

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"It will be within the recollection of many present," said Professor Challenger, "that similar foolish and unmanly scenes marked the last meeting at which I have been able to address them. On that occasion Professor Summerlee was the chief offender, and though he is now chastened and contrite, the matter could not be entirely forgotten. I have heard tonight similar, but even more offensive, sentiments from the person who has just sat down and though it is a conscious effort of self-effacement to come down to that person's mental level, I will endeavor to do so, in order to allay any reasonable doubt which might possibly exist in the minds of anyone." (Laughter and interruption.) "I need not remind this audience that, though Professor Summerlee, as head of the Committee of Investigation, has been put up to speak tonight, still it is I who am the real prime mover in this business, and that it is mainly to me that any successful result must be ascribed. I have safely conducted these three gentlemen to the spot mentioned, and I have, as you have heard, convinced them of the accuracy of my previous account. We had hoped that we should find upon our return that no one was so dense as to dispute our joint conclusions. Warned, however, by my previous experience, I have not come without such proofs as may convince a reasonable man. As explained by Professor Summerlee, our cameras have been tampered with by the ape-men when they ransacked our camp, and most of our negatives ruined. (Jeers, laughter, and "Tell us another" from the back.) I have mentioned the ape-men, and I cannot forbear from saying that some of the sounds which now meet my ears bring back most vividly to my recollection my experiences with these interesting creatures." (Laughter.) "In spite of the destruction of so many invaluable negatives, there still remain in our collection a certain number of corroborative photographs showing the conditions of life upon the plateau. Did they accuse them of having forged these photographs?"

"Dr. Hllingsworth (rising): Our point is that such a collection might have been made in other places than a prehistoric plateau." (Applause.)

"Professor Challenger: No doubt, sir, we have to trust your scientific authority, although I must admit that the name is unfamiliar. Passing, then,

both the photographs and the entomological collection, I come to the varied and accurate information which we bring with us upon points which have never before been elucidated. For example, upon the domestic habits of the pterodactyl—"A voice: 'Bosh, and uproar!'—I say, that upon the domestic habits of the pterodactyl we can throw a doubt of light. I can exhibit to you from my portfolio a picture of that creature taken from life which would convince you—"

"Dr. Hllingsworth: 'No picture you convince of anything! No picture you require to see the thing itself!'"

"Dr. Hllingsworth: 'Undoubtedly.'"

"It was at this point that the sensation of the evening arose—a sensation so dramatic that it can never have been paralleled in the history of scientific gatherings. Professor Challenger reached his hand in the air as a signal, and at once our colleague, Mr. E. D. Malone, was observed to rise and to make his way to the back of the platform. An instant later he reappeared in company with a gigantic negro, the two of them bearing between them a large square packing case. It was evidently of great weight, and was slowly carried forward and placed in front of the Professor's chair. All sound had hushed in the audience and everyone was absorbed in the spectacle before them. Professor Challenger drew off the top of the case, which formed a sliding lid. Peering down into the case he snapped his fingers several times and was heard from the Press seat to say, 'Come, then, pretty, pretty!' in a coaxing voice. An instant later, with a scratching, rattling sound, a most horrible and loathsome creature appeared from below and perched itself upon the side of the case. Even the unexpected fall of the Duke of Durham into the orchestra, which occurred at a general could not distract the petrified attention of the vast audience. The face of the creature was like the wildest gargoyle that the imagination of a mad medieval builder could have conceived. It was malicious, horrible, with two small red eyes as bright as points of burning coal. Its long, savage mouth, which was held half open, was full of a double row of shark-like teeth. Its shoulders were humped, and round them were draped what appeared to be a faded green shawl. It was the devil of our childhood in person. There was a turmoil in the audience—someone screamed, two ladies in the front row fell senseless from their chairs, and there was a general movement upon the platform to follow their chairman into the orchestra. For a moment there was danger of a general panic. Professor Challenger threw up his hands to still the commotion, but the movement alarmed the creature beside him. Its strange shawl suddenly unfurled, spread, and fluttered as a pair of leathery wings. Its own eyes grabbed at its legs, but too late to hold it. It had sprung from the perch and was circling the room in the Queen's Hall with a dry, leathery flapping of its ten-fingered wings, while a putrid and insidious odor pervaded the room. The cries of the people in the galleries, who were alarmed at the near approach of those glowing eyes and that murderous beak, excited the creature to a frenzy. Faster and faster it flew, beating against walls and chandeliers in a blind frenzy of alarm. 'The window!' roared the Professor from the platform, dancing and wringing his hands in an agony of apprehension. Alas, his warning was too late! In a moment the creature, beating and bumping along the wall like a huge moth within a gas shade, came upon the opening, squeezed its hideous bulk through it, and was gone. Professor Challenger fell back into his chair with his face buried in his hands, while the audience gave one long, deep sigh of relief as they realized that the incident was over.

