THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"He is not a popular person, the genial Challenger," said he. "A lot of people have accounts to settle with him. I should say he is the best-hated man in London. If the medical students turn out there will be no end of a rag. I don't want to get into a bear garden."

"You might at least do him the justice to hear him state his own case."

"Well, perhaps it's only fair. All right. I'm your man for the evening."

When we arrived at the hall we found a much greater concourse than I had expected. A line of electric broughams discharged their little cargoes of white-beared professors, while the dark stream of humbler pedestrians, who crowded through the arched doorway, showed that the audience would be popular as well as scientific. Indeed, it became evident to us as soon as we had taken our seats that a youthful and even boyish spirit was abroad in the gallery and the back portions of the hall. Looking behind me, I could see rows of faces of the familiar medical student type. Apparently the great hospitals had each sent down their contingent. The behavior of the audience at present was good-humored, but mischievious. Scraps of popular songs were chorused with an enthusiasm which was a strange prelude to a scientific lecture, and there was already a tendency to personal chaff which promised a jovial evening to others, however embarrassing it might be to the recipients of these dubious honors.

Thus, when old Doctor Meldrum, with his well-known curly-brimmed opera hat, appeared upon the platform, there was such a universal query of "Where did you get that tile?" that he hurriedly removed it and concealed it furtively under his chair. When gouty Professor Wadley limped down to his seat there was general affectionate inquiries from all parts of the hall as to the exact state of his poor toe, which caused him obvious embarrassment. The greatest demonstration of all, however, was the entrance of my new acquaintance, Professor Challenger, when he passed down to take his place at the extreme end o fthe front row of the platform. Such a yell of welcome broke forth when his black beard first protruded round the corner that I began to suspect Tary Henry was right in his surmise, and that this assemblage was there not merely for the sake of the lecture, but because it had got rumored abroad that the famour Professor would take part in the proceedings.

The uproar of his advent had not yet died away when Professor Ronald Murray, the chairman, and Mr. Waldron, the lecturer, threaded their way to the front, and the proceedings began.

Professor Murray made several profound remarks to his white tie and to the water-carafe upon the table, with a humorous twinkling aside to the silver candlestick upon his right. Then he sat down, and Mr. Waldron, the famous popular lecturer, rose amid a general murmur of applause.

At last the lecture came to an end—I am inclined to think that it was a premature one, as the peroration was hurried and disconnected. Waldron sat down, and after a chirrup from the chairman, Professor Challenger rose and advanced to the edge of the platform. In the interest of my paper I took down his speech in verbatim.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, amid a sustained interruption from the back. "I beg pardon—Ladies, Gentlemen and Children—I must apologize, I had inadvertently omitted a considerable section of this audience" (tumult, during which the professor stood with one hand raised and his enormous head nodding sympathetically, as if he were bestowing a pontifical blessing upon the crowd). "I have been selected to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Waldron for the very picturesque and imaginative address to which we have just listened. There are points in it with which I disagree, and it has been my duty to indicate them as they arose, but, nonetheless, Mr. Waldron has accomplished his object well, that object being to give a simple and interesting account of what he conceives to have been the history of our planet. Popular lectures are the easiest to listen to, but Mr. Waldron," (here he beamed and blinked at the lecturer) "will excuse me when I say that they are necessarily both superficial and misleading, since they have to be graded to the comprehension of an ignorant audience." (Ironical cheering.) "Popular lecturers are in their nature paracitic." (Angry gesture of protest from Mr. Waldron.) "They exploit for fame or cash the work which has been done by their indigent and unknown brethren. One smallest new fact obtained in the laboratory, one brick built into the temple of science, far outweighs any second-hand exposition which passes an idle hour, but can leave no useful result behind it. I put forward this obvious reflection, not out of any desire to disparage Mr. Waldron in particular, but that you may not lose your sense of proportion and mistake the acolyte for the high priest." (At this point Mr. Waldron whispered to the chairman, who half rose and said something severely to his water-carafe.) "But enough of this!" (Loud and prolonged cheers.) "Let me pass to some subject of wider interest. What is the particular point upon which I, as an original investigator, have challenged our lecturer's accuracy? It is upon the permanence of certain types of animal life upon the earth. I do not speak upon this subject as an amateur, nor, I may add, as a popular lecturer, but I speak as one whose scientific conscience compels him to adhere closely to facts, when I say that Mr. Waldron is very wrong in supposing because he has never himself seen a so-called prehistoric animal, therefore these creatures no longer exist. They are indeed, as he has said, our ancestors, but they are, if I may use the expression, our contemporary ancestors, who can still be found with all their hideous and formidable characteristics if one has but the energy and hardihood to seek their haunts. Creatures which were supposed to be Jurassic, monsters who would hunt down and devour our largest and fiercest mammals, still exist." (Cries of "Bosh!" "Prove it!" "How do you know?" "Question!") "How do I know, you ask me? I know because I have visited their secret haunts. I know because I have seen some of them." (Applause, uproar and a voice, "Liar!") "Am I a liar?" (General hearty and noisy assent.) "Did I hear some one say that I was a liar? Will the person who called me a liar kindly stand up that I may know him?" (A voice, "Here he is, sir!" and an inoffensive little person in spectacles, struggling violently, was held up among a group of students.) "Did you venture to call me a liar?" ("No, sir, no!" shouted the accused, and disappeared like a jack-in-the-box.) "If any person in this hall dares to doubt my veracity, I shall be glad to have a few words with him after the lecture." ("Liar!") "Who said that?" (Again the inoffensive one plunging desperately, was elevated high into the air.) "If I come down among you—" (General chorus of "Come, love, come!" which interrupted the proceedings for some moments, while the chairman, standing up and waving both his arms, seemed to be conducting the music. The professor, with his face flushed, his nostrils dilated, and his beard bristling, was now in a proper Berserk mood.) "Every great discoverer has been met with the same incredulity—the sure brand of a generation of fools. When great facts are laid before you, you have not the intuition, the imagination which would help you to understand them. You can only throw mud at the men who have risked their lives to open new fields to science. You persecute the prophets! Galileo, Darwin, and I—" (Profonged cheering and complete interruption.)

