

# THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

That night (our third in Maple White Land) we had an experience which left a fearful impression upon our minds, and made us thankful that Lord John had worked so hard in making our retreat impregnable. We were all sleeping round our dying fire when we were aroused—or, rather, I should say, shot out of our slumbers—by a succession of the most frightful cries and screams to which I have ever listened. I know no sound to which I could compare this amazing tumult, which seemed to come from some spot within a few hundred yards of our camp. It was an ear-splitting as any whistle of a railway engine; but whereas the whistle is a clear, mechanical, sharp-edged sound, this was far deeper in volume and vibrant with the utmost strain of agony and horror. We clapped our hands to our ears to shut out that nerve-shaking appeal. A cold sweat broke out over my body, and my heart turned sick at the misery of it. All the woes of tortured life, all its stupendous indictment of high heaven, its innumerable sorrows seemed to be centered and condensed into that one dreadful, agonizing cry. And then, under this high-pitched, ringing sound there was another, more interesting, a low, deep-chested laugh, a growling, throaty gurgle of merriment which formed a grotesque accompaniment to the shriek with which it was blended. For three or four minutes on and the fearsome dust continued, while all the foliage rustled with the rising of startled birds. Then it shut off as suddenly as it began, and a long time we sat in horrified silence. Then Lord John threw a bundle of twigs upon the fire and their red glare lit up the intent faces of my companions and flickered over the great boughs above our heads.

"What was it?" I whispered. "I have been privileged to overhear a prehistoric tragedy, the sort of drama which occurs among the reptiles upon the border of some Jurassic lagoon, when the greater dragon plinned the lesser among the slime," said Challenger, with more solemnity than I had ever heard in his voice. "It was surely well for man that he came late in the order of creation. There were powers abroad in earlier days which no creature could have met. What could his sling, his throwing stick or his arrow avail him against such forces as have been loosed to-night? Even with a modern rifle it would be all odds on the monster."

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, March 2.—I have always read in novels of strange adventures on shipboard. In five crossings my only adventures have been trivial—such as lurching into old ladies' laps, getting my hand caught trying to close portholes or falling downstairs.

Today I seem to be on the heels of adventure. There was a smart rap on my door. A gold-headed flunkey touched his tambourine cap, clicked his heels and presented an embossed envelope with a crest. Perhaps a lady in distress or something.

It was from the pursuer who presented his compliments and implored me at the earliest opportunity to see him privately in his quarters. I donned my best attire, including a flaming purple tie and presented myself forthwith. The adventure was tawdry.

I was merely told there was \$1.20 excess charge on my luggage. Yet for more intrepid souls there must be adventure. You sense it. There is on every boat one of those cool, glacial and beautiful ladies who causes tongues to wag. You think of priceless smuggled pearls and matching wits against the pick of Scotland Yard.

One of the type is aboard. I heard one old lady say to her companion as the lady passed by on the promenade deck: "A scarlet woman." I would not go that far but perhaps there is a dash of pink. She dines in her stateroom, shuns everybody and strolls the deck when the moon is out.

Untutted gentlemen give her covetous glances. Whoever she is, she gives the ship a cosmopolitan tang. And no doubt she will prove to be the buyer for a middle west millinery house who is known in her town as "one of the Schwartz girls."

My bed seems to be the repository for refuse. So far the roll of the ship has dosed it with a splash of ink, two loosely fried eggs and a pot of coffee.

There is an extremely precocious youngster on board. He is 12 years old and has crossed the Atlantic alone 22 times. He is a Hamilton—scarcely although born in Boston. He is attending an English school and runs home for each vacation. Last year he made four trips. He is entirely too worldly wise for one of his years and I think he needs some plentiful doses of what grandmother called "birch tea." He joins groups of men in the smoking lounge and drinking rooms as nonchalantly as a fresh suspender salesman in a pull-man smoker. Several times he has spoken disdainfully of what he calls "Aw-meer-ika."

At 12 as I remember my marine experience consisted of one ferry ride across the Ohio river on the steamer Champion. I do not believe this precocious child will ever have the thrill I had then. I went as the guest of Captain Rafo Hamilton who was absent about 15 minutes but for many weeks I would mention casually I had been over in West Virginia recently.

The best giggle of the trip so far was in the palace car. All had been seated when she came in—an extremely pompous lady in flaming red silk. She had timed her approach. Her small daughter was waiting and she was the kind who said loudly: "Daughter, don't you stand up for mother?" You recognize her no doubt. She used an enormous fan in one hand and a pearl-handled lognette in the other. The ship suddenly struck high seas. And with the momentum of a roller coaster car, her chair suddenly shot across the ballroom floor and she landed kerplunk amidships of an amazed and portly gentlemen who was innocently and gently nodding. No one has seen the lady since.

his Express. "But the beast would certainly have a good sporting chance."

"Hush!" he cried. "Surely I hear something?"

