

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"It proves," he roared, with a sudden blast of fury, "that you are the damndest impostor in London—a vile, crawling journalist, who has no more science than he has decency in his composition!"

He had sprung to his feet with a mad rage in his eyes. Even at that moment of tension I found time for amazement at the discovery that he was quite a short man, his head not higher than my shoulder—a stunted Hercules whose tremendous vitality had all run to depth, breadth and brain.

"Gibberish!" he cried, leaning forward, with his fingers on the table and his face projecting. "That's what I have been talking to you, sir—scientific gibberish! Did you think you could match cunning with me—you with your walnut of a brain? You think you are omnipotent, you infernal scribbler, don't you. That your praise can make a man and your blame break him? We must all bow to you, and try to get a favorable word, must we? This man shall have a leg up, and this man shall have a dressing down! Creeping vermin, I know you! You've got out of your station. Time was when your ears were clipped. You've lost your sense of proportion. Swollen gashers! I'll keep you in your proper place. Yes, sir, you haven't got over G. E. C. There's one man who is still your master. He warned you off, but it was in vain. He will come, by the Lord you'll do it at your own risk. Forfeit, my good Mr. Malone, I claim forfeit! You have played a rather dangerous game and it strikes me that you have lost it."

"Look here, sir," said I, backing to the door and opening it, "you can be abusive to me like that, but there is a limit. You shall not assault me."

"Shall I not?" he was slowly advancing in a peculiarly menacing way, but he stopped now and put his big hands into the sidepockets of a rather boyish short jacket which he wore.

"I could have bolted for the hall door, but it would have been too ignominious. Besides, a little glow of righteous anger was springing up with me. I had been hopelessly in the wrong before, but this man's menaces were putting me in the right. 'I'll trouble you to keep your hands off, sir. I'll not stand it.'"

"Dear me," his black moustache lifted and a white fang twinkled in a sneer. "You won't stand it, eh?"

"I don't believe such a fool, Professor!" I cried, "What can you hope for? I'm fifteen stone, as hard as nails, and play center three-quarter every Saturday for the London Irish. I'm not the man!"

It was at that moment that he rushed me. It was lucky that I had opened the door, or we should have gone through it. We did a Catherine-wheel together down the passage. Somehow we gathered up a chair on our way, and bounded on with it towards the street. My mouth was full of his beard, our arms were whirled together down the passage. Somehow we gathered up a chair on our way, and bounded on with it towards the street. My mouth was full of his beard, our arms were whirled together down the passage.

"Then and there we should have tried the thing out, for he was effecting with a back somersault down the stairs. I was rescued from an odious situation. A policeman was beside us, his notebook in his hand.

"What is all this?" you ought to be ashamed," said the policeman. It was the most rational remark which I had heard in Enmore Park. "Well," he insisted, turning to me, "what is it?"

"This man attacked me," said I. "Did you attack him?" asked the policeman.

"The professor breathed hard and said, 'It's not the first time, either,' said the policeman, severely, shaking his head. 'You were in trouble last month for the same thing. You've blackened this young man's eye. Do you give him in charge, sir?'"

"No," said I. "I do not." "What's that?" said the policeman. "I was to blame myself. I intruded upon him. He gave me fair warning. The policeman snapped up his notebook and said, 'I'll be back in five minutes. Don't let us have any more such goings on,' said he. 'Now then! Move on there, move on!' This is a butcher's, a maid, and one or two loafers who had collected. He clumped heavily down the street, driving his little flock before him. The Professor looked at me, and there was something humorous at the back of his eyes.

of the world? The object of my journey was to verify some conclusions of Wallace and of Bates which could only be done by observing their reported facts under the same conditions in which they themselves had noted them. If my expedition had no other results it would still have been noteworthy, but a curious incident occurred to me while there which opened up an entirely fresh line of inquiry.

