

SERIAL
STORYThe
Isolated
ContinentA Romance of the
FutureBy
Guido von Horvath
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States and Great Britain.

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 Werdestein, 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 di Leon, offers Werdestein 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 di Leon's 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 Werdestein on his flagship demanding immediate withdrawal. He is attacked and by destroying two warships and several aeroplanes, forces von Werdestein to agree to universal disarmament. The countess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdestein 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, cyrinth. 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 Werdestein 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 cyrinth 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. Werdestein 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 Hochenberg 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 Cyryne 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 simply smiled and asked: "What can they do? Napoleon Edison can take care of them."

Captain Von Hochenberg 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 Cyryne, 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 cyrinth. "That is something new," thought he. After the return to Cyryne 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 cyrinth 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. Cyryne 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 Rositta 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.

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 fleet 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 fleet 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 fleet 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.)

HELD UP LIFE MIRROR WRONG

Strindberg Saw Only the Worst in Human Nature, and Wrote According to His Convictions.

Strindberg had an uncanny power of psychological analysis, says a writer in the London Nation. He exhibits himself to the world naked and raving, but the exhibition causes him no shame. He also dissects his foes with convincing malice. So it is in the plays. He displays the average vulgar coquette, the worst product of the older social conventions which taught her that her sex is her fortune, with an insight that is not wholly unjust in its remorseless and ungrateful brutality. But there is in him this quality of intellectual honesty, that in revealing the woman who is a coquette he is also compelled to exhibit the man who is a sensualist. The latter revelation is apparently altogether unconscious. He sees and despises the triviality and tinsel of the animal attraction in the woman; he reveals, but does not appear to despise, the brutality and vulgarity of the animal passion in the man. He regards the man as the creative mind, yet shrinks from placing on him the responsibility for what he has written on the "slate" of the woman's mind. His was a genius which worked its hardest and best under the impulse of hatred. He has the insight of malice, the vision of scorn.

There's no show for the small boy who can't get into the circus.

For Handy Boys and
Girls to Make and Do

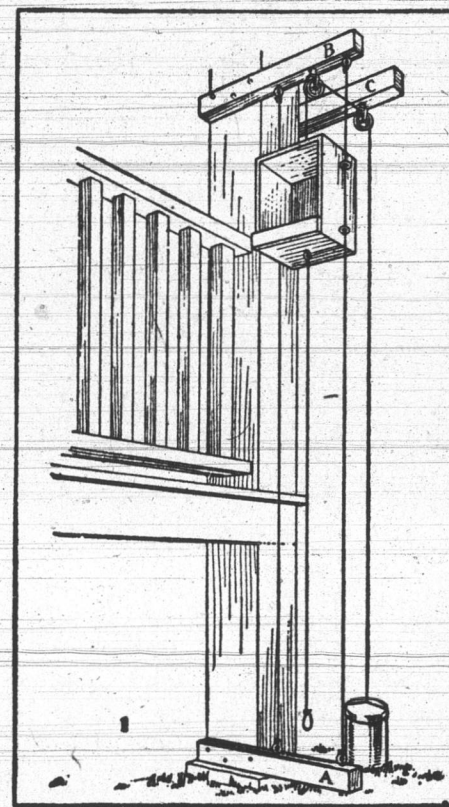
(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

By A. NEELY HALL.

A TOY ELEVATOR.

If there is a kitchen porch to your house, it will be easiest to build the toy elevator to run from the ground up to that porch, as illustrated in Fig. 1; and if you live in an upper story of an apartment building, your elevator can be made to run to a much greater height, which, of course, will be a great deal more fun.

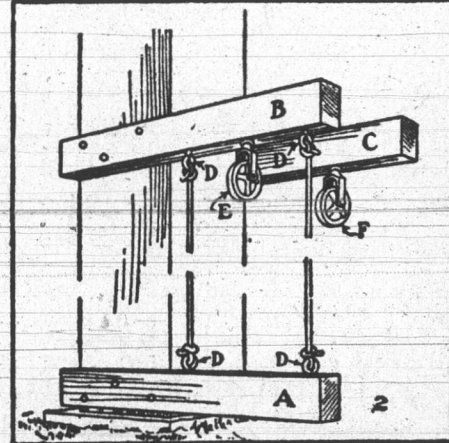
Figure 2 shows a large detail of the supports for the elevator cables and guides. Cross strips A, B and C should be 18 or 20 inches long, about 2 inches wide, and 1 inch thick. At a distance of about 1 inch from one end of strips A and B, screw a screw-eye into one edge, and 8 inches from these eyes screw a second screw-eye (D, Fig. 2). Screw-eyes with 1/4-inch eyes are large enough. A dozen of these can be bought at the hardware store for 5 cents. The elevator guides are fastened to them. Besides the screw-eyes you must have two clothes-



line pulleys. These will cost 5 cents each. Screw one pulley into the edge of strip B, half-way between the two screw-eyes D (E, Fig. 2), the other into an edge of strip C at the same distance from the end that you have placed the pulley in strip B (F, Fig. 2).

