher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the pays linez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette salls on the Coronado in acarch of her father. In Martinique Angelte and Neal are captured, but are reached by a sponge diver. Inca forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Angelte are again captured, carried to the Mun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun good. They are rescued by marrines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuge, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sallors from the Albany. Landed in Tortuge, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sallors from the Albany. Inca tries to reb Annette gs. Annetta and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inex tries to rob Amette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Angette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way. Hernandex and Inex present the faise identification papers to Brother Anseline at Rania Maria mission. Fonio is cought and killed in his own trap, set for Amette. Annette proves, title and turns over Lost Island to the government Welchar dies in a remoractal effort to save her from Hernandex. Annette and Neal on their way to Lost Island, are wrecked on a canofbal Island by Hernander trickery. The brute is accepted by the canofbals as their god.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

WHITE GODS

CHAPTER LV.

Anthropophagi.

A white face—a white beard! Potent factors even with a savage tribe. | upon the ground, wild eyed with fright, The man caters of this South Pacific lay three human beings. sland, cringed in terror before the blank and staring eyes of the big

His blank and staring eyes! They,

too, had their weird offect. "Look see," whimpered this crowd of latter-day cannibals, the one to the other, "he sees across the world-he talks with spirits he is a god!"

The Brute, save for the slight weaving of his massive figure from side to side, stood quiet and impassive. He

was wholly unafraid. Behind him, however, crouched another figure that told another story.

Hernandez, his hands still manacled, trembled with fear. But he was still resourceful-he knew his power.

Beast," he whispered and tremulous though it was, it still was a command, "Beast, you've got them down. Seize the foremost spike and run them through. Be quick."

The lirute heard his master's voice. and immediately obeyed. He stooped, and stooping, wrenched from the foremost naked figure the deadly weapon that the latter held within his grasp. it was relinguished without a struggle. its former possessor stretched himself full upon the ground, waiting the death thrust. His savage companions drew back upon their haunches, their eyes glowing with religious fervor.

"A sacrifice," they cried, "a sacri-

But there was no sacrifice. Instead. the lirute merely held the spear aloft for a moment—held it in the air with both his hands. Then he brought it crushing down across his knee, and broke it clean in twain.

"Eye-yah!" There was an ejaculation of wonder-of brute applause for brate strength.

The erstwhile possessor of the spear as ugly-faced an individual as ever ate a pound of human flesh-touched the Brute upon the shoulder and point-

ed toward the jungle. "Follow him, Beast," cried Hernandez a bit impatiently, "nothing can

arm us now. For the first time the Brute seemed onsciou.: of his master's presence. He turned and faced Hernandez. He

grunted in uncertainty. "Look-see," said the leader, in his

suttural accents and primitive tongue, ook see. This man is his captive. The god is hungry. He would eat."

The leader pointed to the manacled hands of Hernandez. He made a sign a sign immediately obeyed. A dozen blacks sprang forward, seized Hernandes and swung his body to their shoulders. Then at another word of command, they started off, jog trot to ward the jungle. Hernandes strugsled like a maniac, but to no purpose. Then he yelled:

"Follow, Beast, follow," he cried. Save me. Come."

The Brute followed, wondering. Not for one instant did he suspect the man-eaters had sinister designs upon his master.

Finally they entered a wide clearing. In the middle of this clearing was a village of straggling huts and It was a ghastly village—an ill-smelling village. Scattered about it were skulls and bones enough to urnish Jolly Rogers to a hundred pi-



"Beast," He Shricked, "Save Me, Beast!"

CHAPTER LVI.

S. O. S. on Land and Sea. Neal, from quite another portion of the beach, scanned the horizon with

He shook his head. The horizon line was clear—there was no hint of *moke He turned to the first mate of the

wrecked fruit steamer that lay stranded on the reefs. "We've got to get word to the Missouri, somehow," he said, "beside,

we've left Annette and my mother starving back there. Let's return." Neal found his mother and Annette where he had left them.

Cocoanuts and clams, hurriedly gathered, supplied them with a satisfactory meal.

