

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 X-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 Cymrith, 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 notes that preparations have been completed for an invasion of America.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The count's face was disturbed for a second, when his own cold blue eyes met the gray ones; they flashed like two swords, both blades keen, hard and elastic.

"Chevalier di Leon!"

The chevalier bowed.

"Your business must be very important, since you ask to see me in my private residence."

"It is, your excellency, and as I know your time is valuable I shall not delay you long."

"Please!"

The chevalier took a small package from his pocket and unwrapped it. Then he placed a piece of yellow metal on the table.

"Will your excellency examine this?"

The count picked up the metal with a bored expression and its weight surprised him.

"Gold?"

"Yes, it is gold."

"And what is its meaning?"

"I am willing to build and equip a factory for your excellency, enabling you to produce the metal for 25 pfennigs the kilogram."

"Then it is not gold."

"Have it examined by an expert."

"I will do that."

"When may I return for your answer?"

"Tomorrow morning at nine sharp."

The two bowed and turned to go, but the count stopped them.

"Who knows the secret of the composition besides yourself?"

"Only one man. He lives in South Africa."

"And this gentleman?" and the count pointed to Kalmar.

"He knows as much about it as your excellency."

The count thought for a moment. Suddenly he came nearer to the che-



"What is Your Intention?"

Her and, stopping before him, looked steadily into his wide, gray eyes. They stood thus for a few moments.

What the chancellor felt no one knows, but he looked as if he were the supplicant and the other the almighty chancellor upon whom the eyes of four continents rested hopefully. At least that was the impression Herr Kalmar received.

Slowly he asked: "And what is the price of your secret?"

"I will tell you tomorrow."

CHAPTER V.

The Countess Rosiny.

Chevalier di Leon and his companion hardly had left the room when the count gave orders that caused two men to emerge from the side door at the instant the two men approached the waiting conveyance. These two men took separate cabs and found

it an easy matter to follow the quarry, as they had no desire to avoid the detectives.

Herr Kalmar returned to the editorial rooms and Chevalier di Leon went to his hotel, where he bought a number of papers and magazines.

The secret service reported at 11:00 p. m. that he had retired, and considering him safe for the next eight hours they did likewise. There they made a mistake. The chevalier read until twelve. Then, cautiously opening the door, he looked into the hall and listened.

No one was in sight and no sound came to his ears, so he turned and picked up a small box and hurried with it to the fire escape at the end of the hall.

It was a clear, starry night, but no moon was shining. He mounted to the square, flat roof, and listening again advanced to the center and leaned against the chimney about which the snow had melted. He looked at the sky for a long time until he discovered the star he was looking for. Was it a star? It gleamed like one, but it winked like an old-fashioned revolving lighthouse.

Chevalier di Leon took the object he brought with him, and directing it toward that twinkling star he manipulated something that gave a metallic sound. A hiss followed, like the hiss of a bullet.

A minute later another star appeared near the twinkling one. It was large and bright and seemed to spit fire. Suddenly it disappeared in a small white cloud, looking like a shrapnel exploding in midair.

The twinkling star vanished entirely.

Then the chevalier returned to his rooms and went to bed.

The following morning at nine o'clock he stood before the chancellor. The count bowed to him more cordially than he had the day before.

"The experts report that the ore you gave me is chemically pure gold, purer than any they have ever seen." He thought for a moment. "For some reason I cannot doubt your words; I am, so to say, forced to believe in you." He looked inquiringly at the chevalier, but as he did not answer the count continued: "Do you realize the far-reaching influence of your invention?"

"I do to the most minute detail."

"What is your intention?"

"To give my invention to you—for a consideration!"

"And that is?"

The young man weighed every word he said.

"Absolute disarmament and peace." The count showed no surprise. He felt that he stood before an extraordinary man.

"Sir, who are you?"

The chevalier stood up and smiled pleasantly.

