

The ISOLATED CONTINENT

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

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SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with President Prudent critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Ciryne, but dies before he can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier di Leon appears in Europe. He calls on von Werdenstein and offers him the secret of making gold in return for absolute disarmament and peace. The chevalier is suspected of being an American. He is seized at night and carried off in an aeroplane. Astra is inaugurated as president. She receives a message from Edison, whose long silence has worried her, that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He announces that the confederated fleet of Europe has sailed for America. He promises to call on her the following night. Countess Rositta, a spy, becomes a prisoner in hope of securing Napoleon's secret. She falls in love with him. She agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of fireworks she summons a curious flying machine which resembles a monster eagle. He escapes and sends his message to Astra. Edison calls on Astra as promised. He tells her his plans for defense have been completed, but that he will give full details at his workshop on the island of Ciryne in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, ciryne, which is lighter than any known metal and is practically indestructible. The Europeans succeed in passing the line of isolation, but find that the Americans have established a second one. Edison delivers a note to von Werdenstein in his flagship demanding that the fleet be withdrawn. Edison is attacked, but by the use of some mysterious power he destroys two warships and several aeroplanes. Realizing his helplessness, Werdenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to universal disarmament. Edison's mother is ill on the island of Ciryne. Countess Rositta offers to go and comfort her, hoping to discover Edison's secrets. She begins to weave a net around Santos Duprel, Edison's assistant. The countess gets a letter from Werdenstein offering her the principedom of Schomburg-Lithow or Edison's secret.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

He went up high in the air and adjusting the electro-stylograph, with which all the aerodromes were equipped, he began to send out calls for Napoleon.

In a few minutes the connection was established and Santos told Napoleon of his discovery.

"Wait for me, my dear boy, I am coming," Santos saw Napoleon adjust the mechanism to full power, then dart forward. They spoke from time to time, and Santos gave directions, until he discovered in the southwestern sky the rapidly approaching American Eagle.

They met on top of the extinct volcano that was called Suemeg, on whose slopes the richest grape vines grew.

Napoleon shook Santos' hand warmly and congratulated him on his discovery. After he had inspected the ground thoroughly he could not find words to express his joy, but as he knelt there, looking up, his whole being expressed a silent prayer of thanksgiving toward the omnipotent being who creates and governs the universe.

"We don't need to look farther, Santos; there is sufficient ciryne under our feet to meet the demands of the coming century."

They started homeward. Napoleon communicated, through his electro-stylograph, with his friend Kalmar, to find out who owned the property on which the peak of Suemeg stood. After a delay his questions were answered. The peak, as part of the Schomburg Lithow estates, had fallen to the crown, as the prince had recently died without heirs. That was all the information he could get, so he decided he would call on the Hungarian minister of agriculture, who would probably be in a position to tell him what he wished to ascertain.

"Fate is jesting with me. I had to find that precious metal in a foreign country, but gold will buy it," thought Napoleon, and returned that day to Washington, to tell his betrothed the good news.

Santos returned to Ciryne, where he found the countess with Mrs. Edison. He did not mention the discovery of the new ciryne deposit, as he knew Napoleon wanted to keep it secret until negotiations for its purchase were completed.

The little island, hardly three square miles in size, was in the glory of tropi-

cal spring, and the fine weather had brought back the health of Mrs. Edison.

The sunsets were wonderful. Poetry and love were adrift in the air. Poor Duprel! It was only a question of time until he would become Rositta's slave, only a question of time when he would betray his master for a sweet word from those treacherous lips.

Napoleon came a week later and thanked Rositta for her kindness to his mother during her indisposition. He did not talk about the discovery of the rich ciryne deposit in her presence, but when they went out for a walk he found an opportunity to communicate the good news to his mother.

There was but one obstacle in the way of his acquiring this property. The last Prince of Schomburg Lithow had died. His possessions were now German crown lands and diplomacy must be employed, or the Count von Werdenstein would suspect the value of the property, and if he discovered the secret of the aerodrome Napoleon well knew that he would not hesitate to take to war in the air.

"It would be terrible," he sighed, "to destroy all the good we have accomplished."

Napoleon invited the countess to return to the capital with him and spend



"I—Will—Make the Whole World Suffer for My Loss."

a few days with Astra. She consented, and when they were alone asked what had become of the assassin who had sought Astra's life. Napoleon could give her no information except that he was in prison.

Almost every mail brought the countess letters from Europe, among which was another from the Count von Werdenstein.

The cleverly worded contents of that message conveyed the information that Napoleon was interested in a piece of land belonging to the Schomburg Lithow principedom. Rositta was requested to find the reason for his interest. As soon as she was ready to cast the bomb that would destroy peace the reward she might ask would be hers.

All this harmonized with her plans, and she looked forward to the next trip to Ciryne with Santos.

There was a reception at the Crystal Palace that evening for the diplomatic corps of the countries represented at the capital. It brought back the days before the isolation. Uniforms glittered, orders of valor and distinction were exhibited by the Europeans, who seemed to hold to their traditions; the barbaric splendor of the Orient mingled with the simple evening dress of the Americans, for simplicity characterized every American citizen.

