

# SERIAL STORY

## 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 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 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 Ciryntih, but dies before he can tell the location of the place.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

One of them, noticeable for his tall, upright figure, clear eyes and bronzed face, hastened to the helioboard; he was followed by a short man, whose rotundity more than made up for his lack of height. The tall man with the bronzed face eagerly watched the sparkling news, as he had been cut off from any form of communication on the Tube Line for fourteen hours. The sparks at that moment were printing some uninteresting commercial news, but soon the following notice appeared:

"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." He took the arm of his friend. "Come, Santos, we have some hard work in store."

They took the elevator to the aeration of the depot, where they boarded the south-bound aero bus. A few minutes later they landed at the terrace of the American Hotel.

The same morning Astra received several committees offering their sympathies and condolences. When the last one had gone she sank exhausted on a couch. She had rested but a moment when a servant brought in a card. She sighed wearily and made a motion of dissatisfaction when she read the name "Ambrosio Hale."

The man was admitted. As he entered he bowed deeply before the weary girl who stood there in her black gown, looking like an angel of sorrow. The exquisite face had taken on a new beauty through her affliction, which the newcomer quickly noticed.

"I have come, my poor, suffering girl, as a friend of your father. During these days of sorrow your woman's heart needs the aid of a strong man. Your father honored me with his intimate friendship, and I want to offer you my services."

"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. My beloved father, however, made such far-reaching arrangements that I hardly think there is any need of your assistance. But I thank you with all my heart."

With these words she offered her hand to Hale, who retained it in his grasp greedily.

"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. And the eye of the Continental Club rests on you!"

Astra smiled serenely.

"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."

She looked at the man whose ferret-like eyes could not leave her face, whose thick lips were parted, showing a row of gleaming teeth. In spite of his handsome appearance Astra had long ago discovered some bestial trait in him, and had often wondered how her father could extend his friendship to such a man. These thoughts fitted through the brain of the girl, then an afterthought came and she asked:

"Mr. Hale, can you give me any information in regard to a place I cannot find?"

"I will do my best, my dear Astra," said Hale, as Astra hesitated.

"Do you know a town, a district, village or any other place by the name of 'Ciryntih'?"

Mr. Hale thought for a moment, then admitted that he had never heard of the place.

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, on the broad stairway that led up to the main entrance. He eyed the sunburnt athletic man curiously; the man, not

withstanding his modish style of dress, looked a stranger.

In the hall, he handed his card to the waiting servant without a word. The servant looked at it and saw but one name:

"Napoleon Edison."

As the stranger had no appointment, Astra told the servant to advise him that she could not receive anyone until Thursday evening, after the cremation of her father's earthly remains.

Edison shook his head somewhat impatiently.

"If you say it is her wish not to see me until Thursday evening, I must wait notwithstanding the importance of my mission."

He turned, left as hurriedly as he came. His whole being seemed surcharged with energy.

Napoleon Edison met his short friend Santos on the roof garden before the hourly stylograph. The round, ruddy cheeked man was watching the helioboard with interest. He enjoyed the great city immensely, and at that moment he was laughing heartily at the comic section shown on the board.

The newspaper was reproducing some funny pictures made by a Chicago artist in the early days of the twentieth century. "I have never seen such amusing brain products in my life," he said.

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 decisive strokes.

Edison and Santos stopped and listened.

"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."

"It is true no Italian singers can be imported to please the ears of the wealthy; it is true that we cannot add ancient pictures to our collections of masterpieces; it is true that the yachts of our rich cannot make a tour of the Mediterranean; but compare our losses with our gains!"

"Since the isolation we have created our American art! Does not that alone pay for our isolation?"

"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—"

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.

By the time the people who had been favored by a sight of the enemies' destructive forces, began to leave the hippodrome, that young man was on his way to the capital. He was none other than Napoleon Edison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

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 continentalist 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 slap 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. When order was restored, the speaker continued:

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

As one body the audience rose and 50,000 voices thundered "Hurrah! for the continental nominee!"

