THE OMAHA BEE: WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1920.

THE LOST WORLD By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.) mark of Lord Roxton's about the 'Well," said he, at last, "we've danger only made me irritable. gone and done it, young fellah, my "Talking won't make it any bet lad." (This curious phrase be prolad." (This curious phrase he pro-

had." (This curlous phrase he pro-nounced as if it were all one word-his. Then, with a little confidential "young-fellah-me-lad.") "Yes, we've chuckle of laughter, he patted me two taken a jump, you an' me. I suppose, now, when you went into that room there was no such notion in your head --what?"

"Of course—you said so when you took it on. By the way, I've got a small job for you, if you'll help me." "With pleasure." With pleasure. dry-nudrsin' from the first. By the

"Don't mind takin' a risk, do you?" way, can you shoot?" "About average Territorial stand "What is the risk?" "Well, it's Ballinger-he's the risk. You've heard of him?"

ard." "Good Lord! as bad as that? What

"No." "No." "Why, young fellah, where have you-lived? Sir John Ballinger is the best gentleman jock in the north country. I could hold him on the flat at my best, but over jumps he's my master. Well, it's an open secret that when he's out of trainin' he drinks hard—strikin' an average, he calls it. He got delirium on Toosday, and has been ragin' like a devil ever since. His room is above this. The doctors say that It is all up with the

"What do you mean to do, then?" ing back to his chair, "what do you

"What do you mean to do, then?" I asked. "Well, my idea was that you and I could rush him. He may be dozin' and at the worst he can only wing one of us, and the other should have him. If we can get his bolster-cover 'round his arms and then phone up a stomach pump, we'll give the old dear the supper of his life." It was a rather desperate business

a stomach pump, we'll give the old dear the supper of his life." It was a rather desperate business to come suddenly into one's day's work. I don't think that I am a par-ticularly brave man. Therefore, al though every nerve in my body shrank from the whisky-maddened figure which I pictured in the room above, I still answered, in as care-less a voice as I could command, that I was ready to go. Some further re-**Neur York**

New York

earth upon this planet. People don't know it yet, and don't realize what

--Day by Day--By 0. 0. M'INTYRE. New York, Feb. 17.—There is a Tich man in Gotham whose love for Main Street has endured since the day he packed the carpet bag and took the Sile for the metropolis. He took the 8:15 for the metropolis. He that anythin' was possible-anythin' made his fortune here and won suc- There are just some narrow water

made his fortune here and won suc-cess, but his heart is in his little home town. In his home he has a replica of his favorite room back yonder. Here he swept his cigar over a part of the map—"or up in this corner where the map of up in this countries meet, nothin' would three countries meet, nothin' would surprise me. As that chap said to-night, there are fifty-thousand miles of water-way runnin' through a for-est that is very near the size of Eu-





T DON'T

WANT TO

SEE IT

carpet. In the garage there is an old black-smith's anvil. He likes to tap it now and then with a hammer so it will give forth that pleasant "ting-ting-ting-gg." familiar to every resident ting-gg." familiar to every resident ting-tingting-gg. familiar to every restart these river rises and falls the best part of a village. He does not share these forty feet, and half the country is a cherished views alone.

herished views alone. There are thousands of New York-There are thousands of New York-shouldn't something new and wonder ers who remain on and on because their business interests hold them. They would rather have a two-line out? Besides," he added, his queer note of approval in their home town paper than a half column editorial "there's a sportin' risk in every mile of approval in the New York World. "There's a sportin' risk in every mile

paper than a half column editorial of approval in the New York World. The longer they live here the firmer the ties are cemented. Most if the way dream of the days they will return but rarely do. New York inspires the continual greed for gold and they carry on until the end. Suburban life out where the pave-ment ends only half satisfies. It is too much affected by city contact. The charm of Main Street is not there. One misses the open forum at the village hotel, the back fence gossip and friendly intimacy. Many suburban dweller's do not

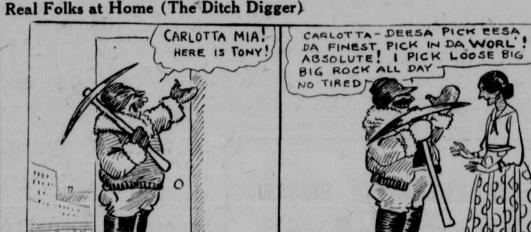
dow are strangers. There is of course, them. dow are strangers. There is of course, compensation in front yards, trees the wonderful happenings of the day, and porches. But the beloved intanthe something of Main Street is not

there. New York has single buildings which in value are the equivalent of entire cities, The Equitable assessed for \$30,000.000, is worth more han all the property in Amsterdam. Y., or Davenport, Ia. The Waldorf, walued at \$12,225,000, is worth more than all the property in Columbia, S. C.; Joliet, Ill., or San Diego, Cal Altman's, valued at \$14,060,000, 1s worth more than all Decatur, Ill., or Sacramento, Cal. The total assessed valuation of property in New York is \$13,125,457.745. It is more than the assessed valuation of the following states together: Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona. Utah, Arkansas, Nevada, Colorado. Oklahoma, Louislana, Washington, Oregon and Minnesota. These fourteen great commonwealths, comprising more than two-thinds of the entire United States west of the Mississippi. are-all of them-worth \$13. 050,000,000.

I believe that the thing the transplanted Main Streeter in the metropolis misses most is the clubby pullman washroom intimacy of the small town. I don't believe small town people appreciate this simple neighborliness. Sticking the head into the harber shop door to see if Bill is there or to whistle out in front for Tom to join you-well, it cannot be done here. If you stuck your head into a barber shop door suidenly you might be taken for a hold-up bandit, and a shrill whistle in front of any home might cause your arrest by the Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Noises.

Carnegie Hall is soon to be torn down and a modern office building will arise where one of the world's greatest musical centers has operated for thirty-three years. There is also a rumor, that the Metropolitan Opera House is soon to be demolished. new site is now being considered. (Copyright, 1925.)

Many suburban dweller's do not know their next door neighbors. The people who pass the front bay win-



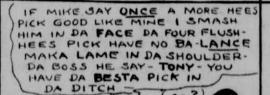
MY NEW OFFICE IS

ISN'T

TILLIE

IT ISS A DANDY PICK ALLA RIGHT DA BESTA ONE IN WHOLE DITCH! MIKE SAY HEESA PICK LIKA MINE BUT HE ISS A BIG BUST! HE HAVE NICE SHOVEL - YES BUT NICE PICK - NO NO NO NO .







S LOVELY EXCITED



JOE GASSELLI, GET KILLED

TODAY IN DA BLAST.

BIGGA DA MUS! ME STRONG LIKA DA BULL ! ENRICO HE SAY HE STRONG LIKE ME BUT NO NUNO NONGO

GOSH, MAC, YOU OUGH

TO SEE THE SWELL NEW

OFFICE MR. WHIPPLE IS GOING TO HAVE - IT'S RIGHT



HE GETS A WONDERFUL

ALL AROUND IT

By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT

VIEW - THERE'S WINDOWS,

YEH, JUST LIKE A ZOO - I'M NOT ON

EXHIBITION -MHERE

WORK

Russ

DO YOU MEAN TO

WHIPPLE IS A -

INSINUATE THAT MR.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield A LESSON IN SALESMANSHIP

SEFE

By Westover

SAY, HE

AIN'T NOTHIN

ELSE BUT



