

# THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

For a farlyland it was—the most wonderful that the imagination of man could conceive. The thick vegetation met overhead, interlacing into a natural pergola, and through this tunnel of verdure in a golden twilight flowed the green, pellucid river, beautiful in itself, but marvelous from the strange tints thrown by the vivid light from above filtered and tempered in its fall. Clear as crystal, motionless as a sheet of glass, green as the edge of an iceberg, it stretched in front of us under its leafy arched canopy every stroke of its paddles sending a thousand ripples across its shining surface. It was a fitting avenue to a land of wonders. All sign of the Indians had passed away, but a single life was frequent, and the tameness of the creatures showed that they knew nothing of the hunter. Fuzzy little black-velvet monkeys, with snow-white teeth and gleaming, gleaming eyes, chattered at us as we passed. With a dull, heavy splash an occasional cayman plunged in from the bank. Once a dark, clumsy tapir stared at us from the gap in the bushes and then lumbered away through the forest; once, too, the yellow, sinuous form of a great puma whistled amid the brushwood, and its green baleful eyes glared hatred at us from the bank, while beneath us the crystal water was alive with fish of every shape and color.

For three days we made our way up this tunnel of hazy green sunshine. On the longer stretches we could hardly tell as one looked ahead where the distant green water ended and the distant green archway began. The deep peace of this strange waterway was unbroken by any sign of man.

"No Indian here. Too much afraid, Curupuri," said Gomez.

"Curupuri is the spirit of the woods," Lord John explained. "It's a name for any kind of devil. The poor buggars think that there is something fearsome in this direction, and therefore they avoid it."

On the third day it became evident that our journey in the canoes could not last much longer, for the stream was rapidly growing more shallow. Twice in as many hours we struck upon the bottom. Finally we pulled the boats up among the brushwood and spent the night on the bank of the river. In the morning Lord John and I made our way for a couple of miles through the forest, keeping parallel with the stream; but as it

grew ever shallower we returned and reported what Professor Challenger had already suspected, that we had reached the highest point to which the canoes could be brought. We drew them up, therefore, and concealed them among the bushes, blazing a tree with our axes, so that we should find them again. Then we distributed the various burdens among us—guns, ammunition, food, a tent, blankets and the rest—and, shouldering our packages, we set forth upon the more laborious stage of our journey.

An unfortunate quarrel between our peevish marks the sunset of our new stage. Challenger had from the moment of joining us issued directions to the whole party, much to the evident discontent of Summerlee. Now, upon his assigning some duty to his fellow-Professor it was only the carrying of an aneroid barometer the matter suddenly came to a head. "May I ask, sir," said Summerlee, with a violent cast of his eyes, "do you take it upon yourself to issue these orders?"

Challenger glared and bristled. "I do it," Professor Summerlee, as leader of this expedition."

"I am compelled to tell you, sir, that I do not recognize you in that capacity."

"Indeed!" Challenger bowed with unwieldy sarcasm. "Perhaps you would define my exact position."

"Yes, sir. You are a man whose veracity is upon trial, and this committee is here to try it. You walk, sir, with your judges."

"Dear me!" said Challenger, seating himself on the side of one of the canoes. "In that case you will, of course, go on your way, and I will follow at my leisure. If I am not the leader you cannot expect me to lead."

Thank heaven that there were two sane men—Lord John Roxton and myself—to prevent the peevishness of our learned Professors from sending us back empty-handed to London. Such arguing and pleading and explaining before we could get them mollified! Then at last Summerlee, with his anger and his pipe, would move forward and Challenger would come rolling and grumbling after. By some good fortune we discovered about this time that both our savants and the very nearest opinion of Dr. Hillingworth of Edinburgh. Therefore forward that was our one safety, and every strained situation was relieved by our introducing the name of the Scotch geologist, when both our Professors would form a temporary alliance and friendship in their detestation and abuse of this common rival.

Advancing in single file along the bank of the stream, we soon found that it narrowed down to a mere brook, and finally that it lost itself in a great green morass of spongy mosses, into which we sank up to our knees. The place was horribly haunted by clouds of mosquitoes and every form of flying pest, so we were glad to find solid ground again and to make a circuit among the trees which enabled us to outflank this pestilent morass, which dripped like an organ in the distance, so loud was it with insect life.

On the second day after leaving our camp we found that the whole character of the country changed. Our road was persistently upwards, and as we ascended the woods became thinner and just their tropical luxuriance. The huge trees of the alluvial Amazonian plain gave place to the Phoenix and coco palms, growing in scattered clumps, with thickets of the very different species of the Mauritia palms threw out their graceful drooping fronds. We traveled entirely by compass, and once or twice there were differences of opinion between Challenger and the two Indians, when, to quote the Professor's indignant words, the whole party agreed to "trust the fallacious instincts of undeveloped savages rather than the highest product of modern European culture."

That we were justified in doing so was shown upon the third day, when Challenger admitted that he recognized several landmarks of his former journey, and in one spot we actually came upon four fire-blackened stones, which must have marked a camping place.

The road still ascended, and we crossed a rock-studded slope when took two days to traverse. The vegetation had again changed, and only the vegetable ivory tree remained, with a great profusion of wonderful orchids, among which I learned to recognize the rare *Nuttallia*, *Vexillaria* and the glorious pink and scarlet blossoms of *Cattleya* and *Odontopogon*. Occasional brooks with pebbly bottoms and fern-draped banks gurgled down the shallow gorges in the hill, and offered good camping grounds every evening on the banks of some rock-studded pool, where swarms of little blue-backed fish, about the size and shape of English trout, gave us a delicious supper.