"You are aware—or probably, in this half-educated age, you are not aware—that the country round some parts of the Amazon is still only partially explored, and that a great number of tributaries, some of them entirely uncharted, run into the main river. It was my business to visit this little-known back-country and to examine its fauna, which furnished me with the materials for several chapters for that great and monumental work upon zoology which will be my life's justification. I was returning, my work accomplished, when I had occasion to spend a night at a small Indian village at a point where a certain tributary—the name and position of which I withhold—opens into the main river. The natives were Cucama Indians, an amiable but degraded race, with mental powers hardly superior to the average Londoner. I had effected some cures among them upon my way up the river, and had impressed them considerably with my personality, so that I was not surprised to find myself eagerly awaited upon my return. I gathered from their signs that someone had urgent need of my medical services, and I followed the chief to one of his huts. When I entered I found that the sufferer to whose aid I had been summoned had that instant expired. He was, to my surprise, not Indian, but a white man, indeed, I may say a very white man, for he was flaxen-haired and had some characteristics of an albino. He was clad in traces, was very emaciated, and bore every trace of prolonged hardship. So far as I could understand the account of the natives, he was a complete stranger to them, and had come with their village through the woods and in the last stage of exhaustion.

"The man's knapsack lay beside the couch, and I examined the contents. His name was written upon a tab with the name—Mavis White, Lake Avenue, Detroit, Mich. It is a name to which I am prepared always to lift my hat. It is not too much to say that it will rank level with my own when the final credit to this business comes to be apportioned. I was turning away from him when I observed that something protruded from the front of his ragged jacket. It was this sketchbook, which was as dilapidated then as you see it now, indeed, I can assure you that a first folio of Shakespeare could not be treated with greater reverence than this relic has been since it came into my possession. I hand it to you now, and I ask you to take it page by page and examine the contents."

"I meant that I could see nothing unusual—nothing to justify what you have said." He smiled serenely. "Try the next page," said he. I turned it over, and gave an exclamation of surprise. There was a full-page picture of the most extraordinary creature that I had ever seen. It was the wild dream of an optimum smoker, a vision of delirium. The head was like that of a fowl, the body that of a bloated lizard, the trailing tail was furnished with upward-turned spikes, and the curved back was edged with a high serrated fringe which looked like a dozen cocks' wattle placed behind each other. In front of this creature was an absurd mannikin or dwarf, in human form, who stood staring at it.

"Well, what do you think of that?" cried the professor, rubbing his eyes with an air of triumph. "It is monstrous—grotesque." "But what made him draw such an animal?" "Trade gin, I should think." "Oh, that's the best explanation you can give, is it?" "Well, sir, what is yours?" "The obvious one is that the creature exists. That is actually sketched from the life."

"I should have laughed only that I had a vision of our doing another Catherine-wheel down the passage." "No doubt," said I, "no doubt, as one humors an embezzle, I confess, however," I added, "that this surely these are only crocodiles!" "Alligators! Alligators! There is hardly such a thing as a crocodile in South America. The distinction is in South America. The distinction between them—"

tiny human figure puzzles me. If it were an Indian we could set it down as evidence of some pigmy race in America, but it appears to be a European in a stilt hat."

The professor snorted like an angry buffalo. "You really touch the limit," said he. "You enlarge my view of the possible. Cerebral paresis! Mental inertia! Wonderful!"

"He was too absurd to make me angry. Indeed, it was a waste of energy, for if you were going to be angry with this man you would be angry all the time. I contented myself with smiling wearily. 'It struck me that the man was small,' said I. 'Look here!' he cried, leaning forward and dabbing a great hairy sausage of a finger on to the picture. 'You see that plant behind the animal; I suppose you thought it was a dandelion or a Brussels sprout—what? Well, it is a vegetable ivory plant, and they run to about fifty or sixty feet. Don't you see that the man is put in for a purpose. He couldn't really have stood in front of that brute and lived to draw it. He sketched himself in to give a scale of heights. He was, we will say, five feet high. The tree is ten times bigger, which is what one would expect.'"

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Then you think the beast was—Why, Charles Cross station would hardly make a kennel for such a brute!"

