

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. 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 the 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. Werdenstein sends an ultimatum to America. He discovers the princess' real plans and is in despair.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

An hour later an aerodrome landed the chancellor in Berlin. He retired to his library and sank into the chair before his desk in despair. The weapon that he had counted on had turned against him. He, too, was glad that he had sent Captain Hochberg on his mission before the visit to Suemeg.

The next day four aerodromes started from Suemeg. They were carrying, suspended from their bodies a tremendous bomb. Their orders were to reach the Island of Ciryne by morning of the coming day.

When Washington received the news that the European monarchies, with the exception of England, had sent an ultimatum, most people sim-



It Struck the Metal Shell of the Bomb and the Next Second an Explosion Came.

ply smiled and asked: "What can they do? Napoleon Edison can take care of them."

Captain Von Hochberg waited in vain for orders to reach him at Liverpool, and at eight o'clock he opened the sealed order. There was another sealed envelope in the packet and this order: "Take this letter personally to the address mentioned in the quickest possible manner."

The sealed envelope was addressed to "Mrs. Napoleon Edison, Washington, U. R. of A."

The captain left the German consulate and hurriedly secured a stateroom on the quickest route to the United

States, and at eleven that morning he sailed for New York.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Second Victory.

It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving day.

No one would have thought that the sunshiny, clear sky would soon be the field of the first aerial encounter.

Napoleon took leave of his wife and mother, assuring them that as soon as he had finished his task he would hurry back to them. After another embrace from Astra he ascended to the roof of the Crystal Palace and stepped into the Eagle. He was alone.

He floated slowly toward the east.

His preparations were complete. Jerome Whistler had marshaled all the men together and they had taken the aerodromes from the island. The busy little place was as silent as the grave this Tuesday morning.

Napoleon rose high in the air and connected his graph with young Sullivan who, with his three helpers, had been patrolling the Pacific Ocean all night. Young Sullivan told him that they had sighted four blue-flagged aerodromes headed for America an hour before. They were grouped together and carried a large, heavy object.

Napoleon told Sullivan to stop them and make them drop the object into the ocean. If they refused to obey Sullivan was ordered to use his judgment in his treatment of them, but they were not to be permitted near the coast. Young Sullivan bowed and the connection was broken.

The young man was using the Hawk, the machine Santos Duprel had used. He went straight forward to meet the four strange aerodromes that were approaching slowly, being handicapped by the tremendous weight they were carrying. He signaled for his three men to come to his assistance. They answered from the north and south and he knew that they would hasten to him. He sped onward, meeting the four strange aerodromes. They had slackened their pace and the foremost answered Sullivan's "Hello."

"What do you want?" he asked in German, through the speaking tube.

"I want you to drop that balloon that you are carrying into the ocean right here!" replied Sullivan, decidedly, in the same language.

"We'll drop it in good time, my friend."

When the four aerodromes refused to stop their flight toward Ciryne, Sullivan made a dart forward and upward and those in the burdened crafts, knowing the significance of that upward dart, rose also.

"Will you drop that?" shouted Sullivan.

The answer was a hail of bullets. Sullivan was surprised to see that they bored into the protecting shell of his machine. They did not entirely penetrate the crynith. "That is something new," thought he. After the return to Ciryne he examined those bullets and found each tipped with diamond chips.

He saw, in the distance, two other aerodromes coming in answer to his call for assistance.

The four hostile aerodromes continued their fire, and finally Sullivan pulled the lever that discharged the collected lightning. It struck the metal shell of the bomb and the next second an explosion came that sent the flock of machines high up into the air. Sullivan's dromone, being to one side, did not suffer the shock that the others had, and he succeeded in spreading the wings and checking the upward flight.

The nature of crynith was such that the aerodromes escaped without much damage, but had the explosive found a greater resistance than air there would have been great havoc among the machines.

The awful shock in the air was felt by Napoleon, who was circling above Madeira. He knew what had happened, as his aerial instruments told him that the disturbance had been in the air and not on the earth's surface. Ciryne was safe. He had been waiting for Rositta, but now, fearing that her feet had been diverted to another course, he hastened to meet her.

Just as he sighted the Spanish coast he saw, spread out in a great crescent, seventeen birds. He recognized the "Princess" as the glittering bird in the center, leading. His powerful telescope showed that the Princess Ro-

sitta and two men were in the foremost machine.

