

DELEGATES LEAVE FOR HOME AFTER 3 DAYS SESSION

1915 CONFERENCE WILL MEET AT THE DALLES—A. S. ROBERTS ELECTED MODERATOR.

WOMEN TAKE IMPORTANT PLACE ON PROGRAM OF CLOSING DAY

Young People Have Charge of Conference on Last Night—Many Resolutions Passed—Oregon City Thanked for Hospitality.

After a three days' session that was replete with many splendid and interesting addresses and reports, the 67th annual meeting of the Congregational Conference of Oregon came to a close in the First Congregational church in Oregon City Thursday night.

Nearly 100 delegates, comprising ministers, their wives and laymen of the Congregational church in Oregon have been the guests of Oregon City nearly three days, being entertained by the members of the local federated churches.

A. S. Roberts, The Dalles, was elected moderator at the conference. Rev. A. C. Moses, of the Waverly Heights church, was named assistant moderator.

Women Are Among Speakers. Splendid addresses were given during the day, in which two women took part. Mrs. Phillip Bauer, wife of the former chaplain of the state penitentiary at Salem, spoke of "The Far North," pertaining to her work with her husband in Nome, Alaska, and Dr. Mary F. Parham reported the meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, held recently at San Francisco.

At the dinner at noon, the toasts were responded to by the women delegates, the men being entirely relegated to the rear. The toastmaster was a woman, Dr. Mary Frances Parham.

Among the interesting addresses of the day was one on "Training in Church Music," by Dr. A. S. Donat, Hood River, who told of the remarkable success of his efforts to have a girls and boys choir as well as a large choir. He also gave some valuable suggestions as to how to organize choirs and the character of music for both young and adult singers.

The concluding address of the afternoon was by Rev. John K. Browne of the American Board of Missions of the Congregational church on "War, Missions and the Kingdom." Having been a missionary in Turkey for a great many years, Dr. Browne spoke from personal knowledge and the message he brought to the conference was touching and inspiring to greater zeal for the cause of foreign missions.

Young People Have Program. At the Christian Endeavor held at 6 o'clock, Rev. E. T. Sherman of Corvallis was toastmaster, and the toasts were by the Christian Endeavor delegates. Thursday night the young people had charge of the chief portion of the closing program. It opened with a 15 minute song service in which a young people's chorus and orchestra took part.

Alva Fatten of Portland presided at the meeting that followed, the address being of ten minutes duration, and those taking part and their subjects were:

"The Challenge to Our Societies," Lloyd R. Carrick, president of the Portland Christian Endeavor Union.

"The Message to Oregon from the World's Christian Endeavor Convention," E. Earl Felke, state president of the Christian Endeavor.

Rev. Howard C. Stover of Salem favored the congregation with a vocal solo, after which an offering was taken for expenses, which met with hearty response.

The various societies represented then reported as to the number of members, active and associate, number present at meetings, and special features of the society's work.

The closing address of the conference was given by Rev. Otis H. Holmes of Forest Grove.

Many Resolutions Passed. Among the last matters of business disposed of was the passing of the resolutions, as offered by the committee of which Dr. L. R. Dyott of Portland was chairman, they being as follows:

First—Be it resolved, that we, the Congregational Conference of Oregon do hereby record our conviction that the Congregational churches in the United States should have daily Bible readings in the homes of their members, and that, accordingly, we petition our present national council immediately to make provision for such readings with suitable comments.

Second—Be it resolved, that it is the sense of this conference that two of our national societies—the education society and the church building society—should specialize in, and render extra assistance to, our common work at the educational centers in Oregon, and other states, where necessary suggests.

War Is Opposed. Third—Be it resolved, that we renew our pledge of co-operation to the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon and all similar organizations.

Fourth—Be it resolved, that being unalterably opposed to that wholesale murder called war, we do all in our power to cause its end, and forever to prevent its renewal on earth.

Fifth—Be it resolved, that we cooperate with Pacific University in its efforts to raise an additional endowment fund of \$200,000.

