

SERIAL STORY

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 Clrynith, 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 dying. Chevalier di Leon appears in Europe. He notes that preparations have been completed for an invasion of America. He calls on von Werdenstein and offers him the secret of making gold. He demands in return absolute disarmament and peace.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Seemingly it was a pleasant, enjoyable social affair, with everything so smooth and polished that one might easily make a dangerous slip and break his own neck.

When Chevalier di Leon arrived in his apartment he was well aware that he had been followed, but he did not care. He was thinking of the bewitching Countess Rosiny. Where had he met her?

At last he found the place in his well classified memories. "The American Cafe Restaurant," he ejaculated. Then without further delay he went to bed.

The chancellor sat in his library awaiting the report of his followers. As soon as he received the information that the chevalier had gone to bed and was safely sleeping he did likewise, but he did not sleep as soundly as di Leon. He had troubled dreams.

The reports that the chancellor received from the men who were following the chevalier the next day were not exciting. He had visited the museums, studied new industries and, in fact, was interested in everything. Shortly before nightfall he went to his hangar, brought out his plane and cruised about above the city, finally ascending to such a height that he almost vanished from the eyes of the detectives. By ten o'clock he was again at the hotel.

Saturday evening the chevalier attended the house ball at the palace of the Countess Rosiny. He even played at the card tables, losing a few gold pieces. The detectives obtained a number of twenty mark coins and sent them to the chancellor with their report; every one was of nineteenth century make.

The Countess Rosiny was summoned to a long confidential talk. No one knew what they discussed, but when the countess was home and alone in her dainty, perfumed boudoir, she locked the door and flung herself on her sofa, weeping bitterly.

"I—I shall betray him, the first real man I have ever seen; besides, how can I be certain that he will love me?" She clenched her little fist and shook it at the portrait of a man who happened to be her husband. "You fiend, see what you have made of me!"

Everything went smoothly; nobody interfered with the chevalier's actions, although he knew every move he made was watched. One evening, after returning from one of his daily aerial trips, as he jumped out of his machine, a dark robe was cast over his head and a number of men grasped him. He struggled, but strong hands held him fast, and a few minutes later he was bound and nearly suffocated by a heavy cloth that shut out the air. Then the cloth was removed and a tight fitting bandage placed over his eyes.

"Will the chevalier promise to keep quiet?" asked a strange voice. "For, in that case, I will not be forced to gag him."

"I promise," was the helpless chevalier's answer.

He was placed on a stretcher-like affair and carried away.

He could not see, but his sense of hearing told him that they carried him to a near by hangar; there he was placed in some kind of a tonneau and he heard the chug, chug of a very powerful motor. The buzz of the propellers followed.

The next moment he felt the lifting of the aeroplane; the air craft made one turn, then shot out under full power. Several hours passed without change, but when the machine began to descend he recognized the fresh, salty air of the ocean, and he heard the water break on the rocks in a peculiar, mournful manner.

The machine landed and he heard

muffled talk, but could not understand it. At last he was lifted out from the tonneau of the machine and carried into a building where the bandage was removed from his eyes and the ropes cut.

He found himself in a simply furnished, clean room with a uniformed officer standing beside him. "Chevalier di Leon, this is your room; tomorrow we will have a talk." He saluted courteously and, turning on his heels, left, locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER VI.

The Message From Helgoland.

The election was over. Astra Prudent, daughter of Hannibal Prudent, had been elected President of the United Republics of America. The dignified Ambrosio Hale won the vice-presidency. The elections of the southern republics took place at different dates, but throughout the continent the continentals were in power.

The girl, upon whom future responsibilities rested heavily, was strengthening herself for coming events. She was occupied consulting politicians, generals, admirals, making flying trips to the fortifications that were rapidly going up, or being remodeled according to the new requirements of the times.

Constantly she expected news from the man she had seen only once, the man whom she looked upon as the deliverer of the American continent, and also the man she loved.

Days, weeks, months went by. The day of inauguration came. She had expected confidently that she would hear from him, or see him on the day she took the oath at the capitol, but she was disappointed.

The whole American continent celebrated the day, but it was empty of joy for her, the President.

She appeared in white, simple, beautiful, unadorned except for the ring which he had given and she always wore. She looked like a bride on her way to the altar with the man she had chosen.