"Then—oh! how shall one describe what took place then—when the full exuberance of the majority and the full reaction of the minority united to make one great wave of enthusiasm which rolled from the back of the hall, gathering volume as it came swept over the orchestra, submerged the platform and carried the four heroes away upon its crest! (Good for you, Mac! "If the audience had done less than justice, surely it made ample amends. Every one was on his feet. Every one was moving about in a moment, four figures shot up above the crowd. In vain they strove to break loose. They were held in their lofty places of honor. It would have been hard to let them down if it had been wished, so dense was the crowd round them. Regent Street! Regent Street! sounded the voices. There was a swirl in the packed multitude, and a slow current, bearing the four

upon their shoulders, made for the door. Out in the street the scene was extraordinary. An assemblage of not less than a hundred thousand phalanx, blocking the streets from side to side, the crowd set forth, taking the route of Regent Street, Pall Mall, St. James Street and Piccadilly. The whole central traffic of London was held up, and many collisions were reported between the demonstrators

people, under the vivid electric lamp upon the one side and the police and taxicabmen upon the other. Finally it was not until after midnight that the four travelers were released at the entrance to Lord John Roxton's chambers in the Albany, and that the exuberant crowd, having sung "They Are Jolly Good Fellows" in chorus, concluded their program with "God Save the King." So ended one of the most remarkable evenings that London has seen for a considerable time."

So far my friend Macdonald, and it may be taken as a fairly accurate, if florid, account of the proceedings. As to the main incident, it was a bewildering surprise to the audience, but not, I need hardly say, to us. The reader will remember how I met Lord

John Roxton upon the very occasion when, in his protective crumline, he had gone to bring the "Devil's chick," as he called it, for Professor Challenger. I have hinted also at the trouble which the Professor's baggage gave us when we left the plateau and had I described our voyage I might have said a good deal of the worry we had to coax with putrid fish

the appetite of our filthy companion. If I had not said much about it before, it was, of course, that the Professor's earnest desire was that no possible rumor of the unanswerable argument which we carried should be allowed to leak out until the moment came when his enemies were to be confuted.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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

THE NEBBES

HERE'S THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE ARISTON CLUB TO DEAL DIRECT WITH RUDY AS PER HIS REQUEST AND LOOK! — OUR LITTLE FRIEND OBIE SLIDER IS ONE OF THEM!



HELLO RUDOLPH! THIS IS A COMMITTEE FROM THE ARISTON CLUB APPOINTED WITH FULL POWER TO ACT, SO DIG US UP A FLOCK OF CHAIRS AND LET'S TALK SENSE.

GENTLEMEN YOUR MISSION HERE IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO ALL CONCERNED AND IN JUSTICE TO THE ARISTON CLUB AND SO THAT I WON'T BE UNDULY PREJUDICED AGAINST THE COMMITTEE I MUST ASK MR SLIDER TO STEP INTO THE ANTEROOM SO WE CAN PROCEED TO BUSINESS WITHOUT HAVING TO LISTEN TO A LOT OF CHATTER FROM A HEAD WHERE THE BRAINS AND MOUTH HAVE NO RELATION

AND IM SUPPOSED TO BE A SMART GUY! THAT'S THE SPOT THAT FOUR-FLUSHERS BEEN LOOKING FOR, IT WAS JUST LIKE A FAT COW CALLING ON A STARVING BUTCHER AND ASKING IF THERE WAS ANYTHING SHE COULD DO FOR HIM

BRINGING UP FATHER

PHONE FOR THE DOCTOR I FEEL ILL. TELL HIM TO COME RIGHT OVER.

DOCTOR COME RIGHT OVER TO MR JIGGS' HOUSE



OH! HELLO—AM WHO ARE YOU?

IM THE DOCTOR ARE YOU MR JIGGS?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HUM! NOT SO GOOD. BAH! JUST AS I THOUGHT.



TUT-TUT TAKE AS DIRECTED AN ILL BE IN TO SEE YOU TOMORROW.

JERRY ON THE JOB

HERE'S A LETTER FOR ANDREW A. CASATZABOOLA. YOU TAKE CHARGE OF IT WILL YOU? IM TOO BUSY TO BOTHER WITH SUCH DETAILS.