Sixth—Inasmuch as the united efforts of the Young Men's Christian association and the Young Women's Christian association of our state university and our O. A. C. are such vital factors in the moral and religious life of these student bodies, be it therefore resolved, that we endorse their work, and commend the same as worthy of the moral and material sup-

NEAL of the NAVY

By 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.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee, France, five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but it forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assisted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to save aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes him to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the madame, learns that once was Ilington, come to Newport, where the widow of Captain Hardie is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and not to reveal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the strategy of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disappears. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. He agrees to steal the papers for them but accidentally sets fire to the Hardie home and the brute-man rescues Annette with the papers from the flames. Annette discovers that Neal applied to the map room to find the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

CHAPTER XXI.

Grape Juice. Of course the unexpected naval-secret-service raid on the Crooked Crag hotel created some sensation—as well as did the rescue of two beautiful young women, Miss Irene Courtier and her friend Miss Ilington. But Newport is a place of many happenings—sensational and otherwise—and after all the Crooked Crag had been raided many times before.

In its balmy days it had been cleverly constructed and maintained as a secluded gambling place for New York millionaires, a place full of cubby holes and uncanny get-aways. For the thirteenth time in its history it was closed up and its proprietor jailed.

But the three weird characters who had been the cause of all the violence still remained in hiding—Hernandez, the Portuguese adventurer; Ponto, his Mexican side partner, and their strange and unusual companion, the brute.

Annette, for her part, gave full descriptions of these three to the authorities and accompanied secret-service men on many fruitless trips.

"At any rate," she said to her friend, Irene Courtier, "I know now where I stand. I was warned to look out for a man with a saber cut across his face." Her face grew wistful. "I thought—feared," she went on, "at first, that that man might be my father; but my father would never treat a girl as this scurf-faced fellow."

Annette touched her neck. A tiny little gold chain fell into the bosom of her waist. "He has laid bare his teeth, this scurf-face," said Annette. "He knows something of my father—I'm sure of that—and I'm sure of something else. He is seeking my lost Isle of Cinnabar."

"In reality, friend Ponto," he remarked, "I am M. Romanoff—a Russian nobleman."

"My friends and I are invited to the dance on board the Alabama," he said. "My friends and I shall go. Call in that beast. Now for the final test."

Ponto disappeared and a moment later the brute crept into the room. He glanced fearfully toward the chair where Hernandez had been sitting; then he glanced about the room. A puzzled expression overspread his countenance and then with a deep guttural cry he sprang for the apparition's throat.

Hernandez twitched himself to one side just in time and then tapped the brute smartly on the arm.

"I am satisfied," he said, in tones that the brute immediately recognized. "Even he did not know me, he with all the instincts of a savage and faithful dog. Let us be off."

An hour later he was standing expectantly in front of the huge punch bowl on the dancing deck of the Alabama. Clustered around this punch bowl were a group of officers and pretty women—and among them Inez Castro and her friend Annette Ilington.

Romanoff stood boldly at them both, then he turned to Neal Hardie. "A glass of punch, if you please," he said in foreign accents.

Neal Hardie did not answer. He was otherwise engaged. Annette Ilington was standing at the table with a young ensign at her side. They were both drinking from the punch bowl. The ensign drank with his right hand; so did Annette, but Annette's left hand was firmly clutched in the hand of Neal Hardie of the punch bowl. It was the only chance the evening could afford them.

"A glass of punch," reiterated the unknown Russian nobleman. Neal jumped as though shot. Hastily he sipped out a glass and presented it to the Russian. The Russian took one sip of it and sat down in his glass.

With a superhuman twist of her lithe young body—and she was strong, was Annette Ilington—for one instant she wrenched herself away and gave vent to a piercing scream. Neal Hardie at the punch bowl heard it. Forgetting all discipline—and all grape juice—he bounded across the dancing deck and with one sweep of his arm brushed the nonplussed Romanoff and his charming escort to one side. His eyes were blinded by the deck lights and as he rushed through the curtains he could only

"Brer," he exclaimed, as he walked away in disgust. There was a gentle titter from the picturesque little group around the punch bowl. Inez touched Romanoff upon the arm. "It is perfect," she whispered, "no one could ever tell."