All this is from my hurried notes taken at the time, which give little notion of the absolute chaos to which the assembly had by this time been reduced. So terrific was the uproar that several ladies had already beaten a hurried retreat. Grave and reverend seniors seemed to have caught the prevailing spirit as badly as the students, and I saw white-bearded men rising and shaking thir fists at the obdurate professor. The whole great audience seethed and simmered like a boiling pot. The Professor took a step forward and raised both his hands. There was something so big and arresting and virile in the man that the clatter and shouting died gradually away before his commanding gesture and his masterful eyes. He seemed to have a definite message. They hushed to hear it.

"I will not detain you," he said. "It is not worth it. Truth is truth, and the noise of a number of foolish young men—and, I fear I must add, of their equally foolish seniors—cannot affect the matter. I claim that I have opened a new field of science. You dispute it." (Cheers.) "Then I put you to the test. Will you accredit one or more of your own number to go out as your representatives and test my statement in your name?"

Mr. Summerlee, the veteran professor of comparative anatomy, rose among the audience, a tall, thin, bitter man, with the withered aspect of a theologian. He wished, he said, to ask Professor Challenger whether the results to which he had alluded in his remarks had been obtained during a journey to the headwaters of the Amazon made by him two years before.

Professor Challenger answered that they had.

Mr. Summerlee desire to know how it was that Professor Challenger claimed to have made discoveries in those regions which had been overlooked by Wallace, Bates and other previous explorers of established scientific repute.

Professor Challenger answered that Mr. Summerlee appeared to be confusing the Amazon with the Thames; that it was in reality a somewhat larger river; that Mr. Summerlee might be interested to know that with the Orinoco, which communicated with it, some fifty thousand miles of country were opened up, and that in so vast a space it was not impossible for one person to find what another had missed.

Mr. Summerlee declared, with an acid smile, that he fully appreciated the difference between the Thames and the Amazon, which lay in the fact that any assertion about the former could be tested, while about the latter it could not. He would be obliged if Professor Challenger would give the latitude and the longtitude of the country in which prehistoric animals were to be found.

Professor Challenger replied that he reserved such information for good reasons of his own, but would be prepared to give it with proper precautions to a committee chosen from the audience. Would Mr. Summerlee serve on such a committee and test his story in person?

Mr. Summerlee: "Yes, I will." (Great cheering.)

Professor Challenger: "Then I guarantee that I will place in your hands such material as will enable you to find your way. It is only right, however, since Mr. Summerlee goes to check my statement that I should have one or more with him who may check his. I will not disguise from you that there are difficulties and dangers. Mr. Summerlee will need a younger colleague. May I ask for volunteers?"

It is thus that the great crisis of a man's life springs out at him. Could I have imagined when I entered that hall that I was about to pledge myself to a wilder adventure than had ever come to me in my dreams? But Gladys—was it not the very opportunity of which she spoke? Gladys would have told me to go. I had sprung to my feet. I was speaking, and yet I had prepared no words. Tarp Henry, my companion, was plucking at my skirts and I heard him whispering, "Sit down, Malone! Don't make a public ass of yourself." At the same time I was aware that a tall, thin man, with dark gingery hair, a few seats in front of me, was also upon his feet. He glared back at me with hard angry eyes, but I refused to give way.

