THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued From Saturday.)

Professor Challenger, who with the two local Indians was in the van of the party, stopped suddenly and pointed eagerly to the right. As he did so we saw, at the distance of a mile or so, something which appeared to be a huge gray bird flap slowly up from the ground and settle smoothly on a rock very low and straight, until [illegible] eyes.

"[illegible] Challenger, [illegible] Summerlee, did you [illegible] a colleague was staring at the [illegible] disap- [illegible] the greatest [illegible] that do you claim that it was?"

[illegible] the heat of my belief, a ptero- [illegible] into derisive laugh- [illegible] said he. "It [illegible]"

[illegible] to speak [illegible] upon his [illegible] his march. [illegible] of me, how- [illegible] more grave [illegible] had his Zeiss [illegible]

[illegible] it got over [illegible] under [illegible] I risk [illegible] the [illegible] dropped [illegible]

[illegible] distinctly under the cliff—a most [illegible] but curved outwards at the top, [illegible] that ascent was out of the [illegible]

(Close to us was the high [illegible] pinnacle of rock which I believe I [illegible] mentioned earlier in this narrative, [illegible] like a broad red church spire, [illegible] top of it being level with the [illegible], but a great chasm gaping [illegible] on. On the summit of it there [illegible] one high tree. Both pinnacle [illegible] cliff were comparatively low—[illegible] five or six hundred feet, I should [illegible]

[illegible] was on that," said Professor [illegible], pointing to this tree, "that [illegible] pterodactyl was perched. I [illegible] half way up the rock before [illegible] shot him. I am inclined to think that a good mountaineer like myself could ascend the rock to the top, though he would, of course, be no nearer to the plateau when he had done so."

As Challenger spoke of his pterodactyl I glanced at Professor Summerlee, and for the first time I seemed to see some signs of a dawning credulity and repentance. There was no sneer upon his thin lips, but, on the contrary, a gray, drawn look of excitement and amazement. Challenger saw it, too, and reveled in the first taste of victory.

"Of course, said he, with his clumsy and ponderous sarcasm, "Professor Summerlee will understand that when I speak of pterodactyl I mean a stork—only it is the kind of stork which has no feathers, a leathery skin, membranous wings, and teeth in its jaws." He grinned and blinked and bowed until his colleague turned and walked away.

In the morning, after a frugal breakfast of coffee and manioc—we had to be economical of our stores—we held a council of war as to the best method of ascending to the plateau above us.

Challenger presided with a solemnity as if he were the Lord Chief Justice on the Bench. Picture him seated upon a rock, his absurd boyish straw hat tilted on the back of his head, his supercilious eyes dominating us from under his drooping lids, his great black beard wagging as he slowly defined our present situation and our future movements.

Beneath him you might have seen the three of us—myself, sunburnt, young, vigorous after our open-air tramp; Summerlee, solemn but still critical, behind his eternal pipe; Lord John, as keen as a razor-edge, with his supple, alert figure leaning upon his rifle, and his eager eyes fixed eagerly upon the speaker. Behind us were grouped two swarthy half-breeds and a little knot of Indians, while in front and above us towered those huge, ruddy ribs of rocks which kept us from our goal.

"I need not say," said our leader, "that on the occasion of my last visit I exhausted every means of climbing the cliff, and where I failed I do not think that anyone else is likely to succeed, for I am something of a mountaineer. I had none of the appliances of a rock-climber with me, but I have taken the precaution to bring them now. With their aid I am positive I could climb that detached pinnacle to the summit; but so long as the main cliff overhangs, it is vain to attempt ascending that. I was hurried upon my last visit by the approach of the rainy season and by the exhaustion of my supplies. These considerations limited my time, and I can only claim that I have surveyed about six miles of the cliff to the east of us, finding no possible way up. What, then shall we now do?"

"There seems to be only one reasonable course," said Professor Summerlee. "If you have explored the east, we should travel along the base of the cliff to the west, and seek for a practicable point for our ascent."

