

# 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.

(Copyright, 1914, by William Hamilton Osborne)

"We shall lose no time," said Hernandez. "Leave that to me." He turned to Inez. "What of this girl Annette?" he queried. "Has she given up the chase?"

Inez shook her head. "The day after tomorrow," she returned, "we sail for the Panama canal."

Two days later the Rio Grande left port for the Panama canal. When she was fairly out of sight another and quite a different looking vessel dove into view and entered port.

This latter vessel was the cruiser Albany, seeking for something that she had not found—as yet. That day Chief Petty Officer Neal Hardin took his station on her as chief gunner's mate.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### Forbidden Fruit.

The captain of the Rio Grande found—just at the time when he was off the coast of Dolores—that his engine had uncompromisingly broken down, and that he must put into the nearest port for repairs.

"While I'm about it," he said to Hernandez, his secret passenger, "you can land your oil stoves for the insurgents."

Hernandez nodded. "Your legitimate passengers—some of your crew," he said, "you'd best get them out of the way first—we don't want too many witnesses—the rifle cases might break open."

"It's all right," said the captain, "simple enough. I'll land 'em in the daytime. We'll land your cargo in the night."

He glanced toward shore. Suddenly he caught Hernandez by the arm.

"Yonder, senior," he exclaimed, "look—the flag of the insurgents—it is their camp."

Annette Ilington, startled by the cessation of the engines, glanced out of the window of her stateroom. She woke her foster mother, Mrs. Hardin.

"Land," said Annette, "look."

There was not only land—there was a village—there was a big house—and there were people.

Already a launch had put off from a neat plantation dock, and inside of twenty minutes had drawn up along side the Rio Grande.

In the launch, seated comfortably in an easy wicker chair, smoking a long panatela, sat a prosperous looking Central American gentleman.

At the captain's invitation he boarded the Rio Grande and looked about him. His glance was keen—he seemed to see everything at once.

"You will pardon, senior captain," he explained, "but—these are suspicious times. We look for trouble—everywhere. You see yonder hill. Somewhere in that forest lurks a revolution. All that they need is guns, senior. Guns and ammunition. Hence my apprehension as to the Rio Grande."

"My stars," exclaimed the captain, "if I'd known they wanted guns, blow me, but I'd have brought a few along."

An hour later the Central American was standing on the veranda of his large plantation house, superintending the serving of iced drinks and a bit of food, to his accidental guests, Annette Ilington and her party.

Annette suddenly rose to her feet. "The Rio Grande," she exclaimed, "look—she is leaving us."

Her host shook his head. "She is moving, on a pair of crutches—as one would say—into a quieter cove. There she will repair herself. Meantime, command me as your servants, senior—senoritas, if you please."

The captain of the Rio Grande was clever enough to perceive that he would further disarm the suspicions of the rich plantation owner by moving the Rio Grande down the coast instead of up the coast—away from rather than nearer to the insurgents stronghold. He knew his business, did the captain of the Rio Grande. And if he didn't, he had a good director, the Portuguese Hernandez.

"Ah," said Hernandez that evening from the deck of the Rio Grande, "her majesty the moon."

As if in answer to his exclamation, a dozen rowboats shot out of the shadows and lined up alongside the Rio Grande. The first of these made fast—a swarthy looking insurgent climbed the ship's ladder like a monkey. Hernandez received him.

"Senior," he said, saluting.

The other man grinned. "You have oil stoves for Panama," he queried.

"For Panama, yes," smiled Hernandez.

"This," said the other, with another grin, "is Panama."

"First and foremost, senior general," said Hernandez, "money down."

The insurgent counted out the cash. Hernandez thrust it into his pocket.

"Senior," he said, opening the door and giving vent to a low whistle, "I shall be glad to throw in something else with the oil stoves for Panama."

Two figures appeared in the doorway—entered the room.

The insurgent gazed at one of them in amazement. Then he turned to Hernandez.

Hernandez. "What will you throw in?" he queried.

Hernandez placed one hand upon his breast and waved the other at his two companions. "My own services—and that of my good friend, Ponto—and this beast. We are fighters, senior. We would take pot luck with you."

The insurgent's eyes gleamed. "Delighted, senior," he returned.

Hernandez didn't mention that he had other motives than just to help.

Half an hour later the last rifle case—the last chest of ammunition—had been safely stowed away in the bottom of the last small boat. Then Hernandez, his companions and the insurgent leader dropped into a launch and sped away.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### Within Four Walls.

