

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Well," said he, at last, "we've done it, young fellow, my lad." (This curious phrase he pronounced as if it were all one word—"young-fellah-melad.") "Yes, we've taken a jump, you an' me, I suppose, now, when you went into that room there was no such notion in your head—what?"

"No thought of it."

"The same here. No thought of it. And here we are, up to our necks in the tureen. Why, I've only been back three weeks from Uganda, and taken place in Scotland, and signed the lease and all. Pretty goin' on—what? How does it hit you?"

"Well, it is all in the main line of my business. I am a journalist on the Gazette."

"Of course—you said so when you took it on. By the way, I've got a small job for you, if you'll help me."

"With pleasure."

"Don't mind takin' a risk, do you?"

"What is the risk?"

"Well, it's Ballinger—he's the risk. You've heard of him?"

"No."

"Why, young fellow, where have you lived? Sir John Ballinger is the best gentleman jock in the north country. I could hold him on the flat at my best, but over jumps he's my master. Well, it's an open secret that when he's out of trainin' he drinks hard—strikin' an average, he calls it. He got delirium on Toosday, and has been ragin' like a devil ever since. His room is above this. The doctors say that it is all up with the old deer unless some food is got into him, but as he lies in bed with a revolver on a table over his head, he will put six of the best through anyone that comes near him, there's been a bit of a strike among the serving-men. He's a hard nail, is that Jack, and a dead shot, too, but you can't leave a Grand National winner to die like that—what?"

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"I asked."

"Well, my idea was that you and I could rush him. He may be dozin' and at the worst he can only wing one of us, and the other should have him. If we can get his pistol-cover round his arms and then phone up a stomach pump, we'll give the old deer the supper of his life."

"It was a rather desperate business to come stidin' into one's day's work. I don't think that I am a particularly brave man. Therefore, although every nerve in my body shrank from it, I pictured in the room above, I still answered, in as care-less a voice as I could command, that I was ready to go. Some further re-

mark of Lord Roxton's about the danger only made me irritable.

"Talking won't make it any better," I said. "Come on."

I rose from my chair and he from his. Then, with a little confidential chuckle of laughter, he patted me two or three times on the chest, finally pushing me back into my chair.

"All right, sonny, my lad—you'll do," he said. "You can't let me surprise."

"I saw after Jack Ballinger myself this mornin'." He blew a hole in the skirt of my kimonos, bless his shaky old hand, but we got a jacket on him and he's to be in flight in a week. I say, young fellow, I hope you don't mind—what? You see, between you an' me close-titled, I look on this South American business as a mighty serious thing, and if I have a pal with me, I want a man I can bank on. So I sized you down, and I'm bound to say that you came well out of it. You see, it's all up to you and me, for this old Summertime man will want dry-nudrin' from the first. By the way, can you shoot?"

"About average Territorial standard."

"Good Lord! as bad as that? What gun have you?"

He crossed to an oaken cupboard and as he threw it open I caught a glimpse of glittering rows of parallel barrels, like the pipes of an organ.

"I'll see what I can spare you out of my own battery," said he.

One by one, he took out a succession of beautiful rifles, opening and shutting them with a snap and a clang, and then patting them as he put them back into the rack as tenderly as a mother would fondle her child.

He took out a beautiful brown-and-silver rifle. "Well rubbed at the stock, sharply sighted, five cartridges to the clip. You can trust your life to that." He handed it to me and closed the door of his oak cabinet.

"By the way," he continued, coming back to his chair, "what do you know of this Professor Challenger?"

"I never saw him till today."

"Well, neither did I. It's funny we should both sail under sealed orders from a man we don't know. He seemed an upish, old bird. His brothers of science don't seem too fond of him, either. How came you to take an interest in the affair?"

I told him shortly my experiences of the morning, and he listened intently. Then he drew out a map of South America and laid it on the table.

"I believe every single word he said to you was the truth," said he, earnestly, and, mind you, I have something to go on when I speak like that. South America is a place I love, and I think, if you take it right through, from Darien to Fuego, it's the grandest, richest, most wonderful bit of earth upon this planet. People don't know it yet, and don't realize what it may become. I've been up and down it from end to end and two dry seasons in those very parts. Well, when I was up there I heard some yarns of the same kind—traditions of Indians and the like, but with no solid ground behind them, no doubt. The more you know of that country, young fellow, the more you would understand that anything was possible—anythin'.

There are just some narrow water lanes along which folk travel, and outside that it is all darkness. Now, down here in the Matto Grande—

He swept his cigar over a part of the map—or up in this corner where the three countries meet. "Why should surprise me. As that chap said to-night, there are fifty-thousand miles of water-way runnin' through a forest that is very near the size of Europe. You and I could be as far away from each other as Scotland is from Constantinople, and yet each of us be in the same great Brazilian forest."

It was only the size of the grand, and a scrape there in the maze. Why, the river rises and falls the best part of forty feet, and half the country is a morass that you can't pass over. Why should something new and wonderful lie in such a country? And why shouldn't we be the men to find it out? Besides," he added, his queer, gaunt face shining with delight, "there's a sportin' risk in every mile."

