

# The ISOLATED CONTINENT

## A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

By GUIDO VON HORVATH and DEAN HOARD

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### SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hannibal Prudent, president of the united government. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he has succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent's, offers to assist Astra and hints at new discoveries which will make North America impregnable. A man giving the name of Chevalier de Leon offers Werdenstein the secret of making gold in return for European disarmament. The chevalier is made a prisoner. Countess Rosina, a spy, becomes a prisoner in the hope of discovering the secret of the gold. She falls in love with him and agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of rockets he summons a curious flying machine. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. He warns Astra that the consolidated fleets of Europe have sailed to invade America. He calls on Astra that following night and explains his plans for defense. By the use of aeroplanes made of a new substance which is indestructible he expects to annihilate the European forces. He delivers a note to von Werdenstein on his flagship demanding immediate withdrawal. He is attacked and, by destroying two warships and several aeroplanes, forces von Werdenstein to agree to universal disarmament. The countess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdenstein of the principality of Schomburg-Lithow in return for Edison's secret. Edison and his assistant, Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, crynith. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess gets Santos into her clutches. She promises to reveal Edison's secret as soon as von Werdenstein turns over the Schomburg-Lithow estate to her. On the day of the wedding of Astra and Edison the countess and Santos flee the country. Santos perfects a machine, is made a count and marries the countess, now princess of Schomburg-Lithow. Edison finds a new deposit of crynith and builds a new fleet of airships. He accidentally discovers a liquid that will render opposing airships helpless. Santos completes a fleet for the princess. The aviators of the fleet elect her queen. She plans to master the world.

### CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

This Sunday was the first real day of rest that Napoleon had enjoyed for a long time. He found perfect peace in the company of his mother and wife. Nobody knew he had returned. The surprise that swept over the members of the staff when he appeared in congress Monday morning was great.

As Napoleon arose the great hall became instantly silent. He bowed he said:

"Honorable President and Representatives, before all else I want to thank you for your kind reception." A loud "hurrah!" stopped him for a moment. Then he continued: "There have been so many changes since I



"I Tell You, Woman, to Stand Before Me."

went away that I can hardly express my opinion, particularly in regard to the political affairs of the present. I am very glad to see that congress realizes its duty, and that every member is prepared for action. I place my faith in its wisdom and hope that it will know its duty and do it accordingly.

"Compatriots, I greet you all!" A sigh of satisfaction swept over the hall when Napoleon, after this short speech, sat down. An air of uncertainty prevailed; they had expected so much from him and had received nothing definite. The speaker of the house then opened the session.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Princess Rositta Shows Her Colors. The answers of the international peace committee and congress of the

United Republics of America were identical in wording, and were duly cabled to all the rebelling monarchs.

Neither the peace committee nor congress gave a thought to consenting to the wishes of the decree of the European rulers, and it is quite likely that the prompt refusal to accede to their demands was not unexpected, for the Count von Werdenstein rubbed his hands contentedly when he read the first dispatch. His first act was to call the Princess Schomburg Lithow on the 'graph. Her headquarters were in Suemeg.

Werdenstein's message found Rositta in the air. She connected the apparatus to the 'graph and bowed to the smiling count.

"Ah, good morning, count!"

"Good morning, princess."

"The Americans refuse our demands," said the count bluntly.

"Ah, indeed!"

"Can you come to Berlin and talk to me?"

She thought for a moment. "Is your answer ready?"

"An ultimatum? Is that what you mean?"

"An ultimatum that says distinctly that peaceful relations will be broken after a lapse of twenty-four hours and that Europe will act as she sees fit," replied Rositta with a firm click of her even teeth.

"I am going to see his majesty now and will communicate with the powers. Replies should reach me by tomorrow morning," was the count's answer.

"Then do so, my dear count, and if one of the powers should refuse it should be considered as an enemy, in league with the Americas. Tomorrow you will kindly call me up again and tell me the results. I will then arrange to meet you."