OH LAY IT IN.



THE IMPORTANCE OF SOME BOSSES BURNS ME UP.

HEY! LAY OFF THOSE STAMPS—THEY COST MONEY!!!

I MEANT FOR YOU TO WALK TO MR CASATZABOOLA'S OFFICE AND DELIVER THAT LETTER IN PERSON!

HOW CAN I?



IT AIN'T GOT NO NAME OR ADDRESS ON IT.

LILLIE, THE TOILER

DID YOUR ANNOUNCER FRIEND LET YOU BROADCAST LAST NIGHT, LILLIE?

LET ME? IT'S NOT UP TO HIM—IT'S UP TO ME—IM GOING TO WHEN I GET READY



DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE ON THE AIR TONIGHT?

IT'S POSSIBLE I REALLY CAN'T SAY

THE BEST WAY IS FOR YOU TO TUNE IN ON STATION X, Y, Z EVERY NIGHT, MAC AND WHEN I DO BROADCAST YOU'LL BE SURE TO HEAR ME

GOSH, THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING AND I'VE LOST ABOUT SEVENTY TWO HOURS OF SLEEP—WHY DON'T YOU SET DATE?



I CAN'T—IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHEN MY NEW DRESS IS FINISHED

HOLY SMOKE!

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Paris, March 19.—Staircase Lewis, the author of "Main Street" joined me in an intellectual dip into the Latin Quarter today. We rounded in to the Cafe du Dome on Montparnasse for lunch. Arthur Moss, the pint-sized historian of the Quarter, was there to greet us.

Moss used to run the "Quill" in Greenwich Village and now runs the "Gargoyle" on the Left Bank and writes for many other periodicals. It is the habit to poke fun at the Latin Quarter just as we do with the Greenwich Village in New York. Yet each has cradled more genius than most other sections.

I don't profess to understand the life in the quarter. Its lack of creature comforts would never appeal to me yet I think the bond of sympathy that exists among the people there has a most wholesome effect on individuals.

The Latin Quarter is one of the few places in the world where you may think, write, paint, work and play as you please. It has no pretense and it has no deceit. I have yet to hear one artist speak unkindly of another. The keynote is harmony.

Across from du Dome is the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the focal point of hard, artists, literateurs and followers until in some unexplainable fashion life swept across the street. Now the Rotonde seems to be struggling with the ghosts of the past.

All the characters of the Quarter are to be seen at this table: Fernandus, Russian seigneur, Iberian poet, Hindu metaphysician and Polish painters gallantly yield chairs to ladies from Kenosha, Wis., and Lathrop, Mo., who come to see the Latin Quarter.

Differences of nationality are ignored. The tongue is polyglot. Out at the curb a white-headed old man sang the songs of old France. Silhouette cutters snipped the likenesses of patrons. Jo Davidson was relaxing over a glass of coffee. A monocled girl with chrome yellow face sketched on a table corner.

