

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Saturday.)

"But you won't admit that it is a find!"
"Surely it might be a coincidence, or this American may have seen a picture of the kind and carried it in his memory. It would be likely to occur to a man in a delirium."
"Very good," said the Professor, indignantly. "We leave it at that. I will now ask you to look at this bone."
He handed over the bone which was part of the fossil man's possession. It was about six inches long, and thicker than my thumb, with some indications of dried cartilage at one end of it.

"To what mammal creature does that bone belong?" asked the Professor.
"I examined it with care and tried to recall some half-forgotten knowledge."
"It might be a very thick human collarbone," I said.
"My companion waved his hand in contemptuous depreciation.
"The human collarbone is curved. This is straight. There is a groove upon its surface showing that a great tendon played across it, which could not be the case with a clavicle."
"You are not confessing that I don't know what it is?"
"You need not be ashamed to expose your ignorance, for I don't suppose the whole South Kensington staff could give a name to it." He took a little bone the size of a bean out of a pillbox. "So far as I am a judge this human bone is the analogue of the one which you hold in your hand. That will give you some idea of the size of the creature. You will observe from the cartilage that this is no fossil specimen, but recent. What do you say to that?"
"Surely in an elephant."
"He winced as if in pain.
"Don't! Don't talk of elephants in South America. Even in these days of board schools, and over the top of 'Well,' I interrupted, 'any large South American animal—a tapir, for example.'"
"You may take it, young man, that I am versed in the elements of my business. This is not a conceivable bone either of a tapir or of any other creature known to zoology. It belongs to a very large, very strong, and by all analogy, a very fierce animal which exists upon the face of the earth, but has not yet come under the notice of science. You are still unconvinced?"
"I am at least deeply interested."
"Then your case is not hopeless. I feel that there is reason lurking in you somewhere, and will be patient. Group round for a moment, and we will now leave the dead American and proceed with my narrative. You can imagine that I could hardly come away from the Amazon without

probing deeper into the matter. There were indications as to the direction from which the dead traveler had come. Indian legends would alone have been my guide, for I found that rumors of a strange land were common among all the riverine tribes. You have heard, no doubt, of Curupuru?"
"Never."
"Curupuru is the spirit of the woods, something terrible, something malevolent, something to be avoided. None can describe its shape or nature, but it is a word of terror along the Amazon. Now all tribes agree as to the direction in which Curupuru lives. It was the same direction from which the American had come. Something terrible lay that way. It was my business to find out what it was."
"What did you do?" My hippany was all gone. This massive man compelled one's attention and respect.
"I overcame the extreme reluctance of the natives—a reluctance which extends even to talk upon the subject—by judicious persuasion and gifts, aided, I will admit, by some threats of coercion. I got two of them to act as guides. After many adventures which I need not describe, and after traveling a distance which I will not mention, in a direction which I withhold, we came at last to a tract of country which has never been described. You are a Columbus of science who has discovered a lost world. I'm awfully sorry if I seemed to doubt you. It was all so unthinkable. But I understand evidence when I see it, and this should be good enough for anyone."

"No, sir, I did not; but during the week that we lay encamped at the base of the cliff we heard some very strange noises from above."
"But the creature that the American drew? How do you account for that?"
"We can only suppose that he must have made his way to the summit and seen it there. We know, therefore, that there is a way up. We fully expect that it must be a very difficult one, otherwise the creatures would come down and overrun the surrounding country. Surely that is clear."