He began to elevate the Eagle, without advancing, and the flotilla of the Princess Rositta also glided upward. Thus he knew that he was seen.

He still faced them and the distance between them was rapidly diminishing. He watched the oncoming Princess closely and saw that one of the two men was Santos, strangely changed. The ruddy cheeks were pale and he seemed taller. The other man was a stranger, dressed in the uniform of Rositta's fleet.

Hardly two miles separated the Eagle and the Princess when Napoleon turned and flew at full speed toward America. The Princess followed. The larger bird slowly gained on the retreating Eagle. Rositta's eyes glowed with excitement; the man whom she feared, loved and hated was running from her.

It seemed as though they gained on him with more rapidity; half a mile, then a quarter, then only yards were between them. Rositta was now sure of her prey and clutched the railing behind Santos, whispering sweet and encouraging words in his ear. She shook from the excitement of the chase and never noticed that the sixteen aerodromes had been left far behind.

The Princess was hardly a hundred yards behind the Eagle when she began to rise slowly. The distance was diminished to fifty, twenty-five yards, when something happened that opened the eyes of the pursuer.

Napoleon made a dip, enforced by the power of the wings, so quickly that the Princess had sped onward several miles before they could check its flight. Rositta looked back and saw the great Eagle shoot forward, with its wings touching the smooth water now and again, thus seeming to give twice as much speed. The student was willing to learn and imitated Napoleon's action, getting on his trail just as he passed beneath him.

They quickly passed from the horizon of the sixteen other aerodromes. Napoleon was again far in advance when he began to ascend rapidly. As he rose, he saw with satisfaction the faint blue line of the American coast.

The Princess was pressing him closely, rising as he rose. The Eagle slowed down and let them come nearer, then he turned about and faced them. They were rising, each trying to gain in elevation. Rositta cried to Santos: "Why can't we rise faster?"

"There are three of us and only one of Napoleon."

"Did you hear that, Sulamov?" sharply said Rositta. He bowed submissively.

"Your ancestors were always ready to die for their sovereign; are you?"

"I am!"

"Thank you!" She smiled at the Russian and pointing to the side door of the aerodrome, continued: "This way, my boy, we are too heavy."

Sulamov kissed her hand and opened the door calmly. With a last ardent look, he jumped.



ONLY MADE MATTERS WORSE.

Captain's Words of Intended Comfort Completed Panic of Terror-Stricken Passengers.

"To try to reassure people in time of an accident sometimes causes more trouble than the accident itself," said a man who once lived on Staten Island. "At any rate, that was my experience when one of the old Staten Island ferry boats nearly turned over one day in a fierce wind. It looked as if destruction were inevitable.

"The boat had dipped until it almost stood on edge; passengers stamped, women and children shrieked and cried in terror. Badly scared as I was, I undertook to comfort a woman who had knelt and was praying loudly for deliverance.

"Don't be alarmed, Madam," I said. "We are sure to be all right. The boat will straighten up in a few minutes. It has been running for fifty years, and it is not likely to go down now."

"My comforting words had a most unexpected effect.

"Oh," wailed the woman, "if the boat has been running for fifty years it must be so old and rotten that it can't possibly stand this strain. We're done for."

"And with that she jumped overboard.

"Fortunately, she was fished out by the crew, but she sustained a severe shock. The boat, of course, weathered the storm, and that woman was the only person on board who was injured."

The Outcome.

He—The man who offers me a drink insults my manhood.

She—Well, that's all right as long as you don't follow your usual course and swallow the insult.

The Princess leaped upward, gaining rapidly on the Eagle. Rositta urged Santos and watched Napoleon, who was following every move of the attacking Princess closely.

He could have dipped again and run away, but that was not his game.

They almost touched, and the Princess Rositta shouted through the speaking tube: "Give up, Mr. Peace President; you have no chance!"

Indeed, it seemed so; the larger bird made a leap toward the Eagle that was below her, but a twist of the steering wheel saved him. Napoleon was watching the east anxiously, and Rositta's eyes were focused on Napoleon. She felt sure that he was helplessly prolonging the surrender.

This dangerous play went on until Napoleon could see the widely extended fleet of aerodromes with his naked eye. He dipped downward, and stopped in the air, about two hundred feet above the surface of Pamlico Sound. There the Eagle awaited the Princess. As she made a desperate rush for him, he escaped again, almost by a miracle, then turned and darted after the Princess madly, changing from the pursued into the pursuer. They rose upward together and Napoleon waved a smiling salute to the princess.