Nail strip A to the porch post as close to the ground as you can get it, strip B to the same face of the same post, about 10 inches above the porch railing, and strip C to the opposite face of the post at the same height as strip B. Nail these strips securely so they will be firm.

If you cannot find a small box in the house out of which to make the elevator car, go to the grocery store and

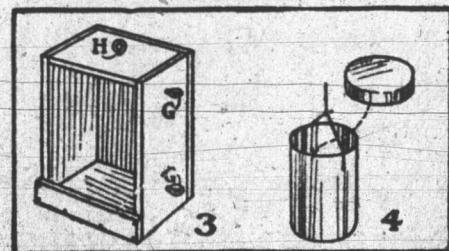


you will be able to find just what you want among the grocer's empty boxes.

Figure 3 shows how the box is made into a car. Screw two screw-eyes into each side of the box, one over the other, as shown at G, for the elevator guides to run through, screw another into the exact center of the top of the box (H), to tie the hoisting cable to, and screw another into the exact center of the bottom of the box to tie the lowering cable to. Nail a narrow strip across the open front of the car, at the bottom, to keep things from falling out.

Get a heavy wrapping twine or some stovepipe wire, for the elevator guides. Attach them to screw-eyes G in the sides of the car, and then fasten to screw-eyes D in strip A.

The counterbalance is a one-pound size baking-powder can filled with earth, sand or small stones. Fasten the lifting cable through holes punched in opposite sides of the can, just



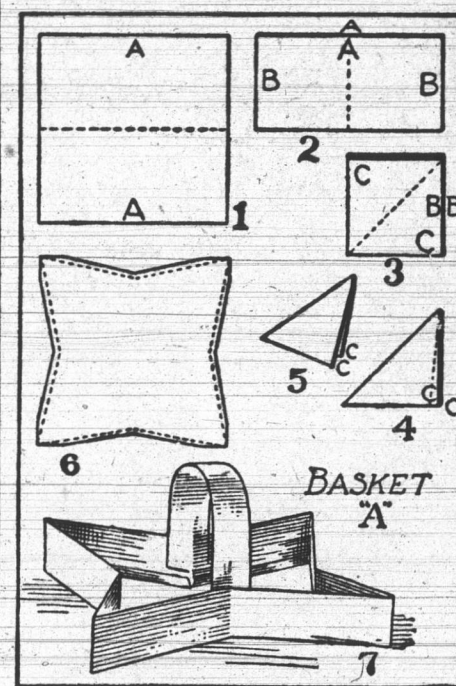
below where the edge of the can covers comes (Fig. 4). Use a strong wrapping twine for the lifting cable. After tying it to the counterbalance, run it over pulley guide F and tie to screw-eye H at the top of the car.

By DOROTHY PERKINS.

CANDY BASKETS.

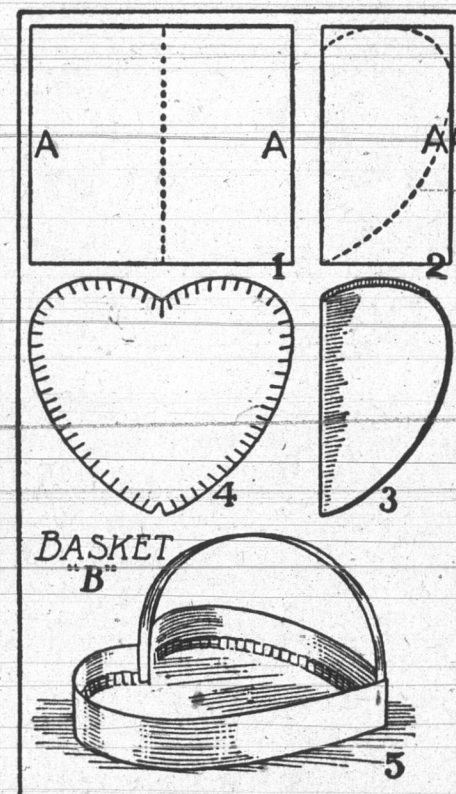
The three pretty little baskets shown in the illustrations are splendid receptacles for candy dainties for the dinner table.

For Basket "A" cut a piece of paper 5 inches square (Fig. 1). Fold the

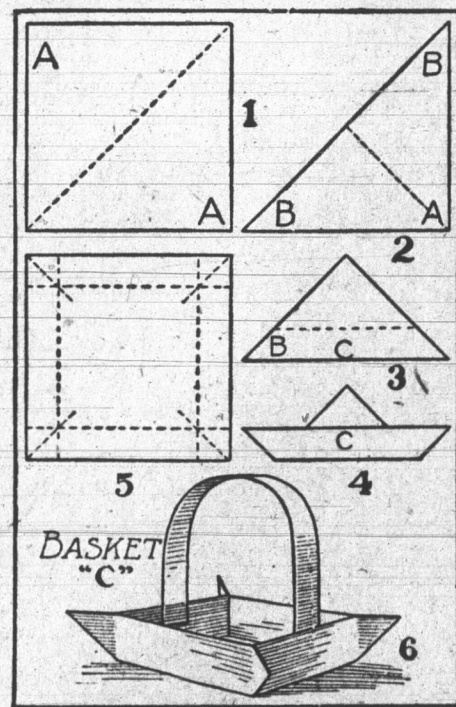


piece in half, with edges A together (Fig. 2), fold it in half again with edges B together (Fig. 3), and fold corner C over to corner C (Fig. 4). Then with a pair of scissors cut off corners C as shown in Fig. 5. Unfold the paper and it will have the form shown in Fig. 6. This is the basket bottom. Turn up the edges all around, folding along the dotted line shown in Fig. 6, and to these upturned edges paste a strip of paper 1 1/2 inches wide and 23 inches long for the sides of the basket.