"I expected this question, your excellency, but if you will permit I shall not answer it. All I can say is that I believe I am a true apostle of brotherly love. My ideal is to overthrow tyranny and make not only the leaders but the masses happy and contented. What I am offering you is a mighty instrument to forward this movement. True, it also means destruction if injudiciously used. I came to you, sir, the chosen leader of the armies of four continents." He looked earnestly at the man standing before him.

"Do you not think that it is your duty to accept my offer—to send home the millions who are amassed to break peace; whose final destination is to break into a happy, peaceful continent where every man is free and where the hearts of the people are not poisoned with the passions of selfish greed? It is my own wish, also, that those invisible walls which separate the American continent from the others shall disappear, not be destroyed by ruthless hands, but opened to receive brothers!"

The enthusiastic young man stopped when he saw a sarcastic smile play round the corners of the count's mouth.

"I know enough, chevalier!" His voice was cool and cutting. "You are an American."

The chevalier did not say "yes" or "no," but scolding the cold expression on the count's face he almost ordered him to hear him out.

"Your excellency must listen to me to the end. Who I am or whence I come does not matter. I have offered you a secret that will enable you to make your country, and through your country the world, happy if used with discretion. If not, it may bring conditions that will break all your ambitions. Your tremendous armies, men of war and fortifications, figuratively speaking, are all made of gold. You can easily imagine what chaos will reign if I give my gold away—make it no more valuable than iron. Don't you realize that it will break you, in spite of your might, and drive your armies to work instead of wasting time in pursuing the scientifically perfected exercises and studies of devastation? You ought to realize that gold is only an image created by man; that yellow metal has no real value. Work is the only thing of value to a nation."

"I have one thing more to say. You have evidently selected for your life's work the invasion and conquering of the American continent, claiming that the United States had refused to yield to the wishes of the European powers fifty years ago. Do you think there are no more men like Hannibal Prudent? Do you think that after breaking the isolator all you would need do would be to land your armed puppets and kill the people who have nursed at the bosom of Liberty? I have spoken, your excellency!"

The chevalier made a courteous bow. The count seated himself before his desk.

"Chevalier di Leon, no man has ever spoken to me as you have." His voice was dull. "I will think over the far-reaching perspective you have spread

before me; I will have to consider it from every side. For that reason I cannot set a date for my final decision and the decision of his majesty the kaiser."

"Above all, you have awakened my admiration; you are a strong man, chevalier, and I am a friend to strong men. I welcome you." He rose and offered his hand to his visitor.

"I want to introduce you to his majesty and the chief diplomats," continued the count. "I hope you will accept the invitation to the 'Hot-Ball' given day after tomorrow."

The chevalier bowed. The count filled out an invitation card personally and escorted his caller to the door.

In the afternoon the chevalier sought aeroplane hangars and stores and bought a small monoplane of the "Belt" style. After trying the machine, he inquired for a large, private hangar and succeeded in finding one near the count's residence.

The court ball was one of the formal social events of the week. The room in which the court marshal and his assistants received the guests was in the ultra-secession style. When the chevalier entered it he received the impression of entering a gigantic wedding cake that had been hollowed and decorated artfully on the inside.

The stiff courtesy that once prevailed at the court of Frederick the Great still was in existence during ceremonious affairs.

The Count von Werdenstein approached the chevalier with unusual kindness and introduced him to many of the guests. The plain, black evening dress, without stars, crosses, ribbons or other signs of distinction, was strange under this roof and among these gorgeous uniforms.

Baron von Koener was asked by the chancellor to take care of the chevalier, and the little hussar did his best to entertain the interesting chevalier.

"I Am Very Much Honored," He Said Simply.

whose sole reason for being there was that he had some great and valuable invention for military purposes.

At 10:00 p. m. the great double doors were flung open. The master of ceremony came in with his big gilt cape and knocked on the floor to announce the arrival of his majesty.

