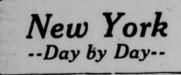
the one among us who is endowed to solve, and I promise you that with that Celtic temperament which tomorrow I will turn my attention THE NEBBS would make him sensitive to such impressions." to the question of our descent." And so the matter was allowed to

"The whole theory of telepathy-" began Summerlee, filling his pipe. "Is too vast to be now discussed," said Challenger, with decision. "Tell first m me, now," he added, with the air of orated. a bishop addressing a Sunday school, roughly noted from my watch tower "did you happen to observe whether was drawn out in its relative place.

"Had it a tail?"

"Was the foot prehensile?" "I do not think it could have made off so fast among the branches if it could not get a grip with its feet."

which is never seen out of Africa or the enst." (I was inclined to inter-polate, as I looked at him, that I had seen his first cousin in Kensing-it, "This is a whiskered and col-orless type, the latter characteristic pointing to the fact that he spends his days in arboreal seclusion. The ouestion which we have to face is lenger his days in arboreal seclusion. The friend give it a name, said Char-question which we have to face is whether he approaches more closely to the ape or the man. In the latter case, he may well approximate to what the vulgar have called the 'miss-ing link.' The solution of this prob-lem is our immediate duty." "It is nothing of the sort," said Summerlee, abruptly. "Now that, through the inclusence and activity thetically, and shook his great head



We will touch Plymouth, the first port of call, in the morning. Then reverberated through the woods. The

some of this should go to widows and an even more worthy associate? Then, orphans of American seamen as it if Summerice carried the day and

But that evening, by the light of the fire and of a single candle, the first map of the lost world was elab

Every detail which I the creature could crose its thumb over its palm?" "No, indeed." "What shall we call it?" he asked "What shall we call it?" he asked. "Why should you not take the

chance of perpetuating your own name?" said Summerlee, with his usual touch of acidity.

"I trust, sir, that my name will have other and more personal claims "In South America there are, if my memory serves me—you will check the observation, Professor Summer-down his worthless memory by im lee—some thirty-six species of mon-keys, but the anthropoid ape is un-known. It is clear, however, that known. It is clear, however, that he exists in this country, and that he is not the hairy, gorilla-like variety, which is never seen out of Africa

Summerlee, abruptly. "Now that, Challenger looked at me sympa-through the intelligence and activity thetically, and shook his great head

Summeriee, anruptly. Now that, through the intelligence and activity of Mr. Malone" (I cannot help quot-ing the words), "we have got our chart, our one and only immediate duty is to get ourselves safe and sound out of this awful place." "The flesh-pots of civilization," groaned Challenger. "The ink-pots of civilization, sir. I is our task to put on record what we have seen, and to leave the fur-ther exploration to others. You all agreed as much before Mr. Malone got us the chart." "Welf," said Challenger, "I admit that my mind will be more at ease when I an assured that the result

"Well," said Challenger, "I admit the first. And how I warmed at the that my mind will be more at ease when I am assured that the result of our expedition has been conveyed to our friends. How we are to get down from this place I have not as

dreadful experience of my life, end-ing with a shock which turns my heart sick when I think of it. It came about in this way: I had been unduly excited by the adventure of the tree, and sleep seemed impossible. Summerlee was on guard,

sitting hunched over our small fire

BY 0. 0. M'INTYRE On the Atlantic, March 4.—Off the coast of Ireland today we ran into another "bit of wind, sir." Yet our nearness to land gave us courage. We will touch Plymouth, the first

on to Cherbourg where we disem-full moon was shining brightly, and the air was crisply cold. What a Paims are beginning to itch. Tip-ping time has come The perquisites for a couple crossing the Atlantic amount to about five pounds or \$25. This is exclusive of the source for the source I was back at break-This is exclusive of the gouge for the seamen's fund. It seems to me would I not in that case be thought



THE OMAHA BEE: THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1925.

PROMOTION DELAYED.

3.5

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



I have never seen an auction pool on a ship that didn't have the most officious person on board for the auctioneer. It seems to be a job for the prefessional smart alec-one of those uncouth, underbred persons who are It was dreadful in the forest. The so well known in New York.

portable typewriter gave a few gasps and expired. I was leaving before Real Folks at Home (the Soda Clerk) stores opened and in my dilemma I was aided by Peter B. Kyne, the novelist, who loaned me his. The casing made me feel quite important as Peter has just circled the globe and it was criss-crossed with bright labels from Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Constantinople and so forth A lurch of the ship today sent it flying. Springs popped, keys fell out and the ribbon was in a hopeless snarl. It seems altogether useless-

Only the most urgent necessity will make me cross the Atlantic again during winter months. It is physically exhausting and nerve straining. A double trial for me for aside from my own discomfort I was obliged to do a certain amount of work each day. The usher will now pass among you with fresh handkerchiefs and all please weep silently.

which makes it rather hard on the

owner.

We were cheered today by the im provement in the little baby on the way to Capetown who is ill with tonsilitis. A ship becomes pretty much like a small town in its neighborliness. There is light gossip and a closeknit air of friendliness. And during stormy weather this camaraderie is accentuated.

People are inclined to light reading on liners. Among the books noticed on the promenade deck were "Rugged Waters"-(And why that?), "The Grand Duke's Finances," "Flaming Youth," "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," "R. F. D. No. 3" and acres of cross-word puzzle books. "White Light Nights," by a certain author, is in the library but the librarian told me they had not had a single call for

Already sea gulls are darting out from England to welcome us with their spiraling and graceful dips. Of all birds, they interest me most. can watch them for hours, (Copyright, 1924)

orphans of American seamen as it is contributed chiefly by Americans. I understand the most remuner-ative job on a liner is that of the chief smoking room steward. This comes mostly from his rakeoff of the auction pool nightly which runs into hundreds of dollars. It is a gambling game in which bets are pooled on the next day's run of the ship.

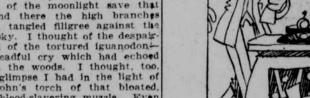
ship. The salary of a liner captain is about \$5,000 a year. Nearly half of of this goes to the British govern-full of cartridges-and, parting the of this goes to the British govern-full of cartridges-and, parting the ment for taxes. Poor pay for a man thorn bushes at the gate of our zare, who in case of disaster must click ba, quickly slipped out. My last his heels and go down with his ship. glance showed me the unconscious Summerlee, most futile of sentinels still nodding away like a queer me chanical toy in front of the smolder ing fire. I had not gone a hundred yards be

trees grew so thickly and their foliage

This one was no exception, indeed a little worse than most. He was a loud-mouthed vulgarian and I was here and there the high branches loud-mouthed vulgarian and I was glad to see an American banker and a titled Englishman leave the lounge in disgust. As a matter of fact I see no good reason for the auction pool. It panders to the lowest taste.

HELLO HON-

voyage my only catastrophe is of a now I was on its hunting ground. At somewhat impersonal nature. The any instant it might spring upon me night before leaving New York my from the shadows-this nameless



Despite rough seas and a difficult warty, blood-slavering muzzle. Even

YOU'RE JUST