"But if it is neither bird nor bat, what is it?"
"My small stock of knowledge was exhausted."
"I really do not know," said I.
"He opened the standard work to which he had already referred me."
"Here," said he, pointing to the picture of an extraordinary flying monster, "is an excellent reproduction of the dimorphodon, or pterodactyl, a flying reptile of the Jurassic period. On the next page is a diagram of the mechanism of its wing. Kindly compare it with the specimen in your hand."
"A wave of amazement passed over me as I looked. I was convinced. There could be no getting away from it. The cumulative proof was overwhelming. The sketch, the photographs, the narrative, and now the actual specimen—the evidence was complete. I said so—I said it warily, for I felt that the professor was an ill-used man. He leaned back in his chair with drooping eyelids and his tolerant smile basking in this sudden gleam of sunshine.
"It's just the very biggest thing that I ever heard of!" said I, though it was my journalistic rather than my scientific enthusiasm that was roused.
"It is colossal. You are a Columbus of science who has discovered a lost world. I'm awfully sorry if I seemed to doubt you. It was all so unthinkable. But I understand evidence when I see it, and this should be good enough for anyone."

"This Professor purred with satisfaction."
"And then, sir, what did you do next?"
"It was the wet season, Mr. Malone, and my stores were exhausted. I explored some portion of this huge cliff, but I was unable to find any way to scale it. The pyramidal rock upon which I saw and shot the pterodactyl was more accessible. Being something of a cragsman, I did manage to get half way to the top of that. From that height I had a better idea of the plateau upon the top of the crags. It appeared to be very large; neither to east nor to west could I see any end to the vista of green-capped cliffs. Below, it is a swampy, jungle region, full of snakes, insects and fever. It is a natural protection to this singular country."

"But how did they come to be there?"
"I do not think that the problem is a very obscure one," said the Professor. "There can only be one explanation. South America is, as you may have heard, a granite continent. At this single point in the interior there has been, in some far distant age, sudden volcanic upheaval. These cliffs, I may remark, are basaltic, and therefore plutonic. An area, as large perhaps as Sussex, has been lifted up on bloc with all its living contents, and cut off by perpendicular precipices of a hardness which defies erosion from all the rest of the continent. What is the result? Why, the ordinary laws of Nature are suspended. The various checks which influence the struggle for existence in the world at large are all neutralized or altered. Creatures survive which otherwise disappear. You will observe that both the pterodactyl and the stegosaurus are Jurassic, and therefore of a great age in the order of life. They have been artificially conserved by those strange accidental conditions."

"But surely your evidence is conclusive. You have only to lay it before the property authorities."
"So, in my simplicity, had imagined," said the Professor bitterly. "I can only tell you that it was not so, that I was met at every turn by incredulity, horn parity of stupidity and inter-party jealousy. It is not my nature, sir, to cringe to any man, or to seek to prove a fact if my words have been doubted. After the first corroborative proofs as I possess, the subject became hateful to me—I would not speak of it. When men like yourself, who represent the foolish curiosity of the public, came to disturb my privacy I was unable to meet them with dignified reserve. By nature I am, I admit, somewhat fiery and under provocation I am inclined to be violent. I fear you may have remarked it."
"I nursed my eye and was silent."
"My wife has frequently remonstrated with me upon the subject, and yet I fancy that any man of honor would feel the same. Tonight, however, I propose to give an extreme example of the control of the will over the emotions. I invite you to be present at the exhibition." He handed me a card from his desk. "You will perceive that Mr. Percival Waldron, a naturalist of some popular repute, is announced to lecture at eight-thirty at the Zoological Institute's Hall upon 'The Record of the Ages.' I have been specially invited to be present upon the platform, and to move a vote of thanks to the lecturer. While doing so, I shall make it my business, with infinite tact and delicacy, to throw out a few remarks which may arouse the interest of the audience and cause some of them to desire to go more deeply into the mat-

ter. Nothing contentious, you understand, but only an indication that there are greater depths beyond. I shall hold myself strongly in leash, and see whether by this self-restraint I attain a more favorable result."
"And I may come?" I asked eagerly.
"Why, surely," he answered, cordially. "He had an enormously massive jaw, which was almost as overpowering as his violence. His smile of benevolence was a wonderful thing, when his cheeks were suddenly bunched into two red apples between his half-closed eyes and his great black beard. "By all means, come. It will be a great comfort to me to know that I have one ally in the hall, however inefficient and ignorant of the subject he may be. My fancy there will be a large audience, for Waldron, though an absolute charlatan, has a considerable popular following. Now, Mr. Malone, I have than intended. The individual must not monopolize what is meant for the world. I shall be pleased to see you at the lecture tonight. In the meantime, you will understand that no public use is to be made of any of the material that I have given you."
My day was a busy one, and I had an early dinner at the Savage Club with Tarp Henry, to whom I gave some account of my adventures. He listened with a skeptical smile on

