

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I'll stake my good name as a scientist," said he, "that the track is a fresh one. The creature has not passed ten minutes. Look how the water is still cozing into that deeper print! By Jove! See, here is the mark of a little one!"

Sure enough, the tracks of the same general form were running parallel to the large ones.

"But what do you make of this?" cried Professor Summerlee, triumphantly, pointing to what looked like the huge print of a five-fingered human appearing among the three-toed marks.

"Weiden!" cried Challenger, in an ecstasy. "I've seen the tracks of the Weiden clay. It is a creature walking erect upon three-toed feet, and occasionally putting one of its five-fingered forepaws upon the ground. Not a bird, my dear Ruxton—not a bird."

"A beast?"

"No; a reptile—a dinosaur. Nothing else could have left such a track. They puzzled a worthy Sussex doctor some ninety years ago, who in the world could have hoped—hoped—to have seen a sight like that!"

His words died away into a whisper, and we all stood in motionless amazement. Following the tracks, we had left the morass and passed through a screen of brushwood and trees. Beyond was an open glade, and in this were five of the most extraordinary creatures that I have ever seen. Crouching down among the bushes we observed them at our leisure.

There were, as I say, five of them, two being adults and three young ones. In size they were enormous. Even the babies were as big as elephants, while the two large ones were beyond all the creatures I have ever seen. They had slate-colored skin, which was scaled like a lizard's and shimmered where the sun shone upon it. All five were sitting up, but leaning themselves upon their broad, powerful tails and their huge three-toed hind feet, while their small five-fingered front feet pulled down the branches upon which they leered. I do not know how long we staved motionless gazing at this marvelous spectacle. A strong wind blew towards us and we were well concealed, so there was no chance of discovery. From time to time the little ones played round their parents in unworldly gambols, the great beasts bounding into the air and falling with dull thuds upon the earth. The strength of the parents seemed to be limitless, for one of them, having some difficulty in reaching a considerable size of foliage which grew upon a considerable size tree, put his forelegs

round the trunk and tore it down as if it had been a sapling. The action seemed, as I thought, to show not only the great development of its muscles, but also the small one of its brain, for the whole weight came crashing down upon the top of it, and it uttered a series of shrill yelps to show that, big as it was, there was a limit to what it could endure. The incident made it think, apparently, that the neighborhood was dangerous, for it slowly lurched off through the wood, followed by its mate and its three enormous infants. We saw the shimmering slaty gleam of their skins between the tree trunks, and their heads undulating high above the brushwood. Then they vanished from our sight.

I looked at my comrades. Lord John was standing at gaze with his finger at the trigger of his snuggery at the Albany. And yet his reason held him in, for all our exploration of the wonders of this unknown land depended upon our presence being concealed from its inhabitants. The two professors were in silent ecstasy. In their excitement they had unconsciously seized each other by the hand and stood like two little children in the presence of a marvel. Challenger's cheeks blushed up into a seraphic smile, and Summerlee's sardonic face softened for the moment into wonder and reverence.

"None doubt!" he cried at last. "What will they say in England of this?"

"My dear Summerlee, I will tell you with great confidence exactly what they will say in England," said Challenger. "They will say that you are an infernal liar and a scientific charlatan, exactly as you and others said of the White Land. Put it down in your diary, my young friend, and send it to your rag."

"In the face of specimens?"

"In the face of specimens?" said Lord John. "Things look a bit different from the latitude of London, young fellow, my lad. There's many a man who never tells his adventures for the can't hope to be believed. Who to blame them? For this will seem a bit of a dream to ourselves in a month or two. What did you say they were?"

"Iguanodons!" said Summerlee. "You'll find their footmarks all over the Hastings sands, in Kent, and in Sussex. The South of England was alive with them when they were plenty of good lush green stuff to keep them going. Conditions have changed, and the beasts died. Here it seems that the conditions have not changed, and the beasts have lived. If ever we get out of this alive, I must have a head with me," said Lord John. "Lord, how some of that Somaliland Uganda crowd would turn a beautiful posgreen if they saw it! I don't know what you chaps think, but it strikes me that we are on mighty thin ice all this time."