The pseudo Romanoff glanced at her significantly, paced across the dancing deck and passed out upon the moonlit deck beyond. Inez, sitting with an officer, excused herself, beckoned to Joe Welcher, who came swiftly at her beck and call, and with her hand upon his arm she followed in the wake of Romanoff. As they reached the bow Romanoff turned suddenly and confronted them. He seized Welcher by the arm.

"Friend Welcher," he said, his grip tightening, "on the canvas curtains aft, on the port side, you will find one black cross mark upon the curtain and one black cross mark upon the deck. They are my marks. You will dance with Annette Ilington."

Welcher hurried off and Romanoff with the beautiful Miss Irene Courtier upon his arm, strode slowly toward the lights.

With her escort she stood gazing out between the curtains at the moonlight upon the sea. Her escort, however, was not watching the moonlight—his eyes were fixed upon a motor boat that sped itself like some huge shark in the waters just beyond. He drew forth a white handkerchief. He stepped into the aperture between the canvas curtains, grasped the rail with one hand and shook the handkerchief.

Inez noted that a small black cross had been placed upon the canvas curtain. She looked at her feet. There was another cross upon the deck. Then she turned and faced the crowd watching with keen eyes.

Joe Welcher from far across the deck caught the glint of those same eyes—he had been watching for them. He bent over Annette.

"Look at the freak," he said, "that's tied up to Inez—I mean Irene Courtier. I always call her Inez somehow. Let's go and see the freak."

"The freak," said Annette, "has disappeared."

She was not the only person on the deck who noticed that. Some half dozen naval officers in spick and span uniforms noticed it also and started double quick toward Inez Castro.

"The heat brought the writing out," said Annette. "See. Look now at the longitude. What does it say?" Inez looked eagerly. "One hundred and twenty-three degrees," she exclaimed slowly, "and forty minutes west."

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

"What," queried Inez, yawning, "is the message from the past?" Annette nodded proudly. "This is the message," she returned. "Granted

that some terrific struggle was at hand. In another instant it was all over. Two figures clutching at each other frantically darted suddenly over the rail. There was a splash below.

"Man overboard," yelled Neal. He sprang to the rail and dove into the moonlit water—taking good care not to foul the other two.

Two minutes later it was all over. Annette was on deck half fainting in Neal's arm—but with a smile upon her face.

"Don't worry," she said to the crowd about her. "I haven't swallowed a drop of water, I assure you. I'm a regular little water rat—Neal knows that, don't you Neal?"

Half an hour later in the Courtier villa in Newport, Annette nestled in a huge arm chair in a kimono before a blazing fire. She laughed triumphantly. She seized a dripping little chamois bag and took from it a very damp old piece of paper parchment.

"This is what he was after—you can't tell me," she said. She spread it out and exhibited it to Inez Castro. "Why, it is a blank piece of paper," said Inez Castro.

"Look at it closely," said Annette. "Oh, yes," said Inez. "It has one word upon it—longitude."

"It has more than that upon it," said Annette. "Watch and see."

She spread it out upon the hearth to dry. "It is a piece of the map—my map, Irene," she went on, "the map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. Scar-face got a portion of it—don't you remember, at Crooked Crag—not a harmless portion. I got a part and so did Neal. Wait. Look. The piece is dry—see what the heat has done."

Inez Castro bent over her. "Where did the writing come from?" she demanded.

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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. He saw her captain and found him satisfactory.

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 tell you how it is. I picked you out as a cheap bargain and took a chance on you, not knowing you before. This is a cheap trip down. Bill: I'll leave it to you to pick your crew. Pick them cheap, Bill; coming back I can make 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 me."