When Astra appeared she was herself the greatest jewel.

A concert was arranged for the entertainment of the distinguished guests.

The Countess Rosiny and Mr. Hale sat near each other; he was dreamily enjoying the wonderful mellow contralto voice.

An attendant whispered: "A messenger wants to see your ladyship."

Quietly she withdrew from the hall. Ambrosio Hale looked after her. He had seen the changing expression on her face, and shook his head doubtfully as he watched her leave.

A man awaited the countess in a small reception room; he wore the

black cassock of a Trappist monk, an ancient order that still existed in a few of the European countries.

His face resembled that of the Countess Rosiny to an extraordinary degree.

When she saw him she uttered one word: "Robert." He motioned for her to step nearer, and she obeyed.

The pale padre brought from under his robe a small parcel and unfolded it. It contained a small locket with a fine chain of gold. Fine miniatures were on either side, and pressed between was a curl of black, glossy hair, bound with a narrow black ribbon. One portrait was Rositta's. The other was a little girl's.

In pantomime the monk told Rositta that he had brought this to her at the request of the little girl. She watched him stupidly, seeming unable to grasp his meaning. At last it came over her with a rush and she grasped the monk's arm convulsively.

"Brother, what has happened to her, to my—my daughter?"

The monk slowly raised his right hand heavenward.

Rositta gave one shriek and fell fainting.

The monk picked his sister up and placed her tenderly on the sofa, then he wrapped the locket and chain in its silk covering and placed it carefully in the bosom of her dress.

His large eyes rested somberly on Rositta, and a sigh escaped his lips. He crossed himself and, with a last glance at the silent woman, departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Love.

When Rositta regained consciousness she looked around for the Trappist monk whom she had called Robert. At first, when she saw no one, she felt as though she had had a dream, but she felt the package in her bosom and she knew that it was no dream.

She did not weep. Her eyes were dry and hard. She slowly unwrapped that medallion and looked at that lock of glossy hair. The portrait of her own child and a lock from her head! She repressed her feelings resolutely and left the room with a firm step. She passed through several rooms, nodding now and then to the people she met, until at last she arrived at her own door.

She entered and locked the door, and sank into a chair; not to give way to her sorrow and sob, not to pray for consolation, but to curse the cruel fate that had robbed her of her only child, the only pure, clean, innocent thing in her life.

She looked at the clear, smiling eyes gazing at her from the exquisite little portrait. Still she did not weep; her mouth was tightly closed, and the corners slightly drooped.

"You have taken her from me!" she hissed to the invisible foe. "You wanted to crush me!" She shook her clenched hand toward that phantom pictured in her brain. "But you cannot. I am stronger. Until today there was one pure spot in my soul; I had one being whom I loved unselfishly, whom I wanted with me always, yet I would not let her live in my atmosphere, because I wanted her to be all that I was not. And now she is gone!" She groaned in anguish.

"God! Are you the God of Love that Christ told of, or are you the vengeful, terrible God who vents his wrath 'till the seventh generation? You have taken my love; now my heart is black and empty of all save hatred."

She became calm; her pale face was expressionless, her movements measured.

"Nobody shall know that I have suffered." She stepped before the mirror and looked at herself. "But millions shall suffer. I—will—make the whole world suffer for my loss."



STRINGING 'EM ON THE CAR

Wife Prepared the Beans on Her Way Home From the Market So as to Have Supper on Time.

On an eastbound Euclid car in Cleveland, O., the other afternoon a buxom woman took her seat and proceeded to go on with her work. She was oblivious of the fact that the car was filling up; she got a place to sit and she proceeded with her knitting. Only it wasn't exactly what you might call knitting. She had purchased some string beans at the market and on the way home she was stringing them.

It was like this, as she explained. From the market to her home it took 25 minutes. She couldn't get home till quarter of six. Dinner was at quarter past six. All right. It takes

"No more love, not another tender feeling shall creep in my heart." Her eyes glowed fiercely.

"I swear, by all the devils of the underworld, that I will plunge the world into mourning, that rivers of tears shall flow to repay me for my heart's blood."

After a few minutes' work before her mirror, she emerged from her room as rosy-cheeked as ever and smiling. At first her steps were slow, but they soon quickened, and by the time she arrived at the concert hall nobody could have told that she had gone through a terrible ordeal.

The last entertainer was leaving the stage when she entered the room. No one, save Mr. Hale, knew of her long absence from the hall. When she met Astra she felicitated her on the success of the concert.

When the guests had left, Astra and the countess retired into the little room that was reserved for family occasions.

"You will soon be the happiest woman on earth, my dear," remarked Rositta, casually.

"I am happy now, my dear girl," smiled Astra.

"The gods have given you a wonderful temperament, my dear Astra. You, with your calm, serene nature were created to be happy. You simply shed the difficulties of life."