The emperor, a tall, typical Prussian, came first, leading the Princess of Wales, then came the Prince of Wales, escorting the Princess Isold; the young emperor was not married.

The hidden orchestra played the old melody, "Die Wacht am Rhein." When his majesty finished the regular circle the chancellor introduced the chevalier. The courtiers fell back at a motion from the emperor and he and the chevalier spent some time in what was apparently an intimate conversation. When the dance began he was dismissed and the emperor waited around the great hall once with his cousin, the Princess of Wales.

Chevalier di Leon stood alone for a short time, watching the dancers with interest; then the Baron von Koener came and whispered in his ear that the Countess Rosiny desired to dance with him. Di Leon smiled pleasantly and followed the baron, who led him to a young woman of great beauty.

Her large, dark eyes rested on the bowing chevalier; her rosy cheeks dimpled in a smile as she stood up to take his arm. They waltzed away from the baron, who looked after them with admiration.

The chevalier proved to be a master of waltzing; disregarding the usual habit, he did not stop after the first tour of the room, but continued. The countess smiled at him coquettishly.

"Chevalier, you dance wonderfully."

"Ah, you, countess, are the dream of a dancer."

They arrived at the countess's chair, but the chevalier showed no signs of stopping and carried her along as easily and gracefully as the morning breeze carries the fragment of thistle down.

"We are creating a sensation, Chevalier di Leon."

His majesty and the princess left the ball at midnight and soon after the Countess Rosiny found an opportunity to talk once more to the chevalier.

"Am I asking too much of you in inviting you to our house ball on Saturday next?"

The chevalier bowed and smiled at the countess, whose long, silky eyelashes shaded her beautiful eyes with such apparent innocence.

"I am very much honored," he said simply.

He met the chancellor once more in the buffet that adjoined the great ballroom. He took the chevalier by his arm and led him to a table. There, in the company of high nobles and diplomats, they clinked glasses and drank to the health of His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany.

DETHRONED AS "BOSS"

HOW POMPOUS ENGLISH FATHER MET HIS WATERLOO.

Must Have Come as a Shock to the "Ruler of the House," but Daughter Also Had a Will of Her Own.

"Who is the boss in the typical American family?" asked a West Philadelphia mentor. A number of men ventured to assert they were chiefs of the wigwam, while others had mental pictures of "mother" as the ruling monarch. But the speaker proceeded to answer his own question.

"It is the oldest daughter," he said. "From what I have seen of domestic life I believe this is true in a preponderance of instances—from the household of the railroad president down to that of the porter who cleans the cars."

"The old gentleman, the nominal head, is clay in her hands—tightwads by no means excepted. He may shake his head and growl like a grizzly bear, but, just the same, he goes and buys the piano."

"The American citizen's daughter rules the home by a variety of methods according to her type of character. Sometimes she is naive, sometimes she is crafty and sometimes she is a tyrant."

"I have just heard the story of an English gentleman who made the discovery, after moving to Philadelphia, that being 'lord of the castle' won't work in this atmosphere."

"This Britisher loved his role as 'the master' of the house. He was an example of the pompous Englishman often delineated by English novelists; his domestic sway was so intolerable that there was a general sigh of relief when he left the house in the mornings for business. He was a man of strict integrity, however, and was proud of his family."

His business necessitated a residence in various countries of Europe, and children were born in England, Scotland, Spain, France and Italy. He had the odd conceit to name the children after the city of their birth. I remember there was a Seville, a Paris and a Milan. Not only that; he made them dress after the fashion of the nation of their cradle days. This was accomplished in a modified way without causing much excitement, but when it came to sending the lad who hailed from Scotland to school in kilts rebellion against British rule broke loose. As you may guess, the boy was pitilessly grieved about his bare knees. The oldest daughter took up the case.

"See here, father, you've got to cut out this tommy-rot. You march out and get that boy a sensible suit of clothes."

"The old man was dumfounded."

"What's this miss? Telling me what to do! I cannot believe my senses."