The ceremonies occupied almost the entire day, and the evening was spent at the ball given by the continentalists. Throughout the congratulations that were received a shadow was hovering over all.

It was late when Astra arrived at her home. She looked over the correspondence that awaited her. There was no line from the man whose handwriting she had never seen, no news whatever from Napoleon Edison.

Yet he had said: "You will hear from me as soon as I can tell you something definite. When you need me I will be at your side ready to help you."

With these thoughts to console her she bent her head to sleep.

The President was at her office early the next morning. Her first official action was to consult with the military commanders, then to send out a proclamation to all the republics of the greatest union of the world, giving them detailed instructions regarding the defense of the continent.

In accordance with the decision of the most competent military men, General Eugene Grant Gunner was appointed commander in chief of the continental armies of America. Extensive arrangements were made to enlist those who were willing to take up arms for the defense of their country, and the old form of national guard tactics were revived.

Astra labored day and night though she prayed that God would prevent the bloodshed for which she was preparing her people. Such were her thoughts and still no news came from the man who had promised so much.

Her cheeks began to lose their color, and her large eyes often looked longingly into the distance. "Why does he not come? Why does he not send a message?"

The Vice-president, Mr. Hale, was announced to her one evening. He



"I Will Be There at 10, Your Excellency."

bowed deeply before her as the President, then with the familiar air of a close friend, he took Astra's hand in his.

"My dear girl," he began, "I am much troubled; your efforts will undermine your health. The roses on your cheeks are already turning pale. You should think of yourself in the interest of the union, or you will be ill. My dear Astra, you know how much I—I adore you." He had retained Astra's hand, but at these words she slowly withdrew it.

"I first saw you when under the care of your father, watched you develop, strong and beautiful. I wish you would let me carry at least part of your burden. I am a man and I can stand more than a frail woman."

The girl president blushed; taking

this for encouragement, Mr. Hale continued: "Astra, I love you, will you be my wife?"

The statesman stood helpless before the girl who smiled kindly at him. "Sit down, Mr. Vice-president, and be good enough to listen to me."

He obeyed and Astra sat down opposite him. "Your proposal honors me, Mr. Vice-president; I am sorry that I am unable to accept it. The times that we are living in are such that matters such as this would be out of place, and while you have all my sympathy, I cannot tell you that you have my love."

A sigh escaped her lips; she thought of the man whom she loved, for whom she felt that she was treated. She yearned to say some soothing words to the friend of her father, but just then a sharp ringing sounded through the whole suite. It was a signal for extremely important communications and she left hurriedly with a glance pleading for Hale's pardon.

A moment later Astra was in the library putting the electro-stylograph in working order with shaking fingers. She could hardly believe her eyes; the pointer of the machine was on the island of Helgoland, the great German fortification.

The machine was at last adjusted; the sparkling stopped and the strong, manly voice of Napoleon Edison was heard. His picture appeared on the heliplate, bowing smilingly toward the girl whose heart was beating painfully. Her blood rushed to her head as she responded to the greeting.

"Your excellency. I have to report that the confederated fleet of the European monarchies started for Madeira today. I have been a prisoner, but an hour ago I escaped. Tomorrow at 10:00 p. m. I will be at the Crystal Palace to tell you everything."

"I am so very, very happy that I have at last heard from you!" Edison bowed; in the hazy background of the picture she could see another man holding a steering wheel in his hand, and beside him was the faint form of a woman watching Edison.

"I will be there at ten, your excellency."

"I will expect you!" The picture vanished. She leaned over the plate that had, a second ago, reflected the image of the man in whom she placed all her hopes.

As she took the paper out of the machine to see the message she pondered: "The message came from Helgoland, and he says he will be here tomorrow. How can that be?"

Recalling that the Vice-president was waiting for her, she went back to the green room.

"A very important message came," she said to Hale, in extenuation of her long absence. Then, after a short pause, she added: "I may as well tell you now, the confederated European fleet is on its way to Madeira." The Vice-President gasped. "And you have connections with Europe, your excellency?"

She smiled at his surprise. "Not connections; only one, but that one I believe in implicitly."

"Then there will be a session of the union ministers tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, but very likely the day after."

Shortly after this the Vice-president left and Astra retired to her private apartment, giving out orders no one should disturb her until the next morning.