"Why, dear, are you unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" A sigh escaped the countess' lips, a spark of fire gleamed in her eyes, then a smile parted her coral lips. "A person with a temperament like mine never could be happy. My selfish mind craves just the thing some one else has, and if I should rob that person I would get tired of the object and cast it away." She looked at Astra, but Astra only smiled serenely, not taking Rositta's remarks seriously.

"Such is my fate, my dear. Tell me, am I responsible for being such an unhappy combination? Am I to be judged by the same measure as you, who cannot help but be good?"

"We all have passions. Mine are for liberty, peace."

"Liberty, peace," repeated Rositta, then relapsed into thought. Had Astra been able to read those thoughts, she would have had cause for alarm. Her brain was filled with war, destruction and mourning all over the world.

The next evening Rositta returned to Ciryne, with Santos at the wheel of the aerodrome.

Napoleon and Astra watched the great bird disappear in the western sky, and then they walked silently to a seat that overlooked the city. Napoleon talked for the first time about his love for her. Astra was calm, but she rose quietly and stood looking at the pulsating city below them. Their love had been understood between them, although they had never spoken of it. Yet it made her heart throb with happiness to hear his tender words. He rose and gently taking her arm, they walked among the plants that grew on the roof. A faint sound of music came to their ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greek Rulers.

Greece has not treated her rulers well since she threw off the yoke of the sultan ninety years ago. At the outset she tried a president, Capodistria, who was soon assassinated; then Otho of Vavaria was chosen king, but after a stormy time was forced to abdicate. After that the crown went begging for a while. The duke of Edinburgh and the earl of Derby both refused it, and it was common talk that "Mr. Gladstone could have had it by the lifting of an eyelid."

Held in the Hospital.

"I don't see you running your car as much as I used to."

"No. It takes me longer to get over an accident now than it used to."

For the LITTLE ONES

STRANGE RECOVERY OF BOY

Letter of Sympathy From Walter Johnson, Noted Pitcher, Works Miracle With Washington Lad.

Warren A. Slee, thirteen years old, lay sick for weeks, and, according to a Washington dispatch, physicians said they did not think he would recover. Then the lad went into delirium and talked of Walter Johnson, the "speed king" among the pitchers of the American league. He had been whom this lad had stood secretly in awe, and when the mind was free the idol of his worship spoke to him.

When the team came back to Washington from its western trip, a member of the boy's family had intuitive sense enough to seek out the pitcher and tell him what the doctors said. Naturally Mr. Johnson wanted to go to the boy's bedside, but the physicians said no, that the excitement would be fatal.

So he wrote this letter, and it was read to the boy in an interval of delirium:

"My Dear Warren—I take pleasure in sending you herewith one of the baseballs used on our western trip, and hope that you will soon have the opportunity of using it with your friends."

Pills, powders and surgery had failed, but an idol worked another miracle. As if touched by the gods of old, there was an immediate change for the better, and within a remarkably short space of time the boy left the hospital and was able to use the baseball. The primitive mind had been allowed to work.

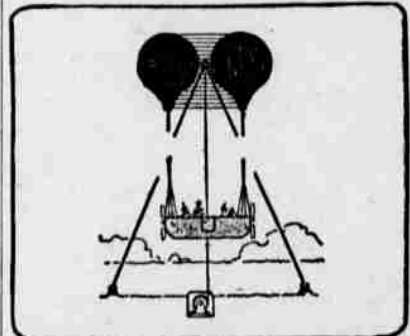
Many noted writers have tried in vain to describe the psychology of miracles such as these, remarks the New York Sun. Kipling and his "Brushwood Boy," Kenneth Grahame and his "Golden Age," have essayed to explain the mind of boy, but it can not be done. All that we know is, as Thackeray says, that every boy at a stage in his life has some idol. Of course, the idols change, eventually becoming feminine. Yet if our learned uplifters would seek to learn the name or nature of each boy's idol, and work through it, instruction in moral hygiene and eugenics would become obsolete. That way progress lies. If an idol can save a life it can go other things, for it represents the boy's ambition at its best and most impressionable period.

And what matter the form the idol takes? It may be, as it often is, a locomotive engineer, a drum major, a baseball pitcher; through the hero worship of these exalted beings the boy's salvation lies. Text books on biology were never intended for the primitive mind.

BALLOON-SUPPORTED SWING

Ingenious Device, Patented in England and Germany, Has Car Suspended From Huge Bags.

This ingenious swing, recently patented in England and Germany, has a car suspended from two balloons, which are held captive by ropes fas-



Balloon-Supported Swing.

tened to anchors. The swinging motion is produced by propellers fitted to the car, and the car can move in curves within the same space inclosed by the anchor ropes. To permit passengers to enter the car, the balloons are pulled down by means of the central cable, which is wound up on a drum.

Cause for Fright.

The family at the supper table had been discussing a horse frightened by an automobile into running away. After silently listening for a while, little Mary finally looked up from her plate.

"I don't blame the horses," she said, "for being afraid of automobiles. You would be, too, if you were a horse."

"Why, Mary?" asked her father.

"Well," said Mary, "wouldn't you be scared if you saw a pair of pants coming along without a man in them?"—Everybody's Magazine