Neal stretched his arms. "I never can think upon an empty stomach," | eral offer we have ever made. Salem he remarked, "so I'm just beginning to dope things out. Look at friend sea," he exclaimed, "she's like a millpond. The tide's out. There's not a wave splashes over the wreck. I'm

"Where to?" queried his mother in

"I'm going to row over to the wreck and help myself-to some S. O. S." He strode to the water's edge. He beckened to the first mate.

in another moment they were launched and pulling with even, steady strokes toward the wreck beyond.

They made fast the boat, shipped their oars and clambered up the side of the almost submerged fruit steam-

"Good," said Neal, "the wireless room is intact." He sent out his call-cast it to the

four winds-his messenger, seeking everywhere for the Missouri. On the Missouri the wireless opera tor got it-feebly at first.

"S. O. S." clamored Neal. "Who are you?" queried the battle-

calmly stooped over each victim, one by one, and tore the bonds of each Neal told him. "All right," said the Missouri, "we'll be there in three shakes of a lamb's

tail." Or words to that effect. On shore, meantime, Annette, the wanderlust ever strong within her, had wandered up the beach and out of sight. The solitude was appalling, but not unpicasant.

Tripping along gayly, she had stumbled over something half hidden by the sand. Her firm step had loosened it-but it had nearly sent her sprawling. She drew back, regarding the object in affright. Then she turned and darted back toward safety at full speed. Arrived at the little camp she clutched frantically at the arm of one of the crew.

"A human skull," she gasped, "back there. I saw it, buried in the sand."

CHAPTER LVII.

Safety Firet. Not for one instant did Hernandes lose the advantage that he had al-

ready gained. With audacity that belonged only to him, he led the Brute to the chief's own throne—a rude affair composed of | .42 Mixed from Brogan a rough seat under overhanging bow-

The Brute snarled in his throat-he "Go-sit," he exclaimed to the Brute. kicked and clutched and clawed at the He enforced the command with a little nucleus of savages. They fell shower of blows. The Brute obeyed,

back before him as before a whirlwind "Hungry," said the eye and hand of Hernandes, to the chief, "the god still hungry-and the master of god, murmurs were stienced by the chief

very, very hungry, still." The chief spread his hand. He pointed toward the jungle whence had sped the several captives unbound by the

Hernandes smiled a deadly, wicked

"Beast," he exclaimed, "stay where you are." He beckoned to the chief. "You come with me," he signed.

The chief nodded, beckened to a number of his bodyguard, and followed Hernandez through the jungle. At a knoll on its outskirts Hernandes as a flash he stooped and picked up a short piece of twisted vine. Raising held his fingers to his lips. Then he pushed the chief's head through the

bushes. "Look," he said, enforcing the command

The chief looked. He looked far out across the placid waters of the Pacific, and there he saw a wreck. "Um-m!" exclaimed the chief. smacking his lips.

"Ah," laughed Hernandez to himself, "you know what that means all The chief started through the bushes

at breakneck speed—but Hernandes at the primaries.

self-used stands remote many still flesh

others directly a to even I have not be provided assume.

her toward the jungle. A sallor who followed was stricken down. But it was Hernandez who stopped the captor. He darted after him and caught him by the arm.

(Continued on last page.)

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No. La o	Pork, shoulder, Ib
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6 Huntington pony f 35 . m	Rolled rib roast, lb
Oregon Wash Exp. :33 p. w	Rib roast, prime, lb
6 Past Mail 5:11 p	Round steak, Ib
Eastward	Fiat-bone tenderloin, Ib
18 Oregon Wash Lt . 7.51 . m.	Salmon, Ib
6 Boise Pony 4:51 a. m.	Halibut, Ib
4 Eastern Expres. 12:6/ p. m.	
6 Oregon Wash Exp 6:a3 p. m.	Shoulder steak, Ib
	Shoulder roast, Ib
OREGON EASTERN FRANCH	Ham, sliced, lb
\.ostward	Kippered salmon, lb
No. Leave	The state of the s
139 Mized dall- except	Smoked salmon, lb
Sunday for Riverside 12:20p.m.	
The second secon	Smoked herring, each
VALL A BROGAN BRANCH	Sirloin steak, lb
Westward	Smelts, Columbia river, 2 lbs. for
O. Leave	Spare ribs, lb
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