"That's it," said Lord John. "The odds are that this plateau is of no great size and we shall travel travel round it until we either find an easy way up it, or come back to the point from which we started."

"I have already explained to our young friend here," said Challenger (he has a way of alluding to me as if I were a school child ten years old), "that it is quite impossible that there should be an easy way up anywhere, for the simple reason that if there were the summit would not be isolated, and those conditions would not obtain which have effected so singular an interference with the general laws of survival. Yet I admit that there may very well be places where an expert human climber may reach the summit, and yet a cumbrous and heavy animal be unable to descend. It is certain that there is a point where an ascent is possible."

"How do you know that, sir?" asked Summerlee, sharply.

"Because my predecessor, the American, Maple White, actually made such an ascent. How otherwise could he have seen the monster which he sketched in his notebook?"

"There you reason somewhat ahead of the proved facts," said the stubborn Summerlee. "I admit your plateau, because I have seen it; but I have not as yet satisfied myself that it contains any form of life whatever."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

New York Day-by-Day

By O. O. McINTYRE

New York, Feb. 22.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys' [illegible] great thunderstorm [illegible] So lighting the [illegible] to bed again until [illegible] my cousin Jo- [illegible] breakfast with me. [illegible] a gay letter from [illegible] with a bur- [illegible] he and [illegible] Cast my ac- [illegible] and put my books in order [illegible] walk with Walter Catlett, the [illegible] and matched him for a [illegible] window and [illegible]

[illegible] evening to the Bowery and [illegible] a dinner at the Port Arthur in Chinatown, and then to stroll about [illegible] and crooked little [illegible] Home in the underground [illegible] and nodded all the way. So [illegible]

When a man's hair begins to thin on top he usually drives up to a slow walk in front of a wigmaker's windows. Hepner, the theatrical wigmaker has a shop in the Forties. I watched a man pause before it. He looked about furtively then crossed the street, came back and plunged into the doorway much in the manner of a man about to dive into an icy pool. I have never understood why baldness should be considered a blight. A bald head has much more dignity than one covered with curly locks.

There is a notion that long hair goes with art. Charles Dana Gibson, greatest of pen and ink artists, is bald. Ben Ali Haggin, the portrait painter, is also. In fact the census would reveal that the larger percentage of men who have achieved the arts are slick domed.

Outside the usual falsetto note at the end of "Mother Machree," there is nothing so annoying in vaudeville as the personal appearance of movie stars. A slight few amuse, but the great majority irritate. Yet the public is so curious to see them in person they command top salaries.

The Black Belt of Harlem has six weekly newspapers for colored people. All are self-supporting and five magazines are prosperous. Two of the intellectual leaders of the district are Walter White, the novelist, and Claude McKay, the poet. Another figure in the Black Belt is the daughter of Mrs. Lillie C. Walter. She became wealthy with a hair straightening process or kink cure. When she died her daughter built one of the finest homes on a big estate at exclusive Irvington-on-the-Hudson. She has traveled all over the world and is surrounded by social secretaries and luxuries of those of great wealth. She is completely isolated from contact with other wealthy residents of the suburb. She spends her time in encouraging the arts in Harlem.

There is interest also at the Abyssinian Jewish Synagogue. The dusky Abyssinian Jew contends that Moses, Jesse, Solomon and David were Ethiopians like himself.

The Harlem Black Belt is between 120th and 140th streets and Lenox and Amsterdam avenues. They have their own theaters, churches, banks and stores. Nearly 500,000 negroes have migrated from the south during the last year. The Harlem Forum, where the penniless are taken care of, is always overcrowded. The district is too small to hold them. One-twelfth of the population of the city is restricted to live in one-fortieth of its area. Darkies in the south are far happier and more contented.

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THE NEBBS

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SIMPLIFIED SIGNALS.

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TILLIE, THE TOILER

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The Real Bogie.

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ABIE THE AGENT

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PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.