

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The cave had evidently been water worn, the sides being smooth and the floor covered with rounded stones. It was of such a size that a single man could just fit through by stooping. For fifty yards it ran almost straight into the rock, and then it ascended at an angle of forty-five. Presently this incline became even steeper, and we found ourselves climbing upon hands and knees in a narrow, rutted path which slid from beneath us. Suddenly an exclamation broke from Lord Rexton.

"It's blocked!" said he.

Creeping behind him we saw in the yellow field of light a wall of broken basalt which extended to the ceiling.

"The roof has fallen in!"

In vain we dragged out some of the pieces. The only effect was that the larger ones became detached and threatened to roll down the gradient and crush us. It was evident that the obstacle was far beyond any efforts which we could make to remove it. The road by which Maple White had ascended was no longer available.

"Too much cast down to speak, we stumbled down the dark tunnel and made our way back to the camp."

One incident occurred, however, before we left the gorge, which is of importance in view of what came afterwards.

We had gathered in a little group at the bottom of the chasm, some forty feet beneath the mouth of the cave, when a huge rock rolled suddenly downwards and shot past us with tremendous force. It was the narrowest escape for one or all of us. We could not otherwise see whence the rock had come, but our half-breed servants, who were still in the opening of the cave, said that it had flown past them, and must therefore have fallen from the tunnel. Looking upwards, we could see no sign of movement above us amidst the green jungle which topped the cliff. There could be little doubt, however, that the stone was aimed at us, so the incident surely pointed to humanity—and malevolent humanity—upon the plateau.

We hurriedly from the chasm, our minds full of this new development and its bearing upon our plans. The situation was difficult enough before, but if the obstruction of Nature were increasing by the deliberate opposition of man, then our case was indeed a hopeless one. And yet, as we looked up at that beautiful fringe of verdure only a few hundred feet above our heads, there was not one of us who could conceive the idea of returning to London until we had explored it to its depths.

In discussing the situation, we determined that our best course was to continue to coast round the plateau in the hope of finding some other

resources of an inventive mind were not yet exhausted."

After breakfast we unpacked the bundle in which our leader had brought his climbing accessories. From it he took a coil of the strongest and lightest rope, a hundred and fifty feet in length, with climbing irons, clamps and other devices. Lord John was an experienced mountaineer, and Summerlee had done some rough climbing at various times, so that I was really the novice at rock work of the party; but my strength and activity may have made up for my want of experience.

It was not in reality a very stiff task, though there were moments which made my hair bristle upon my head. The first half was perfectly

easy, but from there upwards it became continually steeper, until, for the last fifty feet, we were literally clinging without fingers and toes to tiny ledges and crevices in the rock. I could not have accomplished it, nor could Summerlee, if Challenger had not gained the summit it was extraordinary to see such activity in so unwieldy a creature and there fixed the

rope round the trunk of the considerable tree which grew there. With this as our support, we were soon able to scramble up the jagged wall until we found ourselves upon the small grassy platform, some twenty-five feet each way, which formed the summit. The first impression which I received when I had recovered my breath was of the extraordinary view

over the country which we had traversed. The whole Brazilian plain seemed to lie beneath us, extending away and away until it ended in dim blue mists upon the farthest skyline. In the foreground was the long slope, strewn with rocks and dotted with tree ferns; farther off in the middle distance, looking over the saddle-back bill, I could just see the yellow and

green mass of bamboos through which we had passed; and then, gradually, the vegetation increased until it formed the huge forest which extended as far as the eye could reach, and for a good two thousand miles beyond.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

See want ads produce results.

THE NEBBS

ROCKS AHEAD.

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

I WANT YOU TO CALL ON THIS DUMPTY WHO IS ENGAGED TO MARRY HOPE. TELL HIM YOU'RE ATTORNEY FOR THE KLOTZMEYER ESTATE AND YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HIM THEN - WE'VE CHASED FIVE OR SIX OTHER FORTUNE HUNTERS AWAY - NO REASON WHY WE CAN'T CHASE THIS ONE

MR. DUMPTY, AS ATTORNEY FOR THE KLOTZMEYER ESTATE - IT'S MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT OLD KLOTZMEYER WAS A VERY ECCENTRIC MAN - HE LEFT A VERY PECULIAR WILL

NOW I DON'T THINK THIS WILL AFFECT YOU, BUT THE MAN WHO MARRIES HOPE MUST HAVE AN INCOME OF OVER TEN THOUSAND A YEAR OR HER INCOME FROM THE ESTATE WILL BE CUT OFF THIS WAS PURELY TO KEEP FORTUNE HUNTERS AWAY. I KNOW YOU MUST HAVE A LARGER INCOME THAN THAT BUT IT'S MY DUTY TO INVESTIGATE YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS TO SHOWING ME JUST WHAT YOUR INCOME IS?