The count consented, then disconnected his instrument. He went to his majesty and had a gloomy reception. The kaiser listened to the details of the count's plans and shook his head doubtfully. In the end he consented to the ultimatum, remarking that the situation could not be much worse.

Answers consenting to the terms of the ultimatum came promptly, and authorized the count to send it out.

England, however, refused. The Island Kingdom was the only one that sent a flat refusal.

The count shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Then we will do without England, that is all."

Calling Rositta on the 'graph, he advised her to have her men in readiness.

"Is the ultimatum on its way?" was her eager question.

"It is ready to be sent, already in cipher."

"Then send it and in an hour an aerodrome will call for you. I want you to come to Suemeg to see my feet." Rositta shut off the current before the count could answer. His dignity was ruffled at her behavior, but since it was imperative that he see her he had to submit to her plan.

When the aeroman called for him the ultimatum was on its way and he was ready to go to Suemeg.

Just before he left, however, he sat down to his desk and wrote a letter, then hurriedly folded it and, sealing it in an envelope, rang the bell for his aide de camp.

The Captain von Hochamberg entered and saluted gravely.

"I have a very important mission for you, captain. Take the first train to Hamburg and thence to England. This letter contains a sealed order for you. You must be at the German consulate in Liverpool by 8:00 a. m. tomorrow. If you receive no further orders then you are to follow the instructions that you will find in this sealed letter as quickly as possible. Otherwise return it intact. Here is an order for money and a pass. Secrecy is important!" He shook hands with the captain and dismissed him.

"That makes me feel easier." He sighed and started for the elevator that took him to the waiting aerodrome.

An hour later he was in Suemeg, greeting Rositta. The man who had made her what she had lost his value in her eyes. He could do nothing more for her, so he could be discarded or destroyed.

"I have called your honor here, to exhibit the fleet I possess, and to show you what we have accomplished and what we can do." The latter words

carried a peculiar accent to the chancellor's ears.

"I am quite curious to see everything, my dear princess."

"Your curiosity will soon be gratified, as I have already given orders to my men." She placed an emphasis on the "my."

The chancellor only bowed; then after a pause he said:

"I also have some orders for you, princess, from his majesty the kaiser!" She waved her hand airily. "We can talk about it later."

The princess led him at once into the open and pointed toward twenty-one aerodromes that were stationed on the plateau, glittering in the sunshine. The uniformed aeromen stood at attention by their machines and saluted the princess and the count as they passed in old military style between the two rows of aerodromes.

The princess led the way to the machine that was decorated with the princely crown, and pulling a silver whistle from her pocket she blew it. The well-trained men jumped into their machines and sat at attention.

She blew shrill blasts on her whistle and the feet shot up into the air as one bird.

The Count Santos Duprel was at the wheel and Rositta commanded the feet. The second line of machines was signaled to reverse their flight and the first line followed her. After they had separated from each other a mile or so both lines turned toward the center, and the chancellor at last understood the significance of the maneuver when red pennants were hoisted on the eleven machines comprising the princess' fleet and blue on the ten opposite.

The aerodrome "Princess" made a detour and took a position on the right wing of the line; then the sham battle began.

The princess could not resist the impulse to show her prowess. Santos flung their aerodromes into the fight; they dodged and turned, each trying to gain in elevation. Finally, with a quick spring the "Princess" evaded its enemy and slid between its wings from the back and the next moment the enemy was a captive.

It was an exhilarating sport.

"I congratulate you, princess," said the count to the intoxicated Rositta.

The "Princess" carried the captive machine back to Suemeg with ease. The other machines returned, one after the other, all enthusiastic and discussing the tactics of air warfare.

After the inspection dinner was served, in which the whole squadron took part. Werdenstein greeted several of them as old acquaintances and friends of those good days when the armies held their own and when he was planning to conquer the American continent. The times had changed. Now the air men ruled—at the command of a beautiful, bold woman, whose only motive seemed to be vanity.