Basket "B" has a heart-shaped bottom cut out of a piece of paper 5 inches by 5 1/2 inches in size (Fig. 1). Fold the paper in half with edges A



together (Fig. 2), then mark out one-half of a heart on one side of the folded piece, as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 2, and cut out along the line (Fig. 3). Unfold the piece (Fig. 4), and slash the edge all around with a pair of scissors, making the slashes 1/4 inch long. Turn up the little pieces between the slashes, and paste them to a strip of paper 1 1/2 inches wide and 17 1/2 inches long, bent around the heart-shaped piece to form the basket



sides, (Fig. 5). The handle is of the same size as that on basket "A."

Basket "C" is made from a square of paper measuring 5 1/2 inches. Fold this square in half diagonally, with corners A together (Figs. 1 and 2), then into quarters by bringing corners B together (Figs. 2 and 3), and then fold over 1 inch of edge C as shown in Fig. 4. Open the piece of paper, and you will find a great many creases in it. The dotted lines in Fig. 5 show only the creases that are needed. Turn up the edges along the creases that run parallel to the edges. Then put some paste upon the inside faces of the corners and pinch together.

How to Help
Inquirers—
The FearfulBy REV. HOWARD W. POPE
Superintendent of Men
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TEXT—"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isaiah 45:22.



A very common excuse which is met in Christian work is this:

"I am afraid I cannot hold out." In dealing with any case it is well to demonstrate first the cause, and then look for a cure. There may be many causes, but whatever they are, there is always a sure cure in the Word of God. In

this case it is evident that the cause of the man's fear is this: He is thinking of saving himself, instead of committing the case to Christ. He means to try a little harder than ever before to do good, but he has failed so often in the past that he has little confidence that he will succeed any better in the future. And the man is right. He certainly will fail if he relies upon his own efforts to lead a Christian life.

The remedy in this case is to take the man's attention away from himself, and fix it upon the Lord Jesus, who alone can save him. Say to him, "My dear friend, the question is not whether you can hold out, but whether or not God is able to save you. Let us see what he says about it." Opening your Bible ask him to read aloud Hebrews 7:25. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." After he has read it, say to him, "If God is able to save to the uttermost, there is certainly some hope for you. With an 'uttermost' salvation such as Christ offers, there are no hopeless cases, do you see?"

"Yes, it does look a little more hopeful. I must confess, but I am afraid I should fall, if I started in the Christian life. My bump of persistence is not very prominent, and I am easily discouraged."

"That may be true, but do you know this 'uttermost' Savior has made provision also to keep you from falling? Read what he says in Jude 24." "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

"Isn't that splendid? 'Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless.' Blameless would mean a great deal, but without fault means much more. And that is the condition in which Christ promises that you shall be when he presents you before the Father. (And the joy referred to in that verse is not the joy of the sinner, though that will be unspeakable, but the joy of the Savior as he looks with actual pride upon his finished work. It doesn't seem possible, does it, that you can be saved so completely, and made so perfect and beautiful, that the Lord Jesus will put you on exhibition as a sample of his handiwork, with actual pride and joy? And yet that is precisely what he says he can do, and he certainly ought to know.) Now does not your case seem hopeful, looking at it from God's standpoint?"

"Yes, I must admit that it does, but you see my case is peculiar. I had a grandfather who was a drunkard, and I have inherited from him an appetite for liquor. Occasionally an awful craving for strong drink comes upon me with irresistible power, and down I go before it. That is the real cause of my apprehension. If it were not for that I think I could be saved, but you see my case is peculiar."

"Yes, I see your case is peculiar, but do you know we have a peculiar Savior? In the first place, he was acquainted with that grandfather of yours, and he knows all about that appetite. In the second place, he has made ample provision for it in the Book. Indeed, he has provided a special promise for just such cases. Read if you will 1 Corinthians 10:13. 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'"

If the man is sincere in his desire to be a Christian there is only one alternative, and usually he will accept it.

If these verses do not lead a person to a decision I have sometimes tried this method: "You are lost now, anyway, are you not?" "Yes, I am lost now." "Well, if you should try the Christian life and fail, you could not be any worse off than you are now, could you?" "No." "But if you should succeed you would be a great deal better off, would you not?" "Certainly." "Then it looks to me as if you had everything to win and nothing to lose by starting, is that not so?" "Yes, but I never thought of that before." "Will you then kneel right down here and commit the keeping of your soul to Christ?" "I will."

I have seldom found a person who could not be convinced by such simple reasoning, if they honestly desired to be a Christian.