his gaunt face, and roared with laughter on hearing that the Professor had convinced me.
"My dear chap, things don't happen like that in real life. People don't stumble upon enormous discoveries and then lose their evidence. Leave that to the novelists. The fellow is as full of ricks as the monkey house at the zoo. It's all bosh."
"But the American poet?"
"He never existed."
"I saw his sketch book."
"Challenger's sketch book."
"You think he drew that animal?"
"Of course he did. Who else?"
"Well, then, the photographs?"
"There is nothing in the photographs. By your own admission you only saw a bird."
"A pterodactyl."
"That's what he says. He put the pterodactyl into your head."
"Well, then, the bones?"
"First one out of an Irish stew. Second one vamped up for the occasion. If you are clever and know your business you can fake a bone as easily as you can a photograph."
I began to feel uneasy. Perhaps, after all, I had been premature in my acquiescence. Then I had a sudden change of heart.
"Will you come to the meeting?" I asked.
"Tarp Henry looked thoughtful."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

FEB. 28TH IS THE DATE OF THE DUMPTY-KLOTZMEYER WEDDING SO HERE'S MRS. SPECKLES THE SEAMSTRESS AGAIN DOLLING FANNY UP

MISS SPECKLES I BELIEVE I HEARD YOU SINGING ALL MORNING. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY EXERCISING A SEWING MACHINE WHEN YOU COULD BE ON THE STAGE MAKING TEN TIMES AS MUCH?

HERE YOU'RE WORKING YOUR LIFE AWAY TRYING TO PLEASE A LOT OF CRANKY WOMEN WITH THIS ACQUIRED TALENT WHEN YOU HAVE A NATURAL TALENT WITH WHICH YOU COULD MAKE SO MANY PEOPLE HAPPY. YOU NEVER TOOK UP SINGING - YOU OWE IT TO THE WORLD - YOU'RE SUCH A MODEST GIRL - THAT'S THE TROUBLE

I WAS ALWAYS THE BEST SINGER IN SCHOOL

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL! AND TO THINK HE'S GOING TO THROW HIMSELF AWAY ON THAT KLOTZMEYER WOMAN WHO HAS NEITHER LOOKS, STYLE OR TALENT - JUST A WALKING BONEYARD. HE MAY BE INSINCERE AND ONLY FLATTERING ME BUT OH, HE SAYS IT SO LOVELY! I WISH I HAD WHAT HE SAID ON A PHONOGRAPH RECORD - I'D NEVER GET TIRED LISTENIN' TO IT

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

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY! I'LL FIX MAGGIE AN' DAUGHTER FER BEIN' ANGRY AT ME - I'LL LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT EATIN' BREAKFAST OR SAYIN' 'GOOD BYE!'

OH! WOO WOO - O-O!

AH! SHE SEES ME AN' IS STARTIN' TO CRY - I'LL GO BACK AN' MAKE HER APOLOGIZE!

WOO-EE! WOO-EE! FAH-FAH!

BAU! WHAT A LIFE!

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)

TILLIE, THE TOILER

I'M JUST CRAZY TO MOVE INTO OUR NEW OFFICES, MAC - THIS PLACE IS SO OLD

I HATE THIS MOVING BUSINESS - IT SETS M' BACK IN MY WORK

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO MOVE INTO OUR NEW OFFICES, SIMPkins?

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, I THINK

WHY SATURDAY AFTERNOON?