A tattered insurgent crept up to the leader. "General," he exclaimed in his native tongue, "there is news—from our outposts on the shore."

"What news?" queried the leader.

"A cruiser has been sighted—she is at anchor, general."

"Of what nation?"

"Americano," returned Hernandez, "she is of the United States—I can tell you that."

"In which direction does she lie?" queried the leader.

"Up the coast," returned the native.

Hernandez nodded. "Then, general," he said, "your line of march

must lie the other way—past the plantation down below."

The leader pondered. "I was bound the other way," he said.

"The marines'll cut you off," returned Hernandez, "they're after our guns—they're after us. You'll have to go this way."

"You are quite right, senior," he conceded.

Hernandez beckoned him to one side. "Listen, general," he whispered, "I understand mine host of the plantation is very rich. Am I right?"

The leader nodded. "He has much gold somewhere hidden," he returned, "although we have tried in vain—by peaceful means—to get it."

"He has," went on Hernandez, "some woman guests—Americans. If you find the gold, senior, you keep it. If I find it, I'll divide with you. But the American women—they belong to me."

Early next morning mine host of the plantation approached his guests.

"Come with me to the wharf," he said. "I have marine glasses. We shall see what we can see."

Once there he handed the glasses to Mrs. Hardin. "Senora," he exclaimed, "tell us what you perceive in the dim distance."

Mrs. Hardin took one look and then turned a radiant face upon Annette. "It's the Albany—Neal's cruiser," she exclaimed.

Annette seized the glasses. "The Albany!" she exclaimed, incredulously. "What is the Albany doing here—the last time we heard of her she was approaching Martinique."

The planter beckoned to a servant. "Horses for the party," he exclaimed. "We'll drive along the shore and visit them. I am partial to Americans—I set along with them."

But the horses for the party did not arrive—and for good reason. Half an hour before, a plantation hand, strolling to work from his hut in the hills, in the cool of the morning, was set upon by half a dozen armed and drunken insurgents. Had they been sober it would have been all up with him. As it was, he slipped nimbly out of their grasp, leaving most of his clothes behind him, and cantered yelling down the trail.

He reached the wharf more than half naked and panting for breath. He fell down at his master's feet.

"Insurrectos—insurrectos!" he exclaimed.

The master started. "Then it was shots I heard," he said. He turned to his guests. "Come," he commanded, "there is not a moment to lose. Follow me at once."

He reached the veranda and blew three shrill blasts upon a whistle. Immediately half a hundred blacks rushed upon the scene, eyes wide with terror, but ready to obey orders.

"Everybody in," he commanded. "My guests will seek the bedrooms on the second floor."

Annette touched the planter on the arm. "Give me a gun," she said. "I'll do my part. When there's a fight I can't keep out, somehow."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### Among the Missing.

Annette sank back, gasping with the smoke. The situation, to her, seemed hopeless. Inside, the ammunition was slowly giving out. Without, the house was surrounded on all sides by insurgents. She crept to the planter's side.

"I've fired my last shot," she said. "Can I have more?" She got it, but still lingered. "Do you think you can hold the place?" she queried.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### (To Be Continued.)

# To Offer No More Than Is To Be Had Elsewhere Would Not Entitle Us To Your Preference



COPYRIGHT 1915 THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

If our stock were no larger than others show—if our goods were no more desirable—if our prices were no lower—if we took no greater interest in our customers—if our Satisfaction Guarantee were no broader—we would have no excuse for asking any man go out of his way to buy clothes here.

It's because we do offer more than is to be had elsewhere, that so many thousands of men, who know values and have a pretty clear conception of the work of a dollar, have become enthusiastic boosters for this Live Store. We have spoken several times of how it is possible for us to give you more for your money than you have been in the habit of getting—how our position as large operators gives us many advantages in your favor.

There is another factor which enters into the conduct of this business. It is a very personal one—Ambition. We place it far above mere money making. Our ambition is to build the largest Clothing business in Pennsylvania, but we realize that we can never accomplish this without the hearty support of the public—granted only because we deserve it, through sheer merit in merchandise, fair and square dealing, and greater value-giving.

Come in tomorrow, or any day. See this magnificent great store, the tremendous stock of Good Clothes, Furnishings and Sweaters, the fair prices at which they

are selling, and then—buy where you please.

## THIS IS THE HOME OF THE OVERCOAT

GOOD SUITS and OVERCOATS

\$15.00, \$20.00, 25.00

Adlers Gloves for Men \$1.00, \$1.50

Bates Street Shirts \$1.50

Sweaters all Prices and Styles

Freeland Overalls 50c

# Doutrichs

Always Reliable

Work Gloves 50c to \$1.50

304 MARKET STREET

HARRISBURG, PA.