These gloomy forebodings were warranted sooner than he expected. Only appetizers and soup had been served.

when Count de Korona stood up and addressed the gathering:

"The pleasure of greeting the world-famous chancellor, the iron-handed man of the German Empire, has been given me. It is a great honor for us to have you at our feast, and we, the conquerors of the air, greet you, who are considered the representative of all the European powers."

Rositta smiled sweetly at the chancellor, who was watching the speaker in amazement. After a short pause, de Korona continued:

"We greet you as such, as a representative, and I, in my comrades' names, ask your excellency to be with us in heart and drink to the elected queen of the air, who is destined to be queen of the world. Long live our beloved Queen Rositta."

The huzzas that thundered through the hall told the chancellor plainly that this was no pleasantry. His suspicions had not been without foundation. He paled and when the tumult died away he stood up, calm and determined and without a word left the hall.

This action made Rositta furious, but she did not show her indignation. "The chancellor seems to have lost his appetite," was all she said.

After the dinner was over, she gave a few curt orders and the aeromen proceeded into another hall beautifully and regally decorated. At the far end stood a magnificent throne.

Rositta retired to her own apartment, while two men went to invite the chancellor to the throneroom. They found him soberly pacing the distance between the entrance gate and the first hangar.

He followed them. Rositta sat on the throne with a glittering crynith crown on her head. She was more beautiful than ever.

The Count von Werdenstein was led before her. He showed no surprise. His face was calm and his whole attitude expressed disinterest.

"I have requested that your excellency come to Suemeg, for I have a message that I want brought before the whole world."

The count looked at her steadily, and without waiting to hear her further words he said in his strong, penetrating voice:

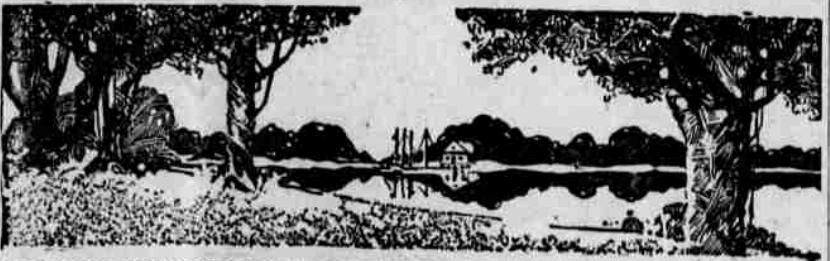
"I tell you, woman, to stand before me. Tell me your petition standing. Then I may listen to it. Do not forget that I represent the Emperor of Germany."

Had these words not been spoken in such deadly earnestness some of the audience would have found the scene ridiculous. As it was, it was grave and embarrassing and every one stood stunned.

The blood left Rositta's cheeks and it took almost a minute for her to recover her composure. Then she rose and pointing at the chancellor, said in a shrill voice:

"Take him away—back to Berlin quick or I shall forget myself and kill him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### ARE NOT SLAVES OF FASHION

In China a Man Can Dress as He Pleases Without Attracting Attention.

The fashions in Suchien, Kiangsu province, have a variety of such extent that every man can dress according to his individual choice and still be in correct taste and without attracting special attention from anybody else.

In other words, the styles this year are of personal ideals, according to a correspondent of the British China Daily Herald.

He says that every man wears what is right in his own eyes, and there are few if any, to ridicule. A panama hat goes jauntily down the street, closely followed by a fur-covered brim hat; felt hats of scarlet and verdigris green come along with grays and browns that do the latter credit for unique invention. These, with the Eskimo top capes, a few derby hats and the smart military uniforms, give the streets a piquancy which was unknown in the monotonous china blue of former years.

Among the notices posted on the city gate is a fashion plate that has been exhibited for weeks. It displays two or three of the typical "western suits"—the swallow-tailed and the low-front frock for evening wear—street garb of European and American style, and many other varieties. There one also finds the plaited skirts recommended for the women, and close by there is the proud silk or stovepipe hat of felt, which has its special corner with other headgear.

