

The ISOLATED CONTINENT

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

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CHAPTER I.

Astra's Inheritance.

A gloomy foreboding of approaching disaster hung over the capital.

Hannibal Prudent, ex-President of the United Republics, was dangerously ill. The people walked quietly and talked in subdued tones, as though they feared to disturb him.

Hannibal Prudent, the scientist whose invention had saved the country, was eighty-four years old, but he had carried the weight of his years lightly and had worked unceasingly. On a flying trip to Labrador he had contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. Just as the disease was nearing the crisis a curious thing happened, something that had not happened in the half-century which had passed since he had put an isolator between America and the other continents.

A wireless message had come from Europe.

The great man had been awakened by the ringing of the 4,500-mile bell on the small electro-stylograph that stood by his bedside. To his astonishment the indicator that automatically registered the sending station pointed to Berlin, Germany. He stared in amazement at the instrument and saw spark following spark on its small, square, milk-glass plate.

He put forth a shaking hand and adjusted the receiving horn. The electric sparks then formed a picture—a moving picture that talked! A man in military uniform looked at him from the picture and a clear voice with a German accent said in English: "Professor Prudent?"

"Yes, sir, Hannibal Prudent."

The figure bowed reverently. "I am Count Von Werdenstein. As you see, I have bored through your isolating rays with my sparks of electricity. This is the beginning. The next time I talk to you there will be nothing to keep the fleet of consolidated Europe from entering the ports of the Americas. I am giving you this warning because I admire you—you were my honored father's teacher."

The figure on the plate bowed again, then vanished.

Hannibal Prudent gazed curiously at the glass of the apparatus, trying to believe that he had experienced a vision; but when he saw the words of Werdenstein clearly printed by the magnificent instrument on a sheet of paper by the stylus he faintly. The vitality that could combat physical suffering could not bear the menacing news that the little instrument had brought.

When he opened his eyes his daughter Astra stood at the bedside and the house physician was counting his pulse. The scientist still held Werdenstein's message crumpled up in his old fingers—the message that conveyed such crushing news. Impatiently, as one who knows his time is short, he asked to be left alone with his daughter. As the door closed behind the doctor he cried out in agony: "All my hopes and all my life work are threatened. I had hoped that here where I had established it peace would abide—peace that has spread comfort, contentment and happiness over our continent; peace that created and conserved fortunes greater than any ever before known to man; peace that permitted developments so high that even the boldest would not have dared to dream them fifty years ago."

"All this will go." His voice faltered for a moment. "Read this." As the startled girl read Werdenstein's messages he cried bitterly: "They want vengeance." He felt his own pulse, watching the large chronometer on the wall opposite his bed. "My will is in the safe in my library. Here is the key. The Europeans think that the Z-ray alone hinders them from entering our beloved country, but they are mistaken." He gasped for air. "I will defy them again. Astra, write what I have to say."

His breath came gaspingly; his clear eyes grew dull; a whirlwind seemed to possess the great brain that had been able to create peace in America for half a century.

Astra watched him with apprehension; she did not speak, as she realized that it would be a waste of time, and the short time left her adopted father was precious indeed. The old man rested a moment, then seeing Astra was ready, he said:

"When the isolation has been broken through or destroyed (both are pos-

sible, if one knows how), then new isolations must be created, one ray after another. We can gain a year that way, and that year must be used to prepare for war. War! That horror will destroy the work of a peaceful country. But we are forced to it; we will win, and peace will come forever. Plans are ready for a new craft that will be invincible. Navigation of the air will solve the problem." His voice had grown so weak that Astra could hardly understand him, but she had taken every word down in shorthand.

"Don't grieve when I am dead. I died in peace. All my life I have been a true apostle of that gospel—but hurry! Hurry to the island of—" He drew himself up with his last strength; an inarticulate sound came from his lips; he beckoned to Astra for the pencil and paper and forced his shaking hand to write one word:

"Clrynith," ran the zigzag lines of the shaking old hand, then the pencil fell from his fingers. Calm stole over the face of the man who had lived for one great idea, "Peace." He had found it, but his last words advised "War." Astra looked sorrowfully at her father. Tears filled her eyes as she called the doctor.

But Hannibal Prudent had reared her, and after the first burst of grief



The Great Man Had Been Awakened By the Ringing of the 4,500-mile Bell.

she remembered her duty. Taking the message from Europe and her notes, she hurried to her father's library. With a steady hand she transcribed her notes on the typewriter, but when she came to the word written by Hannibal Prudent, "Clrynith," the tears came again.

She could not understand the meaning of the command: "Hurry to the island of Clrynith." Was there an island of that name? She had never heard of it.