### Northcliffe and the "Daily Mail"

Lord Northcliffe has been a power in British journalism for nearly twenty years. It was on May 4, 1895, that the first issue of the Daily Mail was sold in the streets of London. Its advent marked a revolution in the press not merely of the metropolis but of the whole kingdom. Up till then a certain ponderosity had been the hall-mark of most British newspapers. They were extremely respectable, weighty and dull. They had, one might have said, a temperamental distrust of liveliness as something dangerous and ensnaring. Even the reports of everything reportable, long-winded and eminently sententious editorials, and stately columns of Parliamentary debates, filled their pages. Occasionally some journal of unusual enterprise would send a special correspondent out to Persia or Afghanistan, would dive deeply into the profundities of European politics, would open a subscription-list for some semi-public object, or produce a new scheme of army reform. It was a decent press, and a well-informed press. It was wealthy, pontifical, respected and "literary." But it had an extraordinarily limited range. From the every day interests of normal men and women it stood serenely apart. It made no effort to reach the mass of the people

who had grown to maturity since the setting up of a national system of education. It was seriously out of touch with the commercial life of the country. In general the appeal of the British press in those days was mainly to the educated and the fastidious. Into this easy-going and self-satisfied world there burst nineteen years ago the Daily Mail. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, as he then was, its originator and chief proprietor, had already shown as a producer of newspapers that he had ideas, keenness, courage and initiative. But this was by far the biggest venture he had yet essayed. Over \$2,500,000 was spent on the initial cost of founding the Daily Mail; two solid years were devoted to the preparatory work; and the paper was issued daily, complete in every respect, for nearly three months before a single copy was sold to the public. Its success was immediate. Small where its rivals were unwieldy, compact where they were diffuse, published at one cent while they sold for two, sacrificing everything to present the events of the previous twenty-four hours in as clear and as concise a form as possible, and with a news service far beyond anything that had hitherto been even attempted, it jumped instantly into popular favor. The daily

circulation at the end of the first year was over 200,000, and at the end of two and a half years had passed 500,000; during the Boer War it reached the 1,000,000 mark, and is now, I suppose, somewhere between 1,300,000 and 1,400,000. From the first it has been a paper with a real individuality, going clean outside the humdrum game of politics, tackling the questions that interest it with a directness the very opposite of the gingerly, noncommittal fashion affected by most papers, suggesting rather than echoing or criticizing, and never content to bow to the hackneyed line. The Daily Mail became a national newspaper to a unique degree—Sydney Brooks, in the North American Review.

**Mrs. George F. Baer Dies at Reading Home**

Special to The Telegraph

Reading, Pa., Oct. 22.—Mrs. Emily K. Baer, widow of George F. Baer, president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, died at

her residence, Hawthorne, here at 7:30 last night from heart failure. Mrs. Baer was stricken a week ago, and while her condition has been serious the family entertained no fears for her recovery.

Yesterday, however, she suffered a violent attack and the family, hastily summoned Doctor Stengel, a Philadelphia specialist. At her bedside were her five daughters, Mrs. William N. Appel, Lancaster; Mrs. William Griscom Cox, Wilmington; Mrs. Rollo Knapp, Wisconsin; Mrs. Heber Smith and Mrs. Isaac Hester, of this city. Mrs. Baer was 75 years old.

**KILLED WHILE PICKING COAL**

Special to The Telegraph

Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 22.—Yesterday Mary A. Gibson, aged 70, was run over by a freight shifter and her head, arms and legs severed from the trunk. The aged woman was beneath a car picking coal when an engine was coupled to the car.

**CASTORIA** For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

**EDUCATIONAL**

**School of Commerce**

Troup Building 15 So. Market Sq. Day and Night School

22d Year Commercial and Stenographic Courses Bell Phone 1946-J

**Harrisburg Business College**

Day and Night School

Sept. 7, 1915

Business, Shorthand and Civil Serv.

**THE OFFICE TRAINING SCHOOL**

Kaufman Bldg. 4 S. Market Sq. Training That Secures

**Salary Increasing Positions**

In the Office Call or send to-day for interesting booklet. Bell phone 694-R.

Try Telegraph Want Ads

**Neal of the Navy**

SHOWN IN MOVING PICTURES

**COLONIAL** EACH WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

Season's Greatest Movie Serial