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SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent A Romance of the Future

By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays,

CHAPTER II.—Continued. One of them, noticeable for his tall, upright figure, clear eyes and bronzed face, hastened to the helioboard;

"The cremation of the ex-President, Hannibal Prudent, will be held at 4:00 p. m. Thursday."

"Too late!" whispered the stranger sadly, removing his hat. "Friend Santos, we are too late. How happy, how contented he would have been had he received the news I wanted to give him personally before he left."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Hale. Your kindness touches me. It is good to know that there are friends upon whom I can count during these sad days."

"I also want to tell you something confidential, my dear Astra: The Continental Club feels that this coming election will bring the long expected event—that is, the nomination of the first woman President."

"Should the country select me for its executive, I shall be glad to serve, and I will do my best to carry out the plans formed by my father for the furtherance of the United Republics."

"I will do my best, my dear Astra," said Hale, as Astra hesitated. "Do you know a town, a district, a village or any other place by the name of 'Clyrnith'?"

Astra felt some satisfaction. As Hale left the crystal palace, he met the tall, bronzed man who had arrived on the fourteen-hour limited from San Francisco that morning,

withstanding his modish style of dress, looked a stranger. In the hall, he handed his card to the waiting servant without a word.

Edison smiled at the amusement of the man he called Santos. Taking his arm, he led him to the elevator. This time they went to the subway tube and, after making some inquiries of the guard, Edison bought two tickets for New York. It took two hours for them to make the journey between Washington and New York.

After they left the train, the two elbowed their way through excited and mourning crowds, Santos could hardly keep pace with the long strides of Edison. They turned into Forty-second street from the avenue and hurried into the Hippodrome, an immense, but very old structure, a relic of the nineteenth century.

The continental party had gathered in this building and a somewhat stout woman was speaking when the two strangers entered. The audience listened to the woman with intense attention; her pleasant, strong contralto voice filled the great hall and she brought out important points in her address with delectable strokes.

"To whom do we owe all these blessings? To whom must we give thanks for the thousands of other things that add comfort to home life, travel and national existence? To whom but the man whose soul has left the clay and entered the land of peace; Hannibal Prudent, ex-President of the United Republics of America."

"I know that many of the sectionists and internationalists say we are isolated from the countries that gave us our ancestors; I know that the sectionists think the isolation was an outrage against our further development in art, literature and science. They think those things, but we continentalists know differently."

"Our singers sing the airs of our country; our artists paint pure, beloved objects and scenes known to all of us."

"Look at our magnificent, lofty architecture, our terraces and roof gardens at our reversible street covers, at the swinging gardens, tube and aerial roads. These are our own—



Astra Had Long Ago Discovered Some Bestial Trait in Him.

these are not influenced by foreign education. We created them ourselves." She stopped for a moment, stretched out her shapely arm and continued: "Before the isolation of our continent, we were a mixture of all the nations of the world; today we are a nation complete in ourselves. There are no English, Irish, Dutch, German, Italian or Spaniards left. These nationalities have merged and produced the citizen of America."

isolation. I pray that the news is untrue, but should it be true, then we will have to prepare for defense. "Compatriots, true citizens! Who can fill the executive chair more satisfactorily than the one who, throughout her whole life, has been prepared for it? I call to you and ask you to give your best judgment for the cause and with one heart and one thought nominate for the continental candidate the daughter of Prudent, Astra Prudent--"

Here she was interrupted by a heavy voice thundering: "No female rule for me."

That was all he could say, as his voice flattened out behind a healthy slip delivered resoundingly on the disturber's mouth. The hand and arm that administered this rebuke belonged to Napoleon Edison. With a strong jerk he turned the surprised man toward the door and he was carried on and on as if he were a wreck being tossed by stormy waves.

"With all my heart I trust Miss Prudent will be the nominee of the continentalists. Those who agree with me, kindly stand up!"

According to the rules of the party, all who desired had the right to make an address, so this request was readily granted. Since no one asked for this man's name, it was not disclosed. He walked calmly forward, closely followed by a short, fat man who stopped only when his tall friend mounted the platform. This tall man was dressed in a gray traveling suit, instead of mourning, but on his arm was a broad black band.