On the ninth day after leaving the canoes, having done, as I reckon,

about a hundred and twenty miles, we began to emerge from the trees, which had grown smaller until they were mere shrubs. Their place was taken by an immense wilderness of bamboo, which grew so thickly that we could only penetrate it by cutting a pathway with the machetes and billhooks of the Indians. It took us a long day, traveling from seven in the morning till eight in the night, with only two breaks of one hour each, to get through this obstacle. Anything more monotonous and wearying could not be imagined, for even at the most open places, I could not see more than ten or twelve yards, while usually my vision was limited to the back of Lord John's cotton jacket in front of me, and to the yellow wall within a foot of one or either side. From above came one thin knife-edge of sunshine, and fifteen feet over our heads one saw the tops of the reeds swaying against the deep blue sky. I do not know what kind of creatures inhabit such a thicket, but several times we heard the plunging of large, heavy animals quite close to us. From their sounds Lord John judged them to be some form of wild cattle. Just as night fell we cleared the belt of bamboo and at once formed our camp, exhausted by the interminable day.

Early next morning we were again afoot and found that the character of the country had changed once again. Behind us was the wall of bamboo, as definite as if it marked the course of a river. In front was an open plain sloping slightly upwards and dotted with clumps of tree-ferns, the whole curving before us until it ended in a long, white-backed ridge. This we reached about midday, only to find a shallow valley beyond, rising once again into a gentle incline which led to a low, rounded skyline. It was here, while we crossed

the first of these hills, that an incident occurred which may or may not have been important.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

If you're room's too dry and you can't regulate the heat with your old, base burner, open the window and the air'll be a little damper.

## THE NEBBBS



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## WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT.



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## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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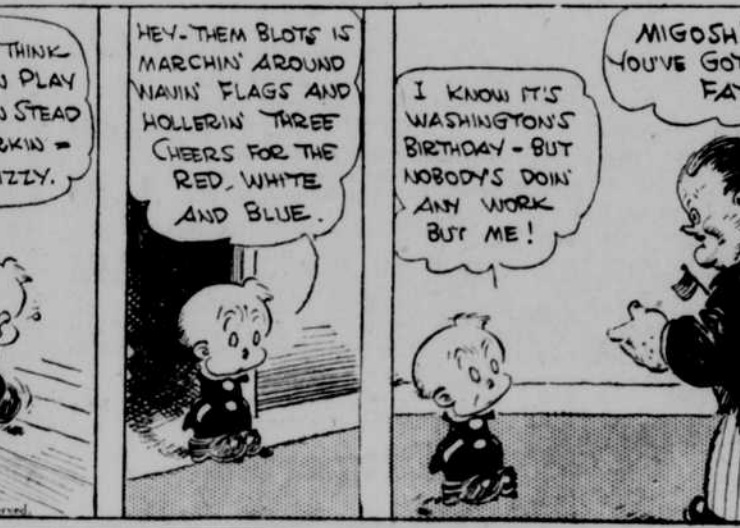
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## JERRY ON THE JOB



## CAN THIS BE TREASON?



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Feb. 20.—There is, as somebody or other has said, no fool like an old fool. The other night the biggest ice skating rink in New York opened. In my day back on Chicago Creek, I cut a mean and graceful spread eagle.

All the alluring advertisements of the new rink stirred me. "Come," they said, "and be a boy again." So not being interested in glands I shopped for a pair of skates and went round to the rink. A military band was playing. The ice was filled with rising fumes.

I stepped out on the smooth surface with just a shade of timidity. Being a boy again is not so easy as it sounds. But I struck out with what was intended to be a long sweeping glide. The glide began all right but something happened midway.

There was a confusing blur of faces, the building spun around—a thump in the back of the head. Where was I? O yes, I know, don't tell me. I was sitting down on the ice. I might say I sat down precipitately. In fact I will say it—precipitately.

An attendant rushed up and asked me if I had slipped. I summoned all the dignity one can in a sitting posture and explained that I had not slipped but the skates had. He assisted me to my feet and gave me what I suppose he intended to be a gentle push.

There was no stopping me then. Eliza crossing the ice was simply nothing at all. I was headed in the wrong direction and hop-stepping like a chicken on a hot tin roof. I heard someone yell "Look out, here he comes!"

But he hadn't finished it before I was there. There was the outer rail of the handstand and the way I slumped into it one would get the idea that handstands meant absolutely nothing in my life. "Come back again," said the gate-keeper. "I will. And you must come to see me sometime." I replied as I sneaked out a sideways and limped home. From now on I am going to be my age, dearies.

There is a little room with stucco walls three feet wide and four feet long on the third floor of the Music Box theater. In it is a small table with an imitation electrically lighted candle. Also a wall divan. This is the studio of Irving Berlin, master of mimicry. It is here that he writes his songs. In the outer room is an office with a piano. Now and then he goes out there to improvise but most of his creative work is in the tiny studio.

Some time ago I met a one-eyed, pock-marked derelict of the saloon back room. He was exiled in a town on the border in Mexico. He strummed his guitar and sang vagrant tunes for drinks of the flery tequila. He told a group of us he had written poetry and much of it had been published which we put down as a bit of romancing. Yet in a current issue of a highly intellectual magazine is one of his poems—a noble and distinguished bit of writing.

A vaudeville team is splitting with the frank announcement in a vaudeville paper: "It came to a point where we got on one another's nerves. We have been appearing together for years and decided it was best to go separate ways."

To repeat the same lines and situations together for 10 years must become deadly monotonous. It would test the most complacent of men. A New York executive who has several hundred men facing each other across desks switches them about every few months. Otherwise, he says, they would grow to hate each other.

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## Could G. W.'s Reputation Stand the Modern Test?



## By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



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