

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued From Saturday.)

Our professors would gladly have stayed there all day, so entranced were they by this opportunity of studying the life of a prehistoric age. They pointed out the fish and the dead birds lying about among the rocks as proving the nature of the food of these creatures, and I heard them congratulating each other on having cleared up the point which bones of this flying dragon are found in such great numbers in certain well-defined areas, as in the Cambridge Green-sand, since it was now seen that, like penguins, they lived in gregarious fashions.

Finally, however, Challenger, bent upon proving some point which Sumnerlee had contested, thrust his head over the rock and nearly brought destruction upon us all. In an instant the nearest male gave a shrill, whistling cry, and flapped its twenty-foot span of leathery wings as it soared up into the air. The females and young ones huddled together beside the water, while the whole circle of sentinels rose one after the other and sallied off into the sky. It was a wonderful sight to see at least a hundred creatures of such enormous size and hideous appearance all swooping like swallows with swift, sheering wing-strokes above us, but soon we could afford to linger. At first the great brutes flew round in a huge ring, as if to make sure what the exact extent of the danger might be. Then, the flight grew lower and the circle narrower, until they were whizzing round and round us, the dry, rustling flap of their huge slate-colored wings filling the air with a volume of sound that made me think of Hendon aerodrome upon a race day.

"Make for the wood and keep together," cried Lord John, clutching his rifle. "The brutes mean mischief!"

The moment we attempted to retreat the circle closed in upon us, until the tips of the wings of those nearest to us nearly touched our faces. We beat at them with the stocks of our guns, but there was nothing solid or vulnerable to strike. Then suddenly one of the whizzing, slate-colored circles a long neck stuck out, and a fierce beak made a thrust at us. Another and another followed. Sumnerlee gave a cry and put his hand to his face, for which the band was streaming. I felt a prod

cessors, their tempers aggravated, no doubt, by their injuries, had fallen out as to whether our assailants were of the genus pterodactylus or dimorphodon, and high words had ensued. To avoid their wrangling I moved some little way apart, and was seated smoking upon the trunk of a fallen tree when Lord John stroled over in my direction.

"I say, Malone," said he, "do you remember that place where those beasts were?"

"Very clearly."

"A sort of volcanic pit, was it not?"

"Exactly," said I.

"Did you notice the soil?"

"Rocks."

"But round the water—where the reeds were?"

"It was a bluish soil. It looked like clay."

"Exactly. A volcanic tube full of blue clay."

"What of that?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said he, and stroled back to where the voices of the contending men of science rose in a prolonged duet, the high, strident note of Sumnerlee rising and falling to the sonorous bass of Challenger. I should have thought no more of Lord John's remark were it not that once again that night I heard him mutter to himself, "Blue clay—blue clay in a volcanic tube." They were the last words I heard before I dropped into an exhausted sleep.

Lord John Roxton was right when

he thought that some specially toxic quality might lie in the bite of the horrible creatures which had attacked us. On the morning after our first adventure upon the plateau, both Sumnerlee and I were in great pain and fever, while Challenger's knee was so bruised that he could hardly limp. We kept to our camp all day, therefore, Lord John busying himself with such help as we could give him, in raising the height and thickness of the thorny walls which were our only

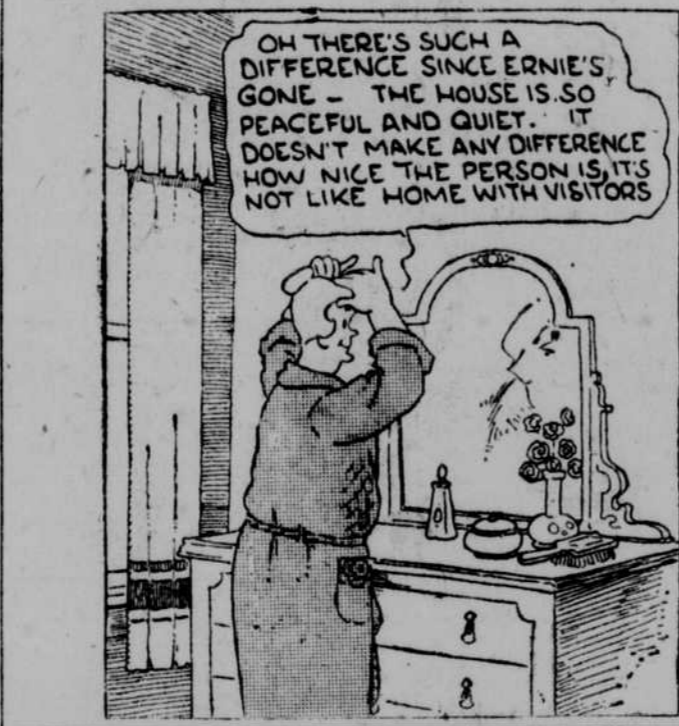
defense. I remember that during the whole long day I was haunted by the feeling that we were closely observed, though by whom or whence I could give no guess.