"Yes, sir. I want you to know this is America, and we've made up our minds to have our American rights."

"A cheer of approval went up from the table, and from that day dated a new dynasty."

NEAT AFTER-DINNER TRICKS

Really Interesting Scientific Experiment Showing How Compressed Air May Be Used.

An apparently empty bottle may be made to blow out a candle. The trick is really an interesting scientific experiment, showing how compressed air, directly the pressure which confines it is removed, tends to assume the normal density of the atmosphere. We take an ordinary bottle and, seeing that it is empty and dry, we place the ball of the thumb over the mouth with just a small aperture uncovered. Then, placing our mouth to this, we blow steadily and continuously into the bottle.

The result is that the air in the bottle is compressed. When we take our mouth away we insure that no air shall escape by instantly closing the whole aperture with the ball of the thumb which is already pressed over part of the opening.

Now we invert the bottle and, placing the mouth against the flame of a lighted candle, we remove so much of our hand as will make an opening sim-



Blowing Out Candle.

ilar to that into which we blow. The result is that the compressed air, directly the pressure is removed, rushes out and blows upon the flame. It is well to use a small candle, as if we have a large candle with a big flame the pressure may not be sufficient to extinguish the flame. If we perform the trick in front of a number of spectators we must not let them see us blow into the bottle. This part of the performance can be done outside the room, and we can bring the bottle in with our thumb over the opening, keeping it there till the moment when we want to release the air. This can be done in such a way as not to attract notice.

METALS DEARER THAN GOLD

Iridium, for instance, is Three Times as Expensive—Osmium is Dearer and Heavier.

Gold is generally looked on as the last word in costliness, but, as a matter of fact, there are more metals dearer than gold than there are cheaper. The number of known metals is about seventy.

Iridium, for instance, of which a big find was made the other day in Austria, is three times as expensive as gold. Gold is worth nearly \$20 an ounce. Iridium is worth some \$62, though the price will probably come down now.

Osmium is another metal much dearer than gold. It costs about \$50 an ounce. It is by far the heaviest of all known substances, being more than 22 times as heavy as water. If pennies were made of osmium it would tax one's strength to carry the change of half a dollar. This metal has the peculiar property of being able to stand without melting the most intense heat known.

Palladium, about \$40 an ounce, is just the reverse. It is quite easy to make palladium vanish in steam. Being of a white, silvery color, and unchangeable, it is used for the division marks on scales and delicate scientific instruments.

VEHICLE SWING IS INVENTED

Mechanical Device Affords Exhilarating Exercise and Considerable Amusement for All.

The Scientific American in describing a vehicle swing, invented by O. Zimmerman of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "The object of the inventor is to provide a mechanical swing arranged to provide an exhilarating exercise and considerable amusement to young and old using the swing, to insure safety in the use of the vehicle swing and to guard against a tendency of producing dizziness of the user. For the purpose named, use is made of a suspended link pivotally supporting at its lower end a supporting frame provided at one end with wheels and seats, the wheels being adapted to travel on the ground, on the floor, or rails or other suitable support."

Careful Parent.

"Tommy, when can I interview your scout captain?"

"I'll make an engagement for you, dad. What do you want?"

"Want to see if there is anything in the rules to prevent your putting in a ton of coal tomorrow afternoon."

Holding Out for a Concession.

"Bobby, won't you be a good boy and go to Sunday school this morning?"

"Mamma, will you let me skip my bath if I do?"

THE CHILDREN

THOUSANDS OF DRAGON FLIES

Queer Sight Witnessed by a French Naturalist While Making a Tour Through Morbihan.

A professor of zoology at Lille, M. Charles Barrios, was making a tour through Morbihan, in France. As he was walking along the road he noticed that a multitude of dragon flies were alighting on the telegraph wires. The singular thing about it was that they all rested at an equal distance from each other, and all occupied the same position, with head turned toward the west.