German Emperor Fond of Theater. Emperor William of Germany shows his belief in the system of national theaters by contributing lavishly toward their support. As king of

### FEW REASONS FOR LAUGHTER

English Physician Advances Opinion Which Many Will Be Slow to Indorse.

An English physician, Doctor Mc Dougal, has advanced an entirely new theory as to the cause and reason for laughter. He starts with the admitted fact that we laugh easily when a man sits down on his own hat, or does some other equally painful thing. It is difficult for us to restrain our risibilities when a person tumbles down, even though in the next moment we may be very sorry for the hurt that he or she has suffered.

From these instances the doctor concludes that laughter is really an invention of nature to serve as an antidote to sympathy, which is painful. If we could not laugh, we would cry much more frequently, and the nervous excitement would be most baneful. But when we laugh the circulation is increased, the respiration is deepened and the system is generally toned up. If we did not laugh we would become so depressed in the course of a short time that death or insanity would supervene.

The smile and the laugh, he holds, are different, even in kind, for he points to the fact that babies smile when three weeks old, but do not laugh until they are at least three months old or more. If this be true, it will change the views of many psychologists, who have long believed that smiling was only the earliest manifestation of risibility, and that it flowed from a sense of well-being.

If laughter be the antidote to sympathy, we must always laugh at and never with any one, which is hardly likely to prove true. The doctor may be a keen observer, but he will hardly be credited with any great psychological power, for every one else would be wrong and he alone right.

If he be correctly reported, he has omitted much that goes to make up laughter, which is not always the result of trying to avoid pain. In fact, it is much more frequently a sympathetic act, and is well known to be an imitative action, for we often laugh when others laugh.

### Sneezing.

"It is worth remembering," says the Woodbury Reporter, "that a sneeze may always be suppressed by a firm pressure on the nose shutting off the wind." It is better worth knowing and remembering that though a sneeze may take the form of an unseemly disturbance of a dignified occasion, it is too beneficent a provision of nature to be suppressed.

The Greeks, we know, accepted a sneeze as a favorable omen. For a long time we called them superstitious and laughed at them for thinking so. If we use our modern knowledge as to nature and purpose of a sneeze, we shall stop calling them superstitious and deem them prophets. Physiologically considered, a sneeze is a spontaneous action by which nature ejects a foreign substance, such as dust, from the sensitive nasal passages. In these days we are coming to understand that what we used to think merely irritating dust is often a compound of many harmful germs. Let alone, they enter the human system and do injurious or deadly work. Ejected by a sneeze—they are often passed on to somebody else.

### Collected.

Little Lucy had been dutifully entertaining the visitor until mamma came down. The visitor's conversation had been mainly confined to an extended series of questions, and Lucy's to an equal number of short answers.

"Where were you born, Lucy?" the good lady asked.

"In New York."

"What part? Tell me."

Lucy thought a minute over the riddle of existence before she answered this. Then she answered:

"I think that all of me was born in New York."—New York Evening Post.

### 'Twas Up to Her.

Mr. and Mrs. Nagg were visiting friends in Brooklyn, and several times were importuned to visit, before they left, Greenwood cemetery, called the most beautiful burial grounds in the country.

But one thing or another hindered, and as their visit drew to a close, Mrs. Nagg said: "Henry, when are you going to take me to the cemetery?"

Mr. Nagg, who had not yet recovered from the effects of a scolding administered not long before, moodily replied:

"With pleasure, my dear, whenever you're ready."

### To Brighten Tile.

To make red tiles a nice, bright, clear color, rub well with a lemon dipped in fine salt. Leave it for a few minutes, then wash in the usual way. You will find this well worth the trouble, for when it is finished the tiles will be a nice, clear red.

### No Room for It.

In the bright lexicon of love there is no such word as eugenics.—Washington Herald.

All the Same. "Why do they have to have money to put on a dumb show?" "Why not?" "Doesn't money talk?"