Then the oratrix sat down. Astra, in her own room in the crystal palace, saw and heard through the electro-stylograph the whole proceedings of the New York continental party in the Hippodrome. She had raised her hand to disconnect her machine when a man from the audience asked for the right to speak.

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. You have all heard or read about the warning that came to our dear dead, the ex-President, Hannibal Prudent."

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.

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## MOTOR-DRIVEN LAWN MOWER

Small Machine, Operated by Means of Gasoline Engine, Differs Little From Hand Devices.

Many lawn mowers of the large type have for some time been equipped with gasoline engines as motive power, but the accompanying illustration shows a gasoline engine-driven lawn mower of the small type, ordinarily pushed over the lawn by the operator.

The actual mowing machine differs but little from the hand pushed device, but attached to the handle is a frame work bearing a small air cooled engine, gasoline tank, ignition device and the gears required for harnessing the power to the mower proper. The weight of the power plant is disposed on the



Small Lawn Mower.

frame in such a manner as to be balanced in respect to the center of gravity of the mowing mechanism.

The operator walks behind the machine, grasping the handle in the same manner as if he really had to push it. All that is required of him is to keep it balanced and control the engine.

## ELIMINATION OF BIG VALUE

Sufficient Attention Not Given to Cutting Out Process for Betterment of Farm Products.

(By A. O. CHOATE, Illinois.)

The road to which the comparative perfection in live stock, etc., leads through elimination.

By the elimination of weeds of inferior specimens, in the thinning of poor seed and poor plants in planting we do away with most of the chances of failure and the production of rubbish.

I believe we have not given sufficient attention to this elimination process for the betterment of our stock and crops.

This year, for instance, I have found that the elimination of poor seed potatoes and of course selection of good seeds in their places, has increased my potato crop fully 20 per cent.

When we carry this same principle of elimination into other lines of farming, and disposed of the scrub hens that barely lay 75 eggs a year, and the cow that gives but little, or poor milk, the unprofitable mongrels or no particular breed of stock, then, and not until then, will be on the road to a more satisfactory outcome generally and soon see loss turned to profit.

**Summer Feed Experiments.**

The animal husbandry department of the University of Illinois is feeding 75 steers experimentally in dry lot. Ten breeding heifers are being carried through the summer in dry lot on silage and cotton-seed meal.

There are also 30 head of breeding heifers being carried through on pasture; one lot on blue grass alone, one lot on clover alone, and another on blue grass supplemented with silage.

The object of the summer experiment is to obtain a comparison between blue grass pasture alone, clover pasture alone and blue grass pasture supplemented with silage for breeding heifers.

**Clean Feed for Horses.**

Don't feed dirty grain to your horses. The dust, weed seeds and other foreign matter in the grain is disagreeable to the animals and injurious.

Use a sieve to measure the grain and give it a few shakes to allow the dirt and seeds to fall out before feeding. Some pour water over the grain in the sieve or dip the sieve of grain in a bucket or tub of water a few times. This is a good plan, as it removes all dust and smut. The feed boxes are kept cleaner by treating the grain in this way before feeding.

**Degrees of Lumpy Jaw.**

There is an unnecessary prejudice against lumpy-jaw cattle, according to Dr. M. H. Reynolds of the Minnesota station. Considerable percentage of these cases are passed by government inspectors as fit for food purposes. Only the very bad cases, especially those where the disease affects several organs or parts of the body, are condemned.

**Planting for Future.**

When planting trees on the lawn it is well to consider the future and not plant trees too close together. Then there will be no need of lopping off limbs or having shade so dense that grass won't grow.

**Handicap in Scaly Leg.**

Hens afflicted with scaly leg can not possibly give the best service in egg production, and rough shanks look bad.

**Avoid Disturbance.**

Keep dogs and strangers away from the flock.

## HAS SENSE OF HUMOR

MERRY SPINSTER NOT SENSITIVE AS TO HER AVOIRDUPOIS.