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 fung carelessly 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 humanity.

"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 face.

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

Hernandez 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 thousand—over 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 through.

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 glimmer 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, following 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 and all!"

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 fearlessly.

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

"Captain Peter Handy," he roared. "Mutiny!"

And mutiny there was—a mutiny based not so much upon the ill treatment of Bill the mate as upon the effect of the trickling white powder.

The captain responded to the call; so did one or two others of the un-dragged crew.

The four booked passengers heard the riot—it could have been heard half a mile away. They rushed on deck and watched. Annette, who had inherited quickness of mind, saw what

was happening and turned to Mrs. Hardie.

"You and Irene," she said, "go into the wireless room. Let us all go—even Joe."

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 other 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 Hernandez with polite interest. But suddenly the brute looked up toward the deck. He growled deep in his throat.

"Hold him," said Hernandez to Ponto. 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 happened.

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

"Where is the operator?" she inquired. There was no answer. The operator was not there.

Annette seized the wireless apparatus, donned the headgear and sent out the S. O. S.—that long wail of terror that is heard far out across the sea.

On the deck of the destroyer Jackson, a naval vessel which had left Newport a day or two before on a practice cruise, the wireless operator reported to his lieutenant. He saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I have an S. O. S. from a steamer Coronado, five miles south. Mutiny on board."

A seaman standing near started forward. "Godfrey," he exclaimed under his breath, "the Coronado—Annette's ship."

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

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 resounding crash. 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 cutlass. 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 hysterically.

"What about any woman who disobeys?" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Doing Unusually Queer Things With His Face.



Annette Sent Out the "S. O. S."



"This is What He Was After!"

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

part of all good people of Oregon, and be it further resolved, that our ministers are requested in a public manner, to call the attention of their congregations to the endeavors and needs of the Young Men's Christian association and the Young Women's Christian association of the state university and the Oregon Agricultural college.

Local Church Is Thanked. Seventh—Be it resolved, that we, the annual conference of the Congregational church and ministers of Ore-

gon, do hereby express our profound appreciation of the splendid hospitality of the First Congregational Church of Oregon City and of all others who have made our sojourn here a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. We are indebted, also, to the pastor of this church, to the choir, the ushers, the janitor and the hospitality committee. We are grateful to all these, and to the public press, and to the representatives of our national societies—in a word—we are filled with confessed gratitude to all who have done

what they could to make our sixty-seventh annual meeting one of the very best that we have ever had.

That inasmuch as many students of Congregational homes and churches in this state are attending our educational institutions at Eugene, Corvallis and Forest Grove, and inasmuch as many of these students are being lost to the denominations and at times to a church influence in the transfer from home to school life, therefore be it resolved, that each church of this conference be requested to appoint a com-

mittee of one or more to keep in touch with the pastors of the Congregational churches at Eugene, Corvallis and Forest Grove and make every effort to keep such students related to their own denomination.

Be it resolved that we request Congressman C. N. McArthur to vote for the submission of the Sheppard-Hobson national dry amendment at this winter's session of congress. This resolution was passed unanimously.

Church finances should be managed in the same way a business house would control its money affairs, declared W. H. Lewis, of Portland, at the Congregational conference now in session here Wednesday night. He advocated the adopting of budgets by churches, and declared that a Christian man should study church finances as carefully as business finances. His talk was on "What a Man Can Do For His Own Church," and was the first of a series of four on the ministry of Christian men. The other speakers were: W. P. Cragin, of The Dalles, and Rev. J. W. Kato, of Gaston.

Among Business Men; Joseph Neilan, of Portland, on "Has the Church a Message for the Laboring Man?" and M. J. Fenenga, of Forest Grove, "Making Americans of Our Foreign Population."

Mr. Neilan declared that the church would win active workers from among the laboring class when it received economic justice. Among those who took part in the discussion following the talks were F. A. Williams, of Portland; J. T. Roberts, of The Dalles, and Rev. J. W. Kato, of Gaston.