I had the same feeling of mystery and danger around us. In the gloom of the trees there seemed a constant menace and as we looked up into their shadowy foliage vague terrors crept into one's heart. It is true that these monstrous creatures which we had seen were lumbering, inoffensive brutes which were unlikely to hurt anyone, but in this world of wonders what other survivors might there not be—what fierce, active horrors ready to pounce upon us from their lair among the rocks or brushwood?

I knew little of prehistoric life, but I had a clear remembrance of one book which I had read in which it spoke of creatures who would live upon lions and tigers as a cat lives upon mice. What if there also were to be found in the woods of Maple White Land?

It was destined that on this very morning—our first in the new country—we were to find out what strange hazards lay around us. It was a loathsome adventure, and one of which I hate to think. If, as Lord John said, the glade of the Iguanodons will remain with us as a dream, then surely the swamp of the pterodactyls will forever be our nightmare. Let me set down exactly what occurred.

We passed very slowly through the woods, partly because Lord Ruxton acted as scout before he would let us advance, and partly because at every second clear one or other of our fellows would fall with a cry of wonder, before some flower or insect which presented him with a new type. We may have traveled two or three miles in all, keeping to the

THE NEBBS

ERNE WAS ABOUT READY TO BACK OUT YESTERDAY BUT HE IS NOT CONVINCED THAT ALL THE TALES ABOUT HOPE KLOTZMEYER'S FORTUNE ARE TRUE — SO HERE HE IS AT THE POST WITH A LOT OF RELATIVES FROM HOMEWOOD



WELL THAT'S OVER! NOW LET THE SUN SHINE AGAIN AND PEACE AND CONTENTMENT COME BACK INTO THIS HOUSEHOLD! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SELF SATISFACTION. THIS COST ME A LOT OF DOUGH BUT SO DOES AN OPERATION — BUT YOU DON'T MIND IT WHEN THE RESULTS ARE SATISFACTORY

GOOD BYE FOREVER.



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.



ABIE THE AGENT



TILLIE, THE TOILER



THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



CHAPPED HANDS



MY GODDNES I NEVER DID SEE SUCH RUB IT IN GOOD



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York Feb. 27.—There should be a cure for the stagestruck girl at the Stage Door Inn. This is a lunch, dinner and supper place for the forty-eighth street run for the benefit of those stranded on theatrical shoals. The waitresses are jobless chorus girls and the waiting list of applicants is enormous. Some of them are able to work only a day or so a week so that others in distress may have their chance. Most all of them have had varied stage experience.

No position in New York is so flimsy as that of the chorus girl. Her meagre salary at best provides only a hall bedroom and meals at cafes known mostly by initials. There are frequently six and seven weeks between engagements.

A very slim percentage of musical shows last more than four months and the majority zip to Cain's storehouse inside of a month. And at 30 unless the chorus girl is particularly deft at cosmetic camouflage she is told she is too old.

Musical show rehearsals are the most trying ordeals that a girl can face. It means work from morning until late into the night with sand-whiches on the fly as music is rehearsed. A director whose nerves are almost always at the breaking point.

And after five weeks of this and perhaps a week out of town, the show may come to Broadway to "flop" in less than a week. Again the dreary round of the agencies and the tedious waits in the anteroom with the final "Nothing doing today. Come again!"

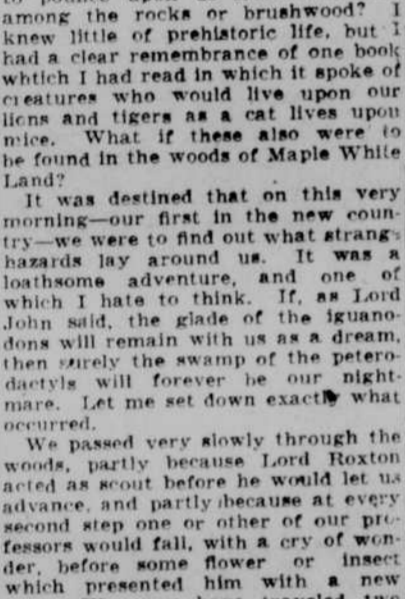
Out of town engagements—or the road tours—have never proved so disastrous as they have this year. More than 500 chorus girls have been forced to depend on the private collection of friends for railroad fare back to Broadway.