BECAUSE I DON'T WANT MOVING TO INTERFERE WITH THE WORK

IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME - ONLY I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BETTER TO MOVE SATURDAY MORNING SO I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO GET SETTLED BEFORE I LEAVE FOR THE AFTERNOON

By Westover

ABIE THE AGENT

HERE COMES THAT PAGOY GREATER, MINSK - OY, I HOPE HE DON'T SIT DOWN WITH US!

IT'S ALL PAID, MINSK - I PAID FOR ALL OF US! IT'S ON ME!

LET'S SEE I OWE YOU =

YOU DON'T OWE ME NOTHING FOR THIS

YES, I DO!! I OWE YOU =

WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE WITH YOU AND MINSK AT THE TABLE??

I PAID HIS LUNCH CHECK! I TOLD HIM HE OWED ME NO MONEY - AND HE INSISTS ON OWING IT TO ME!!

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

THE DAY IT TURNED WARM

The prize traffic-bawler stands at the Union League Club corner. He has the meanest disposition ever. No one is immune. Twice I have sized up the scene and for days I sat around thinking up cutting things I might have said to him. But the trouble is you never say them. My idea of supreme courage is to be unafraid of a charging policeman. I wonder if anyone really is? They can make me gulp and stammer at the slightest gesture.

(Copyright 1925)

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Feb. 15.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Early up and with Ray Long to Jersey to see Burt Terbone, the scrivener, and his kennel of collie dogs and played with them for two hours and great sport it was, too.
Then to sit before a great log fire and talk awhile before coming back to the city. At my stint in the late afternoon and fashioned a piece about my father for a magazine of which I was very proud.
Came Lee Olwell, Maybelle Manning and Mrs. Amon Carter and all of us to a tea and a duke and prince were there and they served us a drink out of a glass bowl that almost had me fazed.
Later to a club to a dinner and Grant Clarke, the song writer, joined me and I find him the merriest, gayest wag I know what with this quip and that. So home and to bed.

One of Grant Clarke's stories concerned a Grand Canyon tourist who was going up the dangerous narrow trail on horseback in charge of a guide. The tourist seemed oblivious to danger in his desire to get an eye full. Time and again the guide would shout: "Keep that horse's head straight!" Finally on a narrow turn it happened. The tourist was gazing in the vast depths and horse and rider went over in an avalanche of gravel, dirt and trees. When he had dropped about 1,500 feet the guide hopped his horse and yelled down: "It serves you right, you sight-seeing son of a sea cook!"

The subway in New York has been in operation for 20 years. Last year, 714,933,000 rides were recorded, a total comparing with London's 214,996,000. The subway is one of the most amazing of metropolitan wonders. The way it whisks millions daily under Manhattan Island and the river is an engineering triumph. During the rush hour 16-car express trains arrive at each station every three moments. Despite predictions the frightful subway disaster has never happened. Also the fear that subway workers would suffer from fetid underground air proved a myth. Every worker immediately takes on what is called "Subway Kat." They are healthier than men in most any other calling. The subway's poorest paid workers face the greatest dangers. They are the track walkers who daily burrow through the darkness to keep the tracks clear and to pick up bits of paper and refuse with spiked sticks. Now and then a fast train hits one of them.

The subway patron finds many diverting moments in perusing the Daily Subway Sun—a placard pasted up at each end of the car. There is also interest in the flashing, brightly colored advertising signs. In one three of this there is always amusement in listening to the guards call out the stations. Each station seems to be "Umty Umph-Umph."

A New Yorker bawled out by a traffic cop for jaywalking registered zero in quick retorting. "You ain't got no heart!" he yelled. Who in this merry world ever had the slightest suspicion a New York traffic cop had a heart?

The prize traffic-bawler out stands at the Union League Club corner. He has the meanest disposition ever. No one is immune. Twice I have sized up the scene and for days I sat around thinking up cutting things I might have said to him. But the trouble is you never say them. My idea of supreme courage is to be unafraid of a charging policeman. I wonder if anyone really is? They can make me gulp and stammer at the slightest gesture.