While Astra was in her father's library the sad news spread through the city. The stylographed extras began to appear at the automatic news stand. The short paragraph telling about the wireless message from Germany alarmed everybody.

More than fifty years before, in the year 1919, the now prosperous and peaceful United States had experienced a great disaster. New emigration laws and the new tariff had precipitated an international conflict that had involved not only the leading European monarchies but Japan and China as well. The ultimatum came from the East and the West. Europe was mobilizing on one side; the orientals on the other; all the nations against one. The question was whether it was best to bow before the will of the united enemy, or to lose independence. Congress seemed unable to decide.

The time given the United States for consideration was rapidly passing.

The President was in despair. He gave orders to the fleet and land forces, but in his heart he cried, "What is the use?"

The night before the day of final answer he stood before the window, looking hopelessly into the starless darkness.

Suddenly a man's head appeared at the window. The next moment the intruder jumped into the room.

Before the surprised executive could cry out the intruder exclaimed:

"For three days I have tried to gain an audience with you, but in vain. Since I know that tomorrow will be too late I have forced by way to you."

"What brings you here?" the President asked.

"My desire to save my country, to repulse the enemy. I can defend the entire continent against any invasion. Don't think me mad—I am not; I have invented the greatest power. To be exact, I have discovered it. A man who solves one of nature's problems is not an inventor but a discoverer. My discovery is an invisible power that resists all attack. Don't doubt me before I have finished. I will create around me a circle that will defend me and will ask you to try to touch me."

He took a small instrument from his pocket, and stepping back from the President, the continued:

"When I motion toward you try to touch me."

He manipulated springs on the instrument, then signaled to the President. The executive stretched his arm toward him. An invisible force bent first his hand, then his arm back. He could not touch the man from any side.

After several experiments the astounded President was convinced of the importance of the discovery.

The intruder removed the force from about him and told of his plans to save the country. They talked until long after the first rays of the morning sun shone through the windows.

When the midnight visitor had finished his confidences the President's face was brighter than it had been for many days. The careworn expression was gone. He escorted his visitor to the gate, putting his hand familiarly on his shoulder as he bade him good morning.

The midnight visitor was Hannibal Prudent, the greatest scientist of the new world.

The President spent the morning preparing dispatches for the representatives of the European and oriental nations. He gave them twenty-four hours to order their vessels from American waters, advising them that if they had not obeyed the order in that time the United States would not be responsible for their future.

The new laws that had been formulated by the United States government and which were so objectionable to the powers would stand, and the United States would see that they were enforced.

Three days later Hannibal Prudent created a current of the impenetrable Z ray that isolated the whole American continent from the rest of the world.

Fifty years had passed; fifty years of independent peace. The Central and South American republics had joined the great United States and a confederacy was formed that secured their independence and the freedom of commerce.

Those fifty years of peace had created wealth, happiness and a scientific progress such as had never been equaled.

Now the man whose genius had made this possible lay dead, and his last words urged preparation for war.

Astra sat before her father's desk; before her lay a document that demanded careful study—the will of her adopted father.

She did not look at the long list of bonds and stocks; she did not care for the vast wealth that from now on would belong to her alone. The paper she was reading contained far-reaching instructions, prophetic insight into the future. The last page was a farewell letter:

"My dear Astra, knowing that I am nearing the limit of human existence, and that rest awaits me after a long



TWO STRONG POINTS OF VIEW

Society Divided Into Camps on Question That Has Always Been Considered Important.

No work under heaven is more imperative than the rescue of young and innocent girls; no crime is more dastardly than the sale of their youth and innocence; no charity is greater than that which lifts the winner from her sin. But the fact that we habitually apply the term "white slave" to the willful prostitute as well as to the entrapped child, shows that a powerful and popular sentiment is absorbed from the shackles of accuracy. Also that this absolutism confuses the minds of men. The sentimentalist pities the prostitute as a victim, the sociologist abhors her as a menace. The sentimentalist conceives that men prey, and women are preyed upon; the sociologist, aware that evil men and women prey upon one another ceaselessly and ravenously, has no measure of tenderness for either. The sentimentalist clings tenaciously to

and full life, I set down such facts as will enable you to make the best use of the knowledge that I, the old tree, wish perpetuated in the blossoming plant; it is you who will be responsible for the coming prosperity of the country. God gave you a broad mind that has developed to its fullest capacity under my care and I am proud of you, dear girl; you are chosen to do great things for your country and humanity.

"There is only one man on earth who is worthy of calling you wife; you will find this man, or he will come to you, as you two are ordained mates, comrades."

"When I go to my rest I feel that I will leave turbulent times behind me. My Z ray will not remain impenetrable forever, and when the day comes that it is destroyed, the country will need a brave, competent man to drive away the dreadnaughts. He will come, as he has been fully instructed. Trust in him, my dear daughter."