All the attention of the great audience was centered on the athletic figure and the sunburnt, frank face of the young man. Astra's instrument showed these details to her as plainly as if she were sitting in one of the boxes, and she was thrilled as his eyes seemed to look straight into hers. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "I have a message to deliver to the political party in which I believe; do not ask me how I happen to be the instrument that was selected to convey this message to you, but I beg of you to seriously consider my words."

There was silent emotion in his voice when he mentioned that name. "That warning is only too true. Our enemies, defeated fifty years ago, have found a way to break through our isolation; they have spent these fifty years planning revenge! We can, through Hannibal Prudent's efforts, put off their invasion for one year, which will give us a little time to prepare for defense. Continentalists, my brothers in conviction, spread strength and faith through the mighty land, as God has given us, just as he did fifty years ago, a man to liberate this country from the oppressor's hand. God, in his infinite goodness, has given us another instrument to repel the storming enemies."

His voice filled the great hall; his words were convincing through the sincerity of the orator. As he opened his mouth to speak again, the large helioboard began to show many colored zig-zag sparks and the audience watched it in apprehension; the whole atmosphere was charged with an inexplicable feeling of expectation. Not a person moved until the man on the platform stepped quickly down to the operating table of the electro-stylograph and adjusted the instrument into the right receiving socket. The sparking ceased and blurred, but discernible, a picture appeared.

As the audience stared the pictures became somewhat clearer and they saw what appeared to be tremendous sea monsters lying immovable on the bosom of the ocean. The huge bulks of metal, showing unknown forms of warfare, were pointed menacingly at the silent audience, which was representative of the fifty years just past; the comparison showed clearly that the science and genius of the Europeans had only produced a perfection of death-dealing instruments, while the Americans had advanced in science, art, literature and a general development of the human race.

The great audience, which had been so enthusiastic, now sat as motionless as a bird that has been charmed by a snake, intently watching the wonderful picture that moved and changed incessantly; huge airships of an improved type, resembling the old style Zeppelin, glittered brightly, as they moved with ponderous grace.

Every conceivable form of mono and bi-plane came gliding by; and each and every form of locomotion carried unmistakable signs of their destiny—a machine of destruction. As the pictures vanished a sigh issued from every heart and a rustle of relaxation stirred the multitude. Many turned toward the platform, hoping to see the man who had last spoken, but he was gone.

Daily Thought. Keep well thine tongue and keep thy friend—Chauncey.

New Kind of Work. Cynthia, a young negro cook, who had recently given up her employment in order that she might try her luck at the easier profession of caterer, met her former mistress on the street.

"Where are you working now, ma'am," replied Cynthia coyly; "I see capering for a congressman."

He Had a Vote. "It's all very well for educated women to vote," said an ardent anti to Mrs. Belmont, "but think how terrible it would be if your cook had a vote."

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM In the looking-glass a woman often sees wrinkles, hollow circles under eyes, "crow's feet,"—all because she did not turn to the right remedy when worn down with those troubles which are distinctly feminine.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION! It allays and subdues nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the feminine organs.

DR. R. V. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS REGULATE AND INVIGORATE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. SUGAR-COATED TINY GRANULES.

Chicken Race War. "A sectional issue has arisen in our town," said the commuter. "Before it is settled I am afraid the civil war will be fought all over again."

Work Falls to Women. In Zululand the women do most of the manual labor, while their husbands, fathers and brothers laugh and sing.

When Your Eyes Need Care. Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try It for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

Rule for Candles. An old rule calls for as many candles on the table as there are guests about it, and it is a rule that might be followed with interesting results.

For the Congregation. One Sunday a diminutive preacher exchanged pulpits with a pastor who was a giant in stature.

Today. Do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness.

CONSTIPATION may be either a transient or permanent affliction, arising from some error in diet or as a result of constantly weak digestion.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. Keep well thine tongue and keep thy friend—Chauncey.

RAISES the DOUGH Better than other powders—producing light, dainty, wholesome cakes and pastries—CRESCENT BAKING POWDER

Intelligent Dutch Cows. "Cattle unaccompanied by a driver are forbidden to cross this bridge," runs the inscription on a signpost near Haarlem, Holland.

"Better be Safe than Sorry" It is far better to give the Stomach, Liver and Bowels some help at the beginning than to keep putting it off until sickness overtakes you.

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters handy and take it promptly. It helps overcome all Stomach, Liver and Bowel Ills, also prevents Malaria, Fever and Ague

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