Thereby Her Friends Have Been Regaled With Two Really Funny Stories Connected With Physical Help She Received.

Most stout women are sensitive about their weight. A certain large and merry spinster, to whom an accident resulting in a permanently weakened ankle has for some years forbidden her to take the exercise that used to keep her comparatively slender, is a fortunate exception. Her weight is well over 200 pounds, but she neither worries nor repines, and often entertains her friends with jokes at her own expense. It is very difficult for her to get on and off a trolley car; indeed, she cannot do so without help.

"That's all right, ma'am," a rough-looking man, who had jumped down and almost lifted her aboard, recently replied to her thanks. "Me and Bill have to carry ma upstairs every night, and ma's heftier'n you."

"But Bill won't here to help, and I'm very, very hefty," she answered, smiling.

"Oh, well, I've tackled ma alone, sometimes," he admitted, "though I ain't saying that half-way up the stairs one-half my brains wasn't inventing a passenger derrick, and the other half wondering if she'd smother me, falling on top. Boosting you was nothing to that, ma'am; and there's only one step to a car."

She chuckled most delightedly, however, when she relates that, last summer, after having traveled all night, she reached, very early in the morning, a small country town, whence she was to take the stage for a 20-mile drive to a friend's mountain cottage. The station was deserted, and she was glad to accept the help of a small boy, who, with great difficulty, got her, with all her bags and bundles, into the empty stage, to which the horses had not yet been attached.

"I don't know what I should have done," she told the freckled little fellow, gratefully, "if I hadn't happened to find such an obliging cavalier, waiting to help me when most everybody is still as dead."

"Yes'm," he assented, with a wide, ingenuous smile. "I was down to see 'em unload the circus, and they let me help with the elephants and the baby hippopotamus. That's how it happened I could help you, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

**Had Followed Instructions.**

The way in which a statement is made frequently changes its effect greatly. James, the new office boy, had been directed by his predecessor to perform certain duties daily at regular times. James proved rather inefficient, and Dick, promoted, but still in the office, undertook to reprove him. Among other derelictions it had been reported that written instructions to inform visitors that a certain member of the firm was only visible at certain times, that the calls and orders of the head of the firm must always be given precedence, and that the private secretary, a young lady, must be kept supplied with fresh drinking water had been disobeyed.

Said Dick, sternly: "Look here, boy, what did I tell you about Mr. Blank and Mr. So-and-So and Miss Dane?"

Answered James with a surprising mixture of shame and impudence: "You told me that Mr. Blank would be in the office some time on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, that I gotter humor old So-and-So or lose my job, and that I gotter water Miss Dane twice a day. An' I tell yer I done it all!"

**Sometimes "Place Makes Right."**

Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, the famous London actor, who was knighted by the king the other day, has been telling his experiences to the pressmen of the capital of the empire. One relates to John Davidson, the Scottish poet, whose death took place under tragic circumstances two or three years ago. The knight was producing a play by the poet, and the latter was attending a rehearsal. "Presently a well-known actor came on the scene waving his arms like a windmill," says Sir Johnston. "Davidson edged up quietly to me and said: 'I suppose that will be a verra well-known actor?'"

"Yes," I agreed.

"And I presume he will be in receipt of a verra considerable 'honorarium'?"

"I confessed he was right."

"Then why does he wave his arms about in that extraordinary manner?" inquired Davidson, in his broad Scotch accent, adding, humorously: "If he did that in Piccadilly he would render himself liable to be arrested!"

**Horrid Man.**

"Pa," said little Johnny, "do all roses have thorns?"

"Yes, my lad," patronizingly answered father.

"I don't see any thorns on these roses in ma's new hat," continued Johnny.

"You would if you had to pay for the hat!" sadly sighs daddy.

**To Cure Bee Stings.**

A physician advises that the best remedy for bee stings is to apply oil of cinnamon with a small brush. It will slightly blister, but immediately draw out the poison.

## HINTS ON RENOVATION

WORTH TRYING BEFORE DISCARDING DAMAGED MATERIAL.