A top notch vaudeville comedian recently assigned by a tactless stage manager to a fifth floor dressing room while a group of Chinese acrobats had a favored room on the stage floor. The comedian sulks for several days and then he was struck by a bright idea. He collected a dozen makeup towels, loaded with grease paint, threw them in the room of the Chinese acrobats and yelled: "Have these back by Saturday!"

First and Third avenues are attempting to stage a comeback such as that of Sixth avenue on the west. They have asked permission to get rid of both the surface and elevated tracks. The time when street cars are a necessity in New York has passed. The elevator has once hailed as an improvement, is now looked upon as a disfiguring structure and must go. The city has found that buses above ground and subways underground constitute the logical service for the crowded city.

Early morning on Broadway offers unusual sights. Around 6 o'clock comes the lean army of failures—men who wear caps, coat collars turned up, head down and hands plunged deep in their pockets. They are heavy from sleep and their voices are raspy. They dart into coffee shops and dart out again and disappear. Many of them are beggars and others are the shiftless hunters of small odd jobs. Broadway does not become active until around 8, when the porters and window cleaners arrive. At 9 the sunny clerks and stenographers rush up from the subway kiosk. Ten o'clock brings the executives, and at 11 the old street is bulging to the curb and remains filled until 1 the next morning. (Copyright, 1925.)

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CHAPPED HANDS—(IT WILL BE OK—SERVED THAT GRANDMA PUTS IN HER TWO CENTS WORTH.)

ABIE THE AGENT



BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.



COME ON TO THE ACME THEATRE WITH ME!



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU CAN GET A SEAT THERE?

NOT A SEAT LEFT FOR THIS PERFORMANCE



NOO, I'LL RUSH OVER TO A SPECULATOR AND MAYBE HE'S GOT ONE??



I GOT TO SEE THIS PERFORMANCE AT THE ACME THEATRE I'LL GIVE TEN DOLLARS FOR A GOOD SEAT IF NECESSARY!!



FOR TEN DOLLARS, I'LL GET YOU ONE

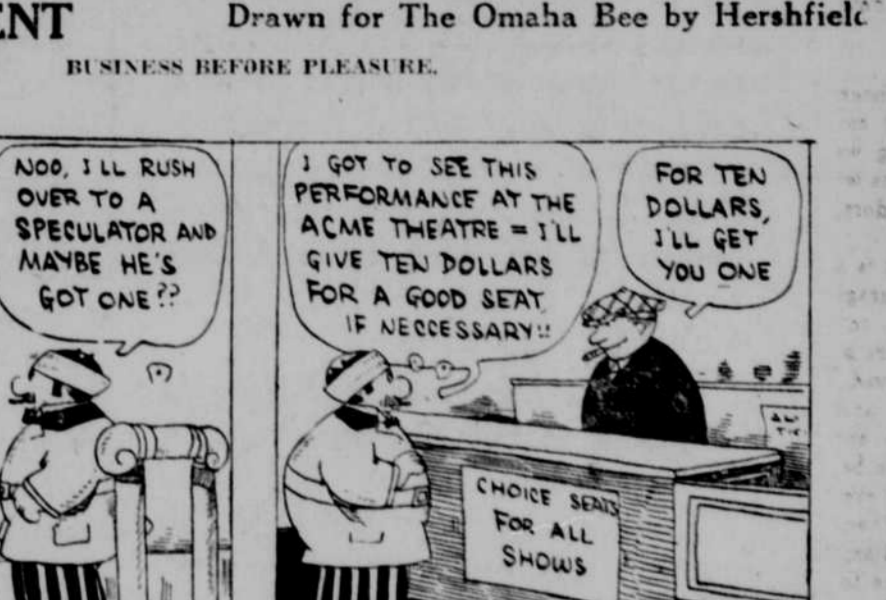
YES! MY WIFE IS IN THERE SEEING THE SHOW—SHE'LL GIVE IT UP IN AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS!



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