"Apart from exaggeration, he is certainly a well-grown specimen," said the Professor, complacently.

"But," I cried, "surely the while experience of the human race is not to be set aside on account of a single sketch—I had turned over the leaves and ascertained that there was nothing more in the book—a single sketch by a wandering American artist who may have done it under hashish, or in the delirium of fever, or simply in order to gratify a freakish imagination. You can't, as a man of science, defend such a position as that."

"For answer the professor took a book down from a shelf. 'This is an excellent monograph by my gifted friend, Ray Lankester,' said he. 'There is an illustration here which would interest you. Ah, yes, here it is! The inscription beneath it reads: Probable appearance in life of the Jurassic Dinosaur Stegosaurus. The hind leg alone is twice as tall as a full-grown man. Well, what do you make of that?'"

He handed me the open book. I started as I looked at the picture. In this reconstructed animal of a dead world there was certainly a very great resemblance to the sketch of the unknown artist.

"That is certainly remarkable," said I. (To Be Continued Monday.)

THE NEBBES



IT'S NO USE RUDOLPH.



BRINGING UP FATHER



TELL US THE ANSWER



JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 13.—One of the delights of Fifth Avenue is the clever window display of collars that many celebrities and our forefathers wore.

The largest collar in the exhibit is one size 27 1/2 and five inches high. It was made in 1906 for a Russian giant who appeared in a museum here. The smallest collar ever produced for actual wear is size 11. It was worn by General Tom Thumb.

The Sefirino was in demand in the 60's. It is a stock collar with bound edges. The favorite collar of Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone was called the Unique and had a large opening in front and back. It was followed by the Pall Mall, which was the inspiration for many cartoons.

A collar called No. 1 was introduced in 1855. It was wound around the neck twice and fastened with tapes. The Piccadilly with pockets in the top which caused it to move with the neck was worn in 1855. The Paxton worn in the 60's was made with patent edges.

A favorite collar of twenty years ago was the McKinley. It was a eight turn-down collar. Harry Lehr for many years set the pace in collars. He was the first to wear the high choker collar with the puff tie, and also the wing collar with evening clothes.

Diamond Jim Brady wore a size 19 collar. There is a ticket speculator who wears size 20. Flo Ziegfeld invariably wears a lavender collar to match his shirt. The colored collar, thought to be a fad, seems to have come to stay.

Among the New York snappy dressers who continue to wear them are: Gene Buck, Ben All Haggis, Shubert, Lew Cody, Herbert Bayard Swope and Tommy Millard.

A cabaret advertiser for a jazz band to play "from 10 o'clock at night until everybody is unconscious."

There is a man who is paid a salary merely to sit around in a Broadway cafe. He is a well known wit and was once in small time vaudeville. He brings an enormous amount of patronage and moves from table to table enlivening the gatherings with his wise cracks.

There are 768 licensed dance halls in New York. The tragedy of many of them is that they are the haven of the lonely who are innocently drawn into the atmosphere of immorality. The "hostesses" are usually women of doubtful virtue. The hangers-on are dope peddlers. Sixteen young men and women caught in a raid on an uptown drug parlor admitted they acquired the habit through attendance at dance halls.

The highest covert charge in New York is \$11 a person. This includes nothing but a seat at a table. Charged water sells for \$3 a bottle and they get away with the annoyance of giving the hat checker a coin by charging 25 cents on the bill for this service.

Florence Mills, the septa comedienne who is topped at a musical "thump" in brown, owns one of the finest imported limousines among the theatrical luminaries. The little colored girl from Harlem drives to her stage door nightly—or rather a valet does the driving. She is reported to have bought two apartment houses in Harlem with her savings during her long run in London. Florence is 23 years old and before she began her stage career was a maid. She is also said to be interested financially in one of Harlem's black and tan cabarets.

Be It Ever So Humble There's No Place Like a Home Putting Green



THE NORTH



THE SOUTH



ABIE THE AGENT