OLD MAN KLOTZMEYER MUST HAVE STARTED TO MAKE THAT WILL WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY FROM ALL THE THINGS HE PUT IN THERE. THIS OLD GUY COULDN'T STAY AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO PICK OUT A SON-IN-LAW SO HE DRAWS UP SPECIFICATIONS FOR ONE! I'M FRANK TO CONFESS THAT I DON'T SHAPE UP TO OLD KLOTZMEYER'S BLUE PRINT - YOU'D BETTER DIG UP ANOTHER CANDIDATE



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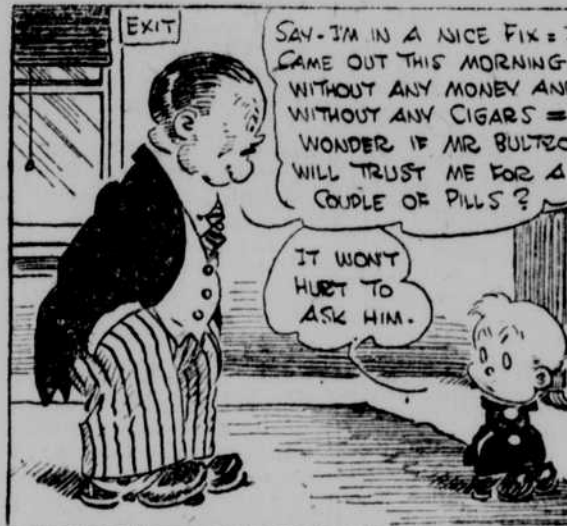
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)



JERRY ON THE JOB

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)



TILLIE, THE TOILER

By Westover



New York

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 24.—Fifth avenue struggles bravely to preserve its aristocratic air. But the truth is that rigor mortis is setting in for the avenue's aristocracy. With two 5 and 10-cent stores and three eat and drink cafes of white tile from 34th street to the Plaza the end is near.

Ten years ago the avenue strung its amber lighted way in signless austerity. There was a host of prosperous when a small brass sign reading "Delmonico's" was placed inconspicuously in front of that now dead and gone cafe.

While the avenue hasn't as yet any blinking electric signs its windows and facades are plastered with gilt and brass heralds of commerce. Outside of Tiffany's and Altmans every house of trade bears a conspicuous sign.

Helen Gould's home at the corner of 47th street is the only fine old mansion left in the steady northward march of trade. Even the window boxes blooming with flowers seem to fade out of place in the roar and confusion.

One of the largest department stores in town now occupies a block where limousines with liveried footmen awaited grand dames on afternoon calls. Cheap-john stores are blooming in basements. And across from the cathedral is a walk up one flight and save \$10 tailor.

There is much speculation as to just what is New York's most aristocratic street. Madison avenue lays claim to the old Murray Hill section where the Morgans and other big bankers have prevented its spoliation by business.

Park avenue has its well terraced mansions, the best possibilities, but Millionaires' Row is a name only. A dozen of the fine homes that graced this strip are being torn down for ornate apartment houses.

At Fifth avenue continues to strut at the 5 o'clock parade hour. The anaemic young man with the chrysalis; the arty young lady with the swagger stick; the movie star with young ideas; the tweedy youths with monocles, and now and then the lady with the coach and four are still to be seen.

On Tenth avenue there is a row of houses occupied by clairvoyants and seers who thrive on the gullibility of those seeking a tip-off from the Beyond. It is called Fortune Telling Row. The busiest trade is after the theater at night, when chorus girls and others of the stage go there to learn of the future and what it holds. Most of them, it may be said, patronize the places more in a spirit of adventure.

Joseph Hergeshelmer, James Branch Cabell, Theodore Dreiser and George Jean Nathan have all written exhaustive and critical appreciations of Lillian Gish, the movie star. Yet at a theater next door Ben Turpin was playing and the box office receipts were higher than those where Miss Gish was displaying her subtle and elusive charms.

Chaplin, if any one cares, is my favorite of all the film folk. Yet I find myself not so red hot of him in my enthusiasm. He seems to me to be doing all the old tricks over again. In fact, none of the arts so needs a new face or new gestures as the motion picture. The most enterprising and enthralling thing about the movie today is the new picture reel. A theater offering an hour of them and nothing else I venture, could be filled at each performance.

Real Folks at Home (The Train Announcer).

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

HEL - LO - O - O - O - MA - A - A - RY - AR - RIV - ING - G - G -

ALL TRA - A - A - IN - S - POINTS WEST - SOUTH AND EAST WERE BE - HI - IN - D - TIME - KEPT ME LA - A - A - A - T - ER - THAN U - U - USUAL - MAKES ME SO - O - O - O - RE!

NUM - BER SIX - TRACK FOUR - R - R - WAS TWO HOURS - LA - A - A - A - T - E - WHA - A - A - T - D'YOU THINK OF TH - A - A - A - A - T?



NUMBER THREE - E - E - FROM BOS - S - STON - A - W - L - L - B - NY - SYR - R - E - V - E - L - A - N - D - C - L - E - R - E - V - E - L - A - N - D - S - H - E - C - A - W - GO - TRACK NINE - NEVER - ON - TIME - N -

I THINK THE CH - I - E - F - IS GO - ING - TO GIVE - ME A RA - A - A - A - BE - WON'T TH - A - A - A - AT BE - SWE - E - E - E - LL?

I THINK I'LL GO - O - O - TO BE - E - E - D - - - AW - W - W - W - W - L - BAW - W - W - WRD -