The aerodromes of the latter were approaching steadily. She seemed to have forgotten them entirely in the heat of the pursuit, while she was the aggressor, but now, when Napoleon turned against her, she quickly turned to the stylograph and gave orders to her feet to close in upon them, but not to interfere until it was necessary for her safety.

Napoleon plainly heard the message and waited until she had broken connection, then he faced her machine and unhurriedly pulled a lever that was connected with the tube that had been lately attached to all his aerodromes. A thick stream of white liquid shot out and landed squarely upon the left wing of the Princess. The bird trembled. Santos calmly turned on the emergency dry battery and, like a great wounded bird, the Princess began to settle downward. The white stream was stopped, a deft turn of the wheel, a well-directed move and the Eagle slipped between the wings of the Princess, and she was a prisoner.

Rositta was as pale as death. The terrible disappointment of losing, when victory was so near, made her faint. Then she remembered her feet and signaled orders quickly.

She had not noticed that Napoleon, just before he turned on the liquid that had disabled her machine, had hoisted a red signal, and a great fleet of aerodromes rose from the coast along North Carolina and silently closed in on the feet of the enemy.

The formation of Pamlico Sound made this maneuver easy and Napoleon had cleverly led Rositta and her feet into the trap. He turned his Eagle landward and, weighted as he was, moved slowly away. His men had been fully instructed in regard to their action and Whistler led them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Corner for the Juniors

HARVESTER WAS BOY'S IDEA

Suggested to Father Plan of Putting Large Scissors, Instead of Sickles, on Reaping Machine.

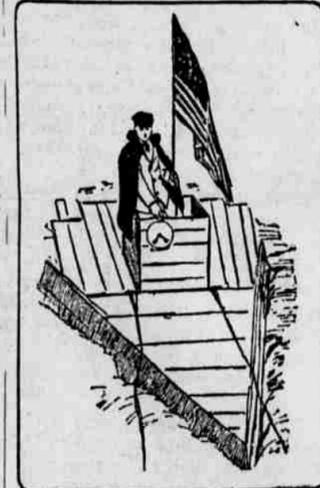
In 1830 Obed Hussey of Ohio was inventing a reaping machine, the first ever designed in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting device, which was three large sickles, set in a frame and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It would not work satisfactorily. A young son, watching the experiments, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them. Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw-toothed blades which are in common use today on harvesters, the cutting action being quite similar to that of scissors.

From the boy's suggestion he perfected in one week a machine on which he had in vain exercised all his ingenuity for the preceding two years. The principle of that cutting device is the principle of all of the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farming industry of the entire world has been unsurpassed by any other invention for use on the farm.—George F. Stratton, in St. Nicholas.

MUCH FUN TO SHOVEL SNOW

Janitor of Kansas City Public School Creates Apparatus to Make Small Boy's Pastime Useful.

The yard of the Yaeger school at Nineteenth street and Indiana avenue is large and the walks extend nearly around the block, says the Kansas City Star. When covered with snow, to clean them off is a difficult job.



A Snowplow Operated by Boy Power.

So Bernard M. C. Walter, head janitor of the school, and his little helper, Sammy, built a snowplow to do the work. It may be hauled by a horse, but lacking such motive power, Walter hitched 12 youngsters to the contrivance and in half an hour had the sidewalks around the school and the school yard cleared off.

Four boys ride the plow to weight it down. It is fitted with iron runners. The question of taking turns was a difficult matter to solve and required severe commands of the principal.

WINTER PASTIME FOR BOYS

Velocipede Built on Sled Runners Affords Much Amusement Where Snow and Ice is Available.

Sled runners take the place of the two wheels on this velocipede so that it can travel on snow or ice. A spiked wheel with cranks on its shaft is mounted at one side of the front runner. The novel part of the driv-



Snow Velocipede.

ing mechanism is that the spiked wheel slides up and down in the fork so that it can be raised off the ground for coasting downhill.

In Dark Ways.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they sin till late (scintillate).

To Remedy Rattling Windows. Do not allow yourself to be made wakeful and nervous by rattling windows or doors when the comb on your dresser makes a perfect wedge, easily inserted and as easily removed. Especially annoying are such noises in hotels and other strange bedrooms, but even there the comb is at hand and equal to all sizes of cracks.