"This country was not developed to be blasted by war; the adventures of warfare and strife are not for it. Our Creator selected this country to promote freedom, equality and science. Thundering cannons shall never more sound on our shore; our land shall be a land of love and peace."

"I have labored hard to spread this gospel. After I am gone the task is your inheritance, dear Astra."

"Before I die I will tell you where to find the one man competent to assist you and will further instruct you in your duty."

"God bless you, my daughter, you have ever been my joy and pride."

Astra put down the paper, and, starting out into the beautiful garden, murmured to herself: "Hurry to the island of Clrynith! Clrynith! I have never heard of the place, and he left no specific instructions."

The entrance of John, a faithful old servant, woke her from her reveries. With shaking lips he announced that a reporter for the Hourly Stylograph wished to see her.

Folding up the documents, Astra locked them in the safe, then said, "I will receive him at once in the green room."

The servant left. Astra hesitated for a moment, then she said aloud, with quiet determination:

"Father, I will accept the inheritance. I will wait for him to come and help me; I will take the burdens on my shoulders and faithfully carry out your teachings. God help me to!"

CHAPTER II.

Nominees of the Continentals.

Morning found the great capital in the splendor of deep mourning. The elevated sidewalks, the roof gardens, the terraces were crowded by people dressed in black. The newspaper roof terraces were especially crowded; there, on immense opal glass plates sparks of electricity printed the latest news and illustrated the happenings of the moment with moving pictures.

On the main tower of the new capitol building (a colossal creation of pure American architecture) the Bell Orchestra, comprising four hundred players, played the march of "Coming Peace," a march that thrilled the hearts with its melody, that elevated the souls with thoughts of Heaven, that drove away evil thoughts with its exquisite harmony and foretold the happiness awaiting beyond. Resonant horns spread the melody farther and farther, until it soothed the mourning people in neighboring towns.

The fourteen-hour San Francisco limited had just slid into the central depot of the Tube Lines; the broad glass doors were flung open and the passengers hurried out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't be "GROUCHY"

just because your Stomach has "gone back" on you. There's a splendid chance for it to "come back" with the aid of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It soothes and tones the tired nerves, promotes bowel regularity, aids digestion and will help you back to health. Try it.

PECULIAR BELIEF IN JAPAN

Though Pathetic, It Seems Strange to Western Ideas.

Among the Buddhists in Japan it is believed that the souls of children go farther after death to Sui-no-ka-wara (the stony river-bed) and there they remain until they reach maturity under the care of Jizobosatsu, who is represented as a priest with a long cane in one hand and a ball in the other.

He is said to stand in the center of the kawara, where he preaches to the children as they pile up stones, one for the salvation of their father, one for the mother, the third for brothers, the fourth for sisters and the fifth for their own salvation.

When night comes on and the wind blows hard a gigantic evil spirit appears and with a huge iron rod knocks down the heaps of stones which the children have made, and they are so frightened that they run to Jizo and hide themselves in the big sleeves of his kimono, which have a miraculous way of increasing in size according to the number of children who seek refuge. Then the evil spirit disappears and the children begin again the work of heaping up the stones.

Passing through cemeteries in Japan one sees tombs that have the image of Jizo carved upon them, as the parents take that way of gaining the special favor of Jizo for their children, and one will see little piles of stones built up by the parents and brothers and sisters of the children with the hope of helping in the tedious work of the little ones in the kawara.—Christian Advocate.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Powder, it cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Definition of a Gentleman.

A kindly heart, a quiet voice, polite words and manners, a hand open to help, attention to little things for the comfort of others, freedom from anger, boasting, and patronizing; toward the strong, courage; toward the weak, chivalry; toward all men, fairness. Few men ever see one in a mirror.—Life.

Wanted One of Her Own.

Dorothy loves her baby sister dearly and takes it quite hard that she is not allowed to play nurse oftener. The other day, being asked what mamma should bring her back from a visit to the city, she made a gentle request: "Please, mamma, a great big doll dressed like a real baby. I want one of my own to play with, since you won't let me have any fun with yours."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

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. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physiological Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Systematic Slaughter of Rats.

A price is set on the head of the rat in Tokyo, and, according to the Far East, "The sight is frequently seen in the side streets of the city of some blooming damsel gingerly conveying a small rat, suspended by a string tied to its tail, to the police box. Here an official receipt is given for the rat, which entitles the holder to 5 sen, and so the plague is combated and the people protected against foul epidemics."

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water make liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow.

Montenegrin National Dress.

The national dress of Montenegro is very picturesque, consisting of bright and varied colors. The headgear is a becoming cap.