"I will go, Mr. Chairman," I kept repeating over and over again.

"Name! Name!" cried the audience.

"My name is Edward Dunn Malone. I am the reporter of the Daily Gazette. I claim to be an absolutely unprejudiced witness."

"What is your name, sir?" the chairman asked of my tall rival.

"I am Lord John Roxton. I have already been up the Amazon. I know all the ground, and have special qualifications for this investigation."

"Lord John Roxton's reputation as a sportsman and a traveler is, of course, world-famous," said the chairman; "at the same time it would certainly be as well to have a member of the press upon such an expedition."

"Then I move," said Professor Challenger, "that both these gentlemen be elected, as representatives of this meeting, to accompany Professor Summerlee upon his journey to investigate and to report upon the truth of my statements."

And so, amid shouting and cheering, our fate was decided, and I found myself borne away in the human current which swirled toward the door with my mind half stunped by the vast new project which had risen so suddenly before it. As I emerged from the hall I was conscious for a moment of a rush of laughing students down the pavement, and of an arm wielding a heavy umbrella, which rose and fell in the midst of them. Then, amid a mixture of groans and cheers Professor Challenger's electric brougham slid from the curb and I found myself walking under the silvery lights of Regent Street, full of thoughts of Gladys and of wonder as to my future.

Suddenly there was a touch at my elbow. I turned, and found myself looking into the humorous, masterful eyes of the tall, thin man who had volunteered to be my companion on this strange quest.

"Mr. Malone, I understand," said he. "We are to be companions—what? My rooms are just over the road, in the Albany. Perhaps you would have the kindness to spare me half an hour, for there are one or two things that I badly want to say to you."

Lord John Ruxton and I turned down Vigo Street together and through the dingy portals of the famous aristocratic rookery. At the end of a long drab passage my new acquaintance pushed open a door and turned on an electric switch.

Through the thin haze of my cigar smoke I noted the details of a face which was already familiar to me from many photographs—the strongly-curved nose, the hollow, worn cheeks, the dark, ruddy hair, thin at the top, the crisp, virile moustaches, the small, aggressive tuft upon his projecting chin. His skin was of a rich flower-pot red from sun and wind. His eyebrows were tufted and overhanging, which gave those naturally cold eyes an almost ferocious aspect, an impression which was increased by his strong and furrowed brow. In figure he was spare, but very strongly built—indeed, he had often proved that there were few men in England capable of such sustained exertions. His height was a little over six feet, but he seemed shorter on account of a peculiar rounding of the shoulders. Such was the famous Lord John Ruxton as he sat opposite to me, biting hard upon his cigar and watching me steadily in a long and embarrassing silence.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

U. S. Ads Effective.

Washington, Feb. 16.—American advertising chiefly is responsible for the large sale of American-made talcum powders, toilet waters and tooth-cleaning preparations in Switzerland, the Department of Commerce was advised by its representatives in that country.

New York
--Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Feb. 16.—Motoring in New York is like a football game. You make a few yards and come to a full stop. Then you wait again for the signals and buck the line again. Traffic increases at the rate of 20 per cent a year.

During the rush hours it requires five minutes to travel a short block. Either New York must return to the old-fashioned habit of walking or the main streets will become clogged and inert. Solving the traffic problem is one of the most serious problems the metropolis faces.

The idea of going out for a spin in a pleasure car is what the chorus girls call "ridic." It cannot be done. The skip stop and one way street plans have done very little to help. The city loses $1,250,000 daily by traffic congestion in shipping delays and the burning of gasoline.

Just now there seems to be only one worthwhile plan. This is to triple deck the streets—a lower and higher level from the surface. This will cost millions but not a million a day, as it does now. All hotels display warnings for patrons to walk to the stations.

Otherwise, they warn, one is more than likely to miss the train. Empty taxicabs are immediately ordered from Fifth Avenue. Only three busses are permitted at the same time in a block and the street has the most highly perfected traffic system in the world. Yet it is always clogged.

Columbus Circle, the biggest local point of traffic, cannot stop congestion with 20 policemen on duty from 8 in the morning until midnight. The entire situation results in New York being unfit for either pedestrians or motorists. (Voice: "Why don't you get out of it?")

Fire wagons have to go at a snail-like pace through mid-town despite their bell clanging and sirening. Police are unable to get the traffic out of the way for them and this entails the danger of a heavy loss of life and property.