Perhaps I have dwelt too long upon this new acquaintance, but he is to be my comrade for many a day, and so I have tried to set him down as first I saw him, with his quaint personality and his queer little tricks of speech and thought. It was only the matter of getting in the account of my meeting which drew me at last from his plink radiance, oiling the lock of his favorite rifle, while he still chuckled to himself at the thought of the adventures which awaited us. It was very clear to me that if dangers lay before us, I could not in all England have found a cooler head or a braver spirit with which to share them.

That night, wearied as I was after the wonderful happenings of the day,

I sat late with McArdie, the news editor, explaining to him the whole situation, which he thought important enough to bring next morning before the notice of Sir George Beaumont, the chief. It was agreed that I should write home full accounts of my adventures in the shape of successive letters to McArdie, and that these should either be edited for the Ga-

zette as they arrived, or held back to be published later, according to the wishes of Professor Challenger, since we could not yet know what conditions he might attach to those disclosures which should guide us to the unknown land. In response to a telephone inquiry, we received nothing more definite than a fulmination against the press, ending up with the remark that if we would notify our host he would hand us any directions which he might think it proper to give us at the moment of starting. A second question from us failed to elicit any answer at all, save a plaintive beat from his wife to the effect that her husband was in a very violent temper already, and that she hoped we would do nothing to make

it worse. A third attempt, later in the day, provoked a terrific crash, and a subsequent message from the Central Exchange that Professor Challenger's receiver had been shattered. After that we abandoned all attempt at communication.

And now, my patient readers, I can address you directly no longer. From now onwards (if, indeed, any continu-

ation of this narrative should ever reach you) it can only be through the hands of the editor I leave this account of the events which have led up to one of the most remarkable expeditions of all time, so that if I never return to England there shall be some record as to how the affair came about. I am writing these last

lines in the saloon of the Booth liner Franconia, and they will go back by the pilot to the keeping of Mr. McArdie. Let me draw the last picture before I close the notebook—a picture which is the last memory of the old country which I bear away with me.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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JERRY ON THE JOB

MAKE 'EM BELIEVE IT.

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TILLIE, THE TOILER

By Westover



Real Folks at Home (The Ditch Digger)

By BRIGGS

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 17.—There is a fresh man in Gotham whose love for Main Street has endured since the day he packed the carpet bag and took the \$35 for the metropolis. He made his fortune here and won success, but his heart is in his little home town.

In his home he has a replica of his favorite room back yonder. Here he spends his idle moments in an atmosphere of horse hair furniture, a basket of fruit crumbs, a hanging coal oil lamp, onyx clock and rag carpet.

In the garage there is an old blacksmith's anvil. He likes to tap it now and then with a hammer, so it will give forth the pleasant "ting-ting-ting-ting" familiar to every resident of a village. He does not share these cherished views alone.

There are thousands of New Yorkers who remain on and on because their business interests hold them. They would rather have a two-line note of approval in the home town paper than a half column editorial of approval in the New York World.

The loner they live here the firmer the ties are cemented. Most of them day dream of the days they will return but rarely do. New York inspires the continual greed for gold and they carry on until the end.

Suburban life out where the pavement ends only half satisfies. It is too much affected by city contact. The charm of Main Street is not there. One misses the open forum at the village hotel, the back fence gossip and friendly intimacy.

Many suburban dwellers do not know their next door neighbors. The people who pass the front bay window are strangers. There is of course, compensation in front yards, trees and porches. But the beloved intangible something of Main Street is not there.

New York has single buildings which in value are the equivalent of entire cities. The Equitable assessed for \$30,000,000, is worth more than all the property in Amsterdam, N. Y., or Davenport, Ia. The Waldorf, valued at \$12,225,000, is worth more than all the property in Columbia, S. C.; Joliet, Ill., or San Francisco, Cal. Altman's, valued at \$14,000,000, is worth more than all Decatur, Ill., or Sacramento, Cal. The total assessed valuation of property in New York is \$13,125,457,745. It is more than the assessed valuation of the following states together: Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Arkansas, Nevada, Colorado, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Washington, Oregon and Minnesota. These fourteen great commonwealths, comprising more than two-thirds of the entire United States west of the Mississippi, are—all of them—worth \$13,050,000,000.

I believe that the thing the transplanted Main Streeter in the metropolis misses most is the clubby pullman washroom intimacy of the small town. I don't believe small town people appreciate this simple neighborliness, the pecking in the barber shop, the talking to see if Bill is there or to whistle out in front for Tom to join you—well, it cannot be done here. If you stuck your head into a barber shop door suddenly you might be taken for a hold-up bandit, and a shrill whistle in front of any home might cause your arrest by the Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Noises.

Carnegie Hall is soon to be torn down and a modern office building will arise where one of the world's greatest musical centers has operated for thirty-three years. There is also a rumor, that the Metropolitan Opera House is soon to be demolished. A new site is now being considered.

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