From all sides the dragon flies arrived and always placed themselves in the same position, and at the same distance from each other. They remained as if glued to the wire, motionless and paralyzed. Each new arrival flew over the fixed bodies of the others and took its place in the line.

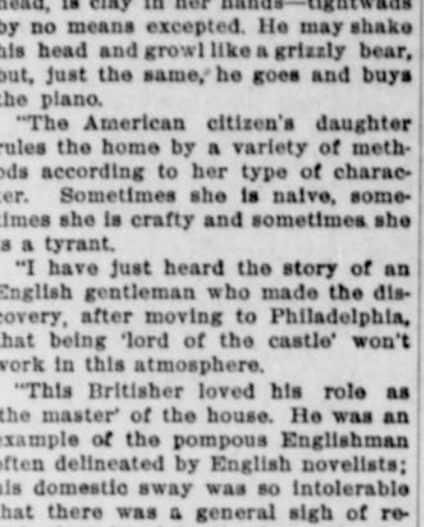
This chain stretched itself out toward the west, and turned toward the setting sun. Professor Barrios followed the route for a long distance and found the same strange phenomenon. He estimated the number at 60,000, at least. At an abrupt turn of the road to the south, the telegraph line turned also. There not a dragon fly was in sight! The wire was absolutely free from them! With the change of direction it seemed to have lost attraction for them.

Was this chance? Did the electric currents running from the east to the west exercise any influence upon these insects? Was it the solar reflection? Explain it, who can. In any case it would be interesting to know whether this phenomenon be an isolated one or not.

KING'S SIGNPOST IS QUIANT

Surmounted by Device in Oak, Depicting the God Tyr and the Great Mythological Wolf.

The illustration shows a signpost remarkable for its decorative qualities which King George of England has just had erected by the roadside near Wolferton railway station on the Sandringham estate. The post is surmounted by a device in oak, carved, painted, and gilded, depicting the god Tyr trying to wrench his arm from the jaws of Fenrir, the great mythological wolf of the old Norsemen, after whom, it is supposed, Wolferton was named. The wolf is symbolical of Fate. In the background is a representation of the gilded rooms of Asgard.



A King's Signpost.

RIDDLES.

Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars?

Because they live by hook or by crook.

Why is a thief picking a coin's pocket reminded of a line in Othello?

Because "who steals his purse steals trash."

Why is a shoeblick like an editor?

Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

Why is a whisper like a forged note?

Because it is uttered but not aloud (allowed).

When is a sheep like ink?

When you take it up into the pen.

What is the best way to keep a man's love?

Not to return it.

What is a button?

A small event that is always coming off.

What are the most difficult ships to conquer?

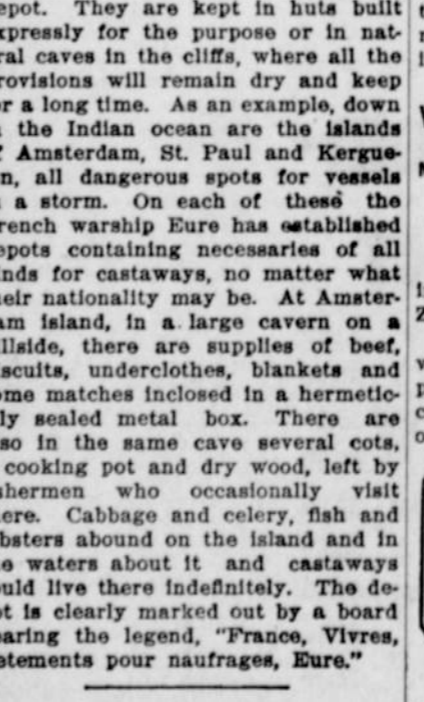
Hardships.

Why is an ass the most unfortunate creditor?

Because he gets nothing in the pound.

Why have we reason to doubt the Giant's causeway?

Because Ireland abounds with sham-rocks.



Vehicle Swing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)