Patterson McNutt is William McSlaven McNutt's "kid" brother. McNutt has won great prominence as a writer. Now his "kid" brother comes along and writes a Broadway play that is a wow and is also a frequent contributor to the magazines. The crowning insult happened one day last week when a lady was introduced to the elder McNutt.

"O!" she said, "I wonder if you are a relative of Patterson McNutt?"

"Just his sappy brother," replied Bill.

The sunburn parlor on West Forty-third street, which was opened to give cliff dwellers a gentle tanning in fifteen minutes, has closed. No explanation was offered. The big idea was to give people a chance to be sunburned and to appear as though they had just returned from Miami or Palm Beach.

There is a pleasant spot above Riverside Drive called Inspiration Point. At the peak there is a beautiful view of the Hudson and purpling Palisades. It is an inspirational point for lovers and many young men inspired by the breath-taking beauty of it all pop the question. This happens so often that there is a group of "marriage runners" who hang about the point and pass out cards showing where young couples may go to be speedily wed.

A New Yorker sailed for Italy recently to see a sister aged 20 and a brother aged 18 Whom he had never seen before. They were born after he came to America.

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THE NEBBS — THE PAN CLUB.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

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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

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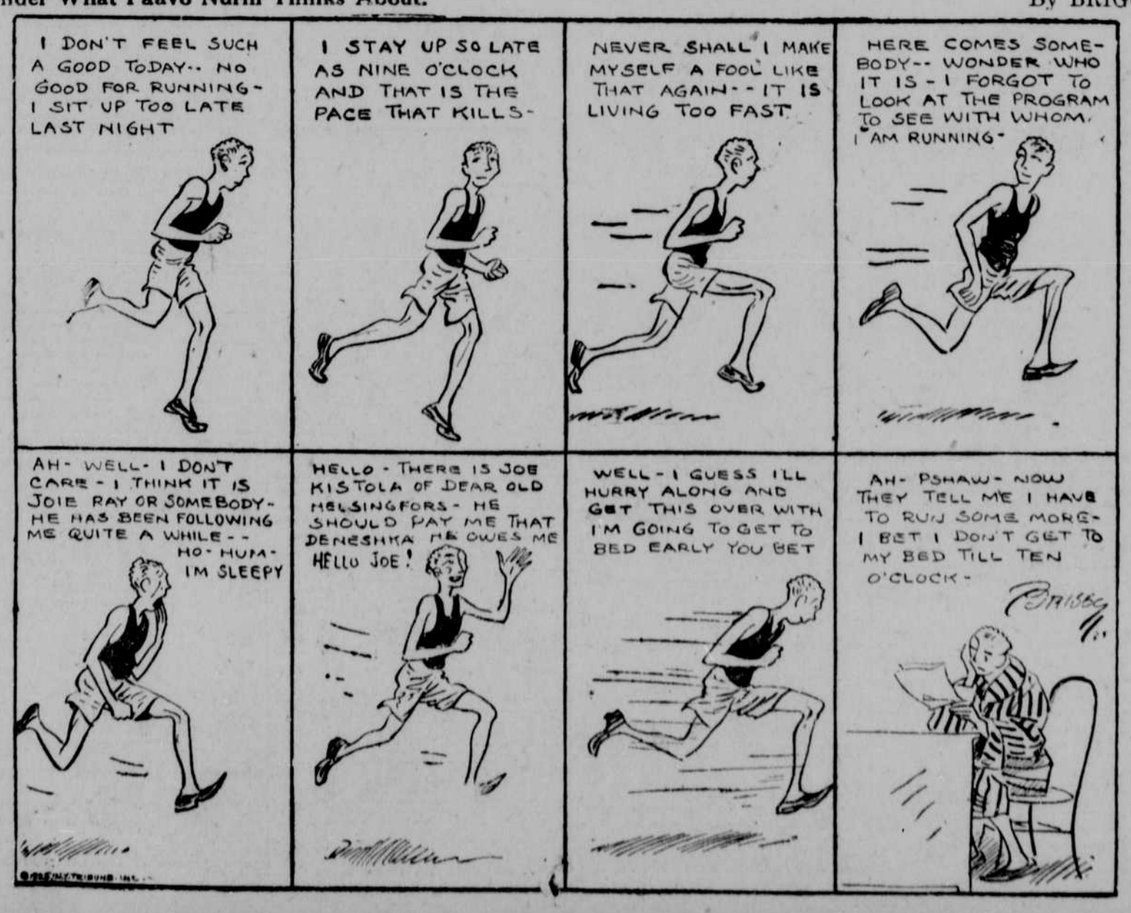
TILLIE, THE TOILER

By Westover

Wonder What Paavo Nurm Thinks About.

By BRIGGS



ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

WANTS FAIR PLAY