Restoring Pile of Old Velvet is an Old Process Known to Many—Excellent Cleaning Medium for Silk.

The original pile of old velvet—as every one knows—may be renewed by holding it over the spout of a fast-boiling kettle, and, after laying it face upwards over a moderately hot iron, working up the pile with a long-bristled brush. If spotted or stained it is something helpful to dip a small spare piece of the velvet in spirits of turpentine and rub it over the surface, using a fresh piece frequently.

The piece of raw potato peeled, well washed and then grated and steeped in cold water overnight, represents an old-fashioned cleaning medium for silk. Only the liquid was, however, used, which, after having been strained and poured off the sediment, after an hour or two, was considered excellent for black or colored silks. Two potatoes to a pint of water should make the required strength, while a sponge must be used instead of a flannel. After repeated rubbing, sponging with several changes of water will be necessary. Not only silk but cotton can be treated with potato water, while it is excellent for suitings of all kinds as well as friezes and serges.

Spirits of turpentine will remove most spots from silk, although care must be taken to see that the dye is fast. It is a wise plan to experiment in the first instance on a spare piece of the fabric. Falling this, powdered French chalk, mixed to a mustard consistency with lavender water, should be rubbed into the stain, left till caked, and a hot iron—laid on a sheet of blotting paper—finally passed over the top. An ounce of essence of lemon and half an ounce of oil of turpentine represent an old-fashioned remedy for stained silks.

Cashmere is always easily cleaned, and the spots removed if they are not of too long standing. A paste should be made of fullers' earth and cold water and laid over the marks if they do not yield to simple sponging with water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. When dry the paste should be brushed off and the garment well shaken in the open air.

To remove grease spots on cotton materials take a lump of unpulverized magnesite, dip the end into boiling water and rub the stained surface briskly. Leave the paste to dry on the material, then brush off, and no mark will be visible.

A mixture of one teaspoonful of black ink to a saltspoonful of liquid gum will do much to brighten a black straw if rubbed well into the interstices of the plait with a hog-bristle brush.

White straws are best cleaned with a cut lemon dipped in sulphur and rubbed on the hat. This should be allowed to dry, and when it is rubbed off the straw will have regained its color.

**Wedding Cake.**

Any rich fruit cake, heavily iced and decorated in white, may serve as a wedding cake. At an informal wedding the bride will cut the wedding cake. For a pretty little ceremony of this cake cutting the guests should make a wide circle with a white satin ribbon about the bride and groom. To add to the gaiety of the occasion, it should have baked in it the silver symbols which denote various fortunes. There is a ring for the next to be married, a wishbone for the one who is to have good luck, a thimble for the spinster and a button for the bachelor. To these should be added a silver coin for the one who is to be wealthy.

**Care of Silk Umbrella.**

When coming in with a wet umbrella, stand it handle down to dry, then wipe off the handle and ferrule, and furl the silk sections. If the silk gets a spot on it, remove it with a silk rag, warm water and soap. Clean a gold or silver handle with whiting, wash a china handle in warm soap suds, rub up a wooden handle with a very slightly oily rag. A good way to mend a silk umbrella is to wet a piece of black court plaster and fasten it to the silk just under the tear and let it dry.

**Use Tissue Paper.**

When pressing tucks in crepe de chine use a piece of tissue paper between the iron and the right side, says the New York Press. The tucks can be seen and at the same time protected.

**Kitchen Mat.**

A rubber doormat or one of the cheaper coco fiber or heavy rope mats is elastic to the step. For that reason it is helpful to have one in the kitchen to stand upon when washing, ironing or washing dishes.

**Cowboy Salad.**

Peel, cut up fine one large cucumber, one green onion, 1 bunch radishes, three cold boiled potatoes, and shred one small head of cabbage. Mix all together, cover with good salad dressing.

**Potato Hint.**

Before baking potatoes let them stand in hot water for 15 minutes, says the New York Press. They require only half the time for baking and are more mealy and palatable, besides saving the gas.