CHAPTER VII.

The Prison.

The morning after the imprisonment of the Chevalier di Leon a military official came into the room that served as his temporary cell.

"I have the liberty to offer you the freedom of the fort in case you give your word of honor not to try to escape. It will not cause you any uneasiness to do that, as there is not the slightest chance for you to gain your liberty."

"Captain, I thank you very much; not only will I not give my word, but I will tell you plainly that I intend to do my best to escape from this prison, where your superiors have placed me without having the slightest cause for the action." He smiled pleasantly at the captain and continued: "I can see that you realize how I feel about it, and for that reason I advise you to be on the alert or I will escape."

"Just as you please, chevalier. It is my duty to make your temporary detention as pleasant as possible, and if agreeable to you we can get acquainted at the breakfast table."

"That sounds good. I am hungry." The dining-room was comfortable and pleasant; the breakfast was simple and wholesome.

Prisoner and guard sat silent for a while, and at last the chevalier said: "I suppose it is vain for me to ask you the name of the place where I am imprisoned?"

"You are right, chevalier!"

"You have an advantage over me, captain. You know my name and I don't know yours; is it against your orders to tell me?"

"No, indeed, chevalier; my name is Hans Euler."

"Thank you, Captain Euler. I assure you that I am glad I have made your acquaintance."

They talked pleasantly during breakfast. Afterward the captain escorted his prisoner into the adjoining reading and billiard room. They played a game of carrombol; the chevalier won.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARING FOR LITTLE CHICKS

Cleanliness is Important to a Degree of Success or Failure—Furnish Fresh, Clean Water.

In hatching chicks, either with hens or the modern way, the incubator, first of all observe cleanliness everywhere; this is important to a degree of success or failure; filth means the latter always.

Don't feed the chicks at all until they have been hatched twenty-four to thirty-six hours; they don't need it.

Don't feed them any musty, sour or unwholesome feed of any kind, grain or otherwise, as it will cause bowel trouble and death.

Don't lose sight of the drinking water, too; it is just as important that it be furnished fresh and clean and the drinking vessels kept clean.

Don't, if you use a brooder, allow it to get too hot or too cold; either is a fatal mistake. See to it also that the chicks do not overcrowd and trample each other to death; give them plenty of brooder room, they will be more healthy.

Don't place your brood cops or chick runs at or near a wood pile, brush heap, old outhouse, etc., as such places make too good a harbor for rats, polecats and other varmints that will prey on your chicks at the least opportunity.

Don't forget to provide shelter that the chicks can run under at any time, either out of the rain or sun. Many a promising lot of chicks have gone to an early finish through the fact that there was no shelter prepared for them when a heavy shower came up. The same is true of young turkeys.

TASK OF DIGGING POTATOES

Maintained by Some Flavor and Palatability Lost by Washing Clinging Dirt From Tubers.

Where potatoes are very dirty when taken from the field, some growers wash all the soil off them. Others maintain that it ruins their flavor and palatability. They are certainly far more cleaner and more desirable to handle when the hose has been turned on them, and the clinging, hardened dirt washed off.

If the ground is fairly dry when they are dug, and if they are allowed to take the air and the wind for a while, they will usually be clean enough to do without washing. There is every reason for digging them during such weather conditions.

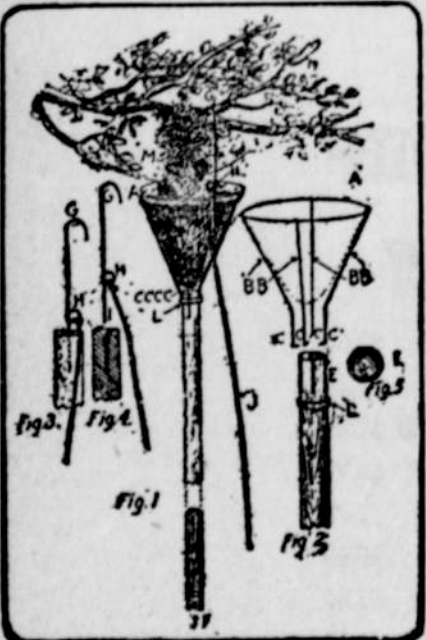
Potato digging should be made a sort of an odd job, one that can be done at any time when there is nothing more pressing to do. The potato crop should be an important one, and any farmer who is forced to buy potatoes for table use should look upon himself as temporarily disgraced.

