

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

On the fourth day after leaving Manaos we turned into a tributary which at its mouth was little smaller than the main stream. It narrowed rapidly, however, and after two more days' steaming we reached an Indian village, where the Professor insisted that we should land, and that the Esmeralda should be sent back to Manaos. We should soon come upon rapids, he explained, which would make it further impossible. He added privately that we were now approaching the door of the unknown country and that the fewer we took into our confidence the better it would be. To this end also he made each of us give our word of honor that we should publish or say nothing which would give any exact clue as to the whereabouts of our travels, while the servants were all solemnly sworn to the same effect.

It was August 2 when we snapped our last link with the outer world by bidding farewell to the Esmeralda. Since then four days have passed, during which we have engaged with all our efforts, and have engaged two additional Indians to help us in the navigation. I understand that they are the very two—Ataca and Ipetu by name—who accompanied Professor Challenger upon his previous journey. They appeared to be terrified at the prospect of repeating it over, but the chief has patriarchal powers in these countries, and if the bargain is good in his eyes the clansman has little choice in the matter.

The very next day we did actually make our start upon this remarkable expedition. We found that all our possessions fitted very easily into the two canoes, and we divided our personnel, six in each, taking the obvious precaution of putting the peace of putting one Professor into each canoe. Personally, I was with Challenger, who was in a beatific humor, moving about as one in a silent ecstasy and bearing a benevolent smile on every feature. I have had some experience of him in other moods, however, and shall be the less surprised when the thunder storms suddenly come up amidst the sunshine. It is impossible to be at your ease, it is equally impossible to be dull in his company, for one is always in a state of half-tremulous doubt as to what sudden turn his formidable temper may take.

For two days we made our way up a good-sized river, some hundreds of yards broad, and dark in color, but transparent, so that one could usually see the bottom. The woods on either side were primeval, which are more easily penetrated than woods of the second growth, and we had no great difficulty in carrying our canoes through them. How shall I ever for-

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTVRE

New York, Feb. 19.—Thoughts while strolling around New York. Why do so many Japanese carry cameras? Metrolite, the dramatic critic. Undertakers are now morticians. An old warehouse now an Italian palace with pergolas and yew trees. Owned by a former taxi driver.

The site of old Daly's theater. The famous gambler—Nick the Greek. Squat and puffy. No more outdoor shoe shine stands. A drum major's fur cap in a pawnshop window. A block of old homes, with fan-lighted doors and high celled parlors.

A legless man selling canes of candy. Gray lace curtains. Soon be house cleaning time. The flutter and flurry around the Flatiron building. Cloak and suit salesmen. A parakeet shop. Somebody playing the ukulele in a contractor's shanty. A Yiddish play at the Garden. The only sun-bonnet I ever saw here. It hangs from a fire escape. Sniggering corner loafers. Short skirted errand girls. Racing to skimpy luncheons. Old men with scholarly stouts who teach the tenement pool.

A German diet man with red cheeks. And yellow pompadours. Wonder how the Kaiser is getting along with his wife? A beggar rolling sightless eyes. A pink silk shirt and a green necktie—marked down to 60 cents.

An ambulance racing toward the river. Kindling hunters and five cent snuff houses. Also a Shakespeare club. A banana colored roadster wrecked against a lamp post. My ambition once was to be the village lamp lighter. And work an hour a day.

What ever became of the League for American Wheelmen? The Bide-see-Home for stray dogs and cats. The gloomy water front. Deserted barges. The smell of stagnant water. Tin can shanties with their wisps of smoke. And the walk is over.

A New Yorker recently sailed for France to undergo a very serious operation. He sailed with his current wife. Five other wives went to the pier to say good bye. All wept. He had married and divorced them but they still remain his friends. There's an achievement!

Six New York theatrical stars pay income taxes of more than \$50,000. One was a former cash girl in a department store. Two were restaurant waiters at one time. Another was a newspaper huckster in Brooklyn and the other two were town loafers until after twenty.

The best dressed man in France, Jean Patou, designer of women's gowns, has been regaling New York with his wardrobe. He dresses six times a day and carries some 60 suits. One of his sartorial creations was a brown suit with snow white stripes. With this he wore lavender spats, a shirt with tiny red stripes with collar to match and a white derby with lavender band.

Fifteen newspaper reporters saw a woman fall from a window at a big fire. Each is trained and reliable, yet not one gave the same account as to how it happened. Psychologists might explain it.

For some months a little place called The Cheshire Cheese which specialized in after-theater which farebills seemed to be doing no business, then somehow it caught on and is crowded nightly and a down-stairs addition has been added to take care of the increased patronage. (Copyright 1925.)

where we anchored for the night. At this point I reckoned that we had come not less than a hundred miles up the tributary from the main stream.

It was in the early forenoon of the next day that we made the great departure. Since dawn Professor Challenger had been acutely uneasy, continually scanning each bank of the river. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of satisfaction and pointed to a single tree, which projected at a peculiar angle over the side of the stream.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"It is surely an Assai palm," said Challenger.

"Exactly. It was an Assai palm which I took for my landmark. The secret opening is half a mile onwards upon the other side of the river. There is no break in the trees. That is the wonder and the mystery of it. There where you see light-green growth instead of dark-green undergrowth, there between the great cotton woods, that is my private gate into the unknown. Push through, and you will understand."

It was indeed a wonderful place. Having reached the spot marked by a line of light-green growth, we piled our two canoes through them for some hundreds of yards, and eventually emerged into a placid and shallow stream, running clear and transparent over a sandy bottom. It may have been twenty yards across, and

was banked in on each side by most luxuriant vegetation. No one who had not observed that for a short distance reads had taken the place of shrubs, could possibly have guessed the existence of such a stream or dreamed of the fairland beyond.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Bee Want Ads produce results.

Gasoline Price Boosted to 21 Cents at Columbus

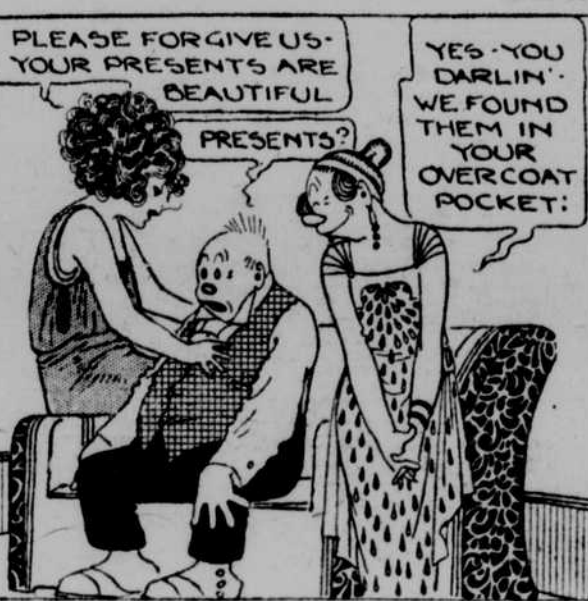
Columbus, Feb. 19.—Gasoline prices were boosted 2 cents on the local retail market yesterday, making the price scale at the filling station now 21 cents.

THE NEBBS



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1925)

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)

JERRY ON THE JOB



NO GROUND BEING LOST



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By Westover

There's at Least One in Every Cabaret



ABIE THE AGENT



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