So strong was the impression that I told Professor Challenger of it, who put it down to the cerebral excitement caused by my fever. Again and again I glanced round swiftly, with the conviction that I was about to see something, but only to meet the dark tangle of our hedge or the sol-

emn and cavernous gloom of the great trees which arched above our heads. And yet the feeling grew ever stronger in my own mind that something observant and something malevolent was at our very elbow. I thought of the Indian superstition of the "Curandero" the dreadful, lurking spirit of the woods—and I could have imagined that his terrible presence haunted those who had invaded his moss, remote and sacred, retreat.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS



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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 Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)

New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, March 1.—I'm off again to Paris. "Let's go to Europe!" said the highly important member of my household. "Let's!" said I. And two days later we were on our way in the Mauretania—swiftest of the trans-Atlantic grayhounds.

I've crossed in the Mauretania before and found it a game, sturdy lark—bucking mountainous waves with a sort of joyousness. It gives you the impression of having a good time. Our deck steward Mueker calls her: "A rippin' little bighter!"

A rather swank crowd is aboard. Several dukes and lords and their ladies. Also Gertrude Lawrence, the actress, Sir Alfred Butt, Arthur Hopkins, Dudley Field Malone, Adolph Zukor, and, O, yes, a Mr. Cox with two men servants and Mrs. Cox with two maids. Their servant problem seems to be solved.

My first day aboard ship is generally a squeamish one. I stick to my cabin. And it wasn't pleasant to stumble upon a three-letter word meaning grease in a cross-word puzzle. I ventured out once and found passengers parading in life jackets for drill and cantered back to bed again.

I couldn't even smile when Gertrude Lawrence explained that the five letter word meaning a kick in the pants was a flank. Our captain is A. H. Rostrom, who commanded the Carpathia in the heroic rescue of the Titanic survivors many years ago.

There are varying emotions at the pier when a ship sails. Weeping. Gay shouting and fluttering of colored kerchiefs. But the most amusing thing to me was an excited fellow who called from the dock as the ship nosed out into the Hudson: "O, Ike, did you forget your 'order book'?"

Many are aboard I know. Among the first I saw was Zee Beckley, queen of the Park Row "sob sisters" who is on her way to Bucharest to see another queen—the queen of Roumania, Miss Beckley and I used to be Simon Legree by the same city editor on the old New York Evening Mail.

The most pathetic group on a ship it seems to me is the ship's orchestra. They carry on valiantly as the ship skids along—striking random notes with every lurch of the vessel. Now and then the leader puts up a card: "By Request"—a bit of hoarse pokey, I believe. I do not believe they ever get a request except not to play.

I am always rather entranced by the English servants. "Very good, sir," and the rising infection of their "Thank you!" They know how to give a certain dignity to a rather humble calling. Yet I do not believe any servant in the world compares with the old-fashioned, loyal Southern darkey for service and comfort. They have all the English servant has—and more.

Crossing last summer there was a rush of passengers to the bar when the boat passed the three-mile limit. Nothing of this sort happened aboard the Mauretania. It may be, however, that a poor start will make a good finish. You do feel far from home however, beyond the three-mile limit when you see cocktails at 30 cents each and bottles of beer 15 cents each. I'm laughing.

A sudden squall belched up from nowhere in the late afternoon. The ominous noise of closing portholes, tightening life boats and slamming doors is never pleasant but this proved only a slight gale and we were soon headed for the coast again. I never start on a trip without suffering neurotic reactions. I want to kick myself for coming and think of a thousand things left undone. But on a boat you are conscious that you can do nothing about it. You cannot turn back and no doubt soon I will be thrilling to the journey.

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JERRY ON THE JOB



TILLIE, THE TOILER



By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1925)

They Can't Arrest You for That.