Enough potatoes are spoiled every year by careless digging to feed a city of the second class for twelve months. Only in communities where the potato is the main and staple crop is there any real care shown in digging and handling this very important food crop.

USEFUL DEVICE FOR APIARY

Plan Illustrated for Capturing Swarms of Bees at Height of Twenty to Thirty Feet.

Gleanings in Bee Culture gives the accompanying plan for reaching swarms at a height of 20 to 30 feet. The hook is placed in the loose hole in one end of the pole, so that by extending this end of the pole up near the swarm, the hook can be easily placed over the limb containing the swarm. The pole is then withdrawn, leaving



A Swarm Catcher.

the hook over the limb with a light rope leading to the ground. By reversing the pole one can now bring the swarm-catcher directly under the cluster, and, by pulling on the rope, shake the bees out into it. Use muslin supported by the wire, as shown, to make the basket for the bees.

Garden Work.

The garden that is properly managed is just now in its prime. Some of the small fruits have come and gone, but many of the vegetables are just at their best, and there are yet at least three crops of sweet corn to be gathered.

Caponizing Best.

Should your chicks turn out to be mostly roosters and not happen to be early to capture the high prices for spring chicks turn them into capons, the price is good and the market is never supplied.

DARING AFTERNOON GOWN



Model of white satin embroidered in gold and trimmed with pearls. Tunic of white tulle. Deep slit in front of skirt.

ROOMS DECORATED IN BLACK

New Idea Comes From Vienna and Reflection Will Show It Has Much to Recommend It.

Behold black now as the fashionable color of the interior decorator. The liking for it arose in Vienna, where interior decorating is an art much thought of. There some of the new houses, or rooms which have been redecorated, show wall papers with black backgrounds, in which huge, bright flowers are printed. Carpets, too, are of black. The idea of this method of decorating is, apparently, to make the room strictly a background for the furniture and persons in it. The brightly flowered paper, of course, detracts from this effect, but the sort of paper more often used does not have the bright flowers. It shows a black ground, with a gray or misty white figure.

In a room thus grounded pictures framed in black are hung. The effect is startling. The pictures stand out in reality from their somber surroundings. White enameled furniture is looked on with favor for use in black rooms. Surely such a setting would give the persons in it chance to shine forth in all the glory of color lent them by skin and eyes, hair and clothes. On the other hand, wouldn't a room so furnished cast a depressing spell on the woman who found herself shut within its four walls for many hours in a day?

There is an outgrowth of this craze for black which is interesting, especially to those who live in apartments or other crowded quarters, where the kitchen as well as the other rooms of the house comes under occasional inspection of guests. This is the black enameled jar or box for cakes, bread and grocery supplies of various sorts. It is painted brilliantly with big red roses, and makes an interesting note of color. Six boxes or jars of this sort ranged in orderly array on shelves give a distinctive note to the most uninteresting pantry or kitchen.

MUST HAVE THE SUN'S RAYS

Golden Hair Absolutely Requires Them, if Beautiful Tint of Tresses Is to Be Retained.

Summer time is a time of trial for the girl with golden hair. Dust and grime collect with disastrous effect during the summer months, giving a dull drab effect to locks which should have a lively luster. What can she do to bring back the gold? The blonde asks in despair. In nine cases out of ten she is tempted to turn to the peroxide bottle, but if she is a wise girl she knows danger lies that way. Peroxide dries the scalp dangerously, makes the hair brittle and easily broken, and besides imparts an unnatural yellow to the hair which deceives no one. If your hair is drab and dull-looking instead of gleaming with gold do not immediately begin to doctor it up by applying various lotions, but first look to the cause of this lifeless condition. Have you fallen into the bad habit of washing your hair at night and going to bed with it half dry? Or perhaps you take a rainy day, when there isn't

BLACK SATIN OVER WHITE



Model of black satin over white satin trimmed with white tulle and lace.

Wear Under Thin Waist.

Dainty corset covers are made of pink or blue crepe de chine with elaborate trimmings of lace, or of net with puffings through which ribbon is run, with ribbon extending over the shoulders.