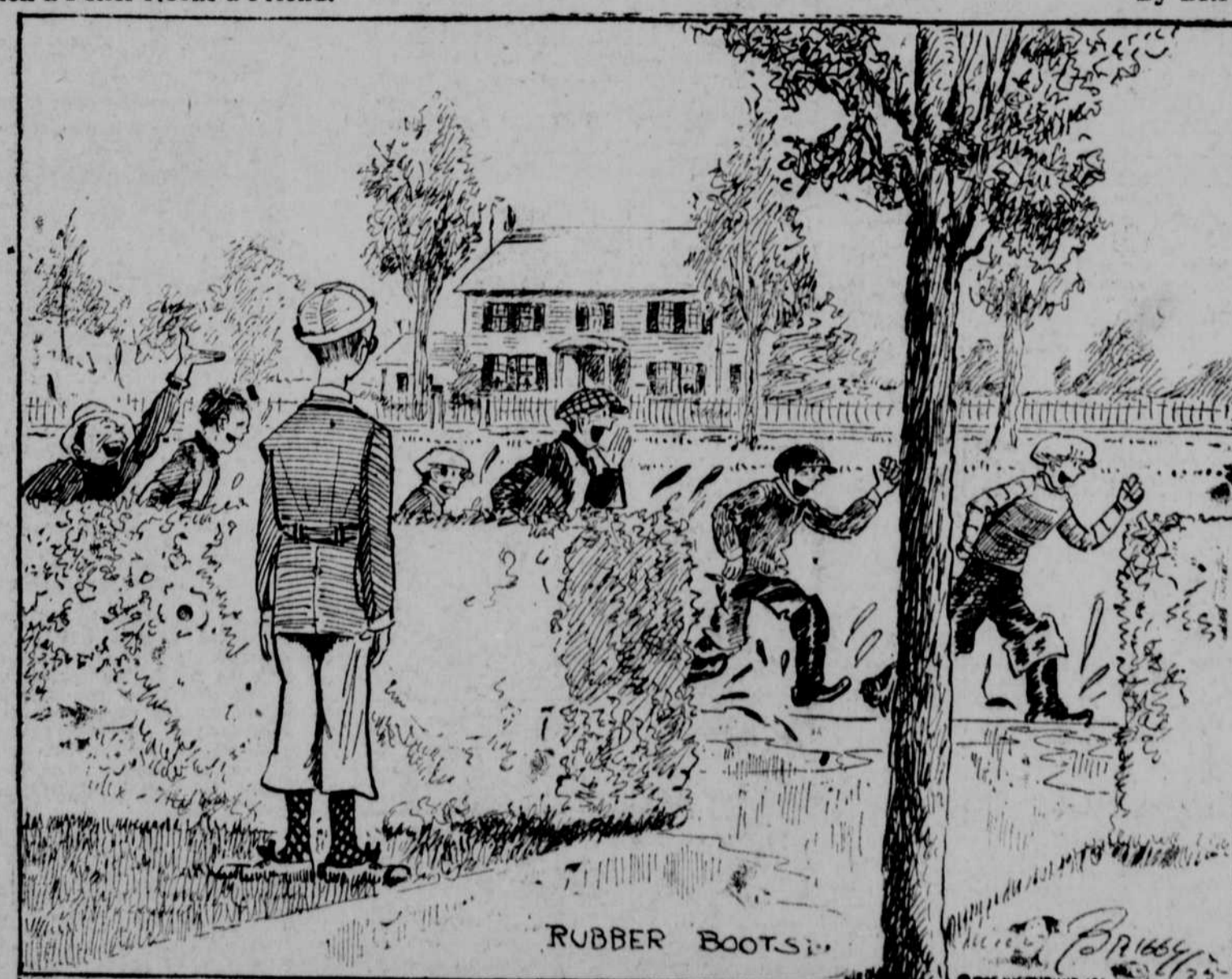
The Latin Quarter breathes a haughty disdain of innovation. Always you inhale the atmosphere of the past. All the hotels over there—just as those on the Right Bank—have gloomy frontals. But there is a venerable grandeur that is not easily explained. You are girt with the staidness of age.

I talked with a negro drummer in a Boul'Mich cafe. A year ago he opened up a place of his own which did a huge business. Now he is back tapping the drums. I asked him how it happened. He replied with engaging frankness: "I got to high-falutin' among the white folks and they closed me up." One of the cafes by the way is called "The Nigger."

Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph in the Year Three of the Republic: "Everything is heaped up here to distract the mind and to make life pleasurable, one is ravished from one's thoughts, for how can melancholy resist such a whirl of activities?" Paris still keeps up this early tradition and yet you find yourself beginning to tire of this atmosphere. It is why, I believe the true Parisian spends only a small part of the year in the City, for wise he becomes glutted with gaiety.

Harry Pilcer, the dancer from New York's East Side, has become a fixture in the high life of Paris. To Americans he is perhaps best known as the husband of Gaby Deslys. His Cafe Les Acacias is quite a smart place and among those I saw there were Georges Carpentier, the Grand Duke Dimitri, Maurice Chevalier, Mistinguett, Raquel Miller and others. A rival of Pilcer in the night life is Ted Kiley, a Chicagoan. Kiley's is one of the all night dance places in Montmartre. He has made it difficult to secure a table and that of course brings the populace on the run. Kiley's is one of the show-places.

When a Feller Needs a Friend.



RUBBER BOOTS

ABIE THE AGENT

By BRIGGS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

CONCENTRATE, BROTHER.



MORE GREETING TOUCHERS AROUND LATELY—I GOT TO HENDLE A STOP TO THIS!

PLEASE MISTER COULD I SPEAK TO YOU A MINUTE?

YEH—NOO WHAT IS IT?



I'M WITHOUT FUNDS OR FRIENDS!

ARE YOU A STRANGER HERE?

ALL I KNOW IN THIS TOWN IS EMANUEL VAN BLECHO, THE BANKER!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW ANYBODY ELSE—JUST GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER, THAT'S ALL!