From the utter silence there emerged a deep, regular pat-pat. It was the tread of some animal—the rhythm of soft but heavy pads placed cautiously upon the ground. It stole slowly round the camp, and then halted near our gateway. There was a low, sibilant rise and fall—the breathing of the creature. Only our feeble hedge separated us from this horror of the night. Each of us had seized his rifle, and Lord John had pulled out a small bush to make an embankment in the hedge.

"By George!" he whispered. "I think I can see it!"

I stooped and peered over his shoulder through the gap. Yes, I could see it, too. In the deep shadow of the tree there was a deeper shadow yet, black, inchoate, vague—a crouching form full of savage vigor and menace. It was no higher than a horse, but the outline suggested vast bulk and strength. That hissing pant, as regular and full-volume as the exhaust of an engine, spoke of a monstrous organism. Once, as it moved, I thought I saw the glint of two terrible, greenish eyes. There was an uneasy rustling, as if it were crawling slowly forward.

"I believe it is going to spring!" said I, cocking my rifle.

"Don't fire! Don't fire!" whispered Lord John. "The crash of a gun in this silent night would be heard for miles. Keep it as a last card."

"If it gets over the hedge we're done," said Summerlee, and his voice cracked into a nervous laugh as he spoke.

"It must not get over," cried Lord John; "but hold your fire to the last. Perhaps I can make something of the fellow. I'll chance it, anyhow."

As he spoke he braced his feet and saw a man do. He stooped to the fire, picked up a blazing branch, and slipped in an instant through a saltpore which he had made in our gateway. The thing moved forward with a dreadful snarl. Lord John never hesitated, but running towards it with a quick, light step, he dashed the flaming wood into the brute's face. For one moment I had a vision of a horrible mask, like a giant toad's, of a warty, leprous skin, and of a loose mouth all beslobbered with fresh blood. The next, there was a crash in the underwood and our dreadful visitor was gone.

"I thought he wouldn't face the fire," said Lord John, laughing as he came back and threw his branch among the faggots.

"You should not have taken such a risk!" we all cried.

"There was nothing else to be done. If he had got among us, we should have shot each other in trying to down him. On the other hand, if we had fired through the hedge and wounded him he would soon have been on the top of us—to say nothing of giving ourselves away. On the whole, I think we are jolly well out of it. What was he, then?"

"Our learned man looked at each other with some hesitation," said Summerlee, lighting his pipe from the fire.

"If refusing to commit yourself you are but showing a proper scientific reserve," said Challenger, with massive condescension. "I am not myself prepared to go farther than to say in general terms that we have almost certainly been in contact to-night with some form of carnivorous dinosaur. I have already expressed my anticipation that something of the sort might exist upon this plateau."

"We have to bear in mind," remarked Summerlee, "that there are many prehistoric forms which have never come down to us. It would be rash to suppose that we can give a name to all that we are likely to meet."

"Exactly. A rough classification may be the best that we can attempt. Tomorrow some further evidence may help us to an identification. Meanwhile we can only renew our interrupted slumbers."

"But not without a sentinel," said Lord John with decision. "We can't afford to take chances in a country like this. Two-hour spells in the future for each of us."

"Then I'll just finish my pipe in starting the first one," said Professor Summerlee, and from that time onwards we never trusted ourselves again without a watchman.

In the morning it was not long before we discovered the source of the hideous uproar which had awoken us in the night. The iguanodon glade was the scene of a horrible butchery. From the pools of blood and the enormous lumps of flesh scattered in every direction over the green sward we imagined at first that a number of animals had been killed, but on examining the remains more closely we discovered that all this carnage

came from one of these unwieldy monsters, which had been ferried torn to pieces by some creature not larger, perhaps, but far more ferocious, than itself.

Our two professors sat in absorbed argument, examining piece after piece, which showed the marks of savage teeth and of enormous claws.

"Our judgment must still be in abeyance," said Professor Challenger. Personally, I should pronounce for allosaurus."

"Or megalosaurus," said Summerlee.

"Exactly. Any one of the larger carnivorous dinosaurs would meet the case. Among them are to be found

all the most terrible types of animal life that have ever cursed the earth or blessed a museum." He laughed sonorously at his own conceit, for though he had little sense of humor, the crudest pleasantry from his own lips moved him always to roars of appreciation.

"The less noise the better," said Lord Ruxton, curtly. "We don't know who or what may be near us. If this fellow comes back for his breakfast and catches us here we

won't have so much to laugh at. By the way, what is this mark upon the iguanodon's hide?"

"That evening we had a grand discussion upon our present situation and future plans, which I must describe at some length, as it led to a new departure by which we were enabled to gain a more complete knowledge of Maple White Land than might have come in many weeks of exploring. It was Summerlee who opened the debate. All day he had

been querulous in manner, and now some remark of Lord John's as to what we should do on the morrow brought all his bitterness to a head. "What we ought to be doing today, tomorrow and all the time," said he, "is finding some way out of the trap into which we have fallen. You are all turning your brains towards getting into this country. I say that we should be scheming how to get out of it."

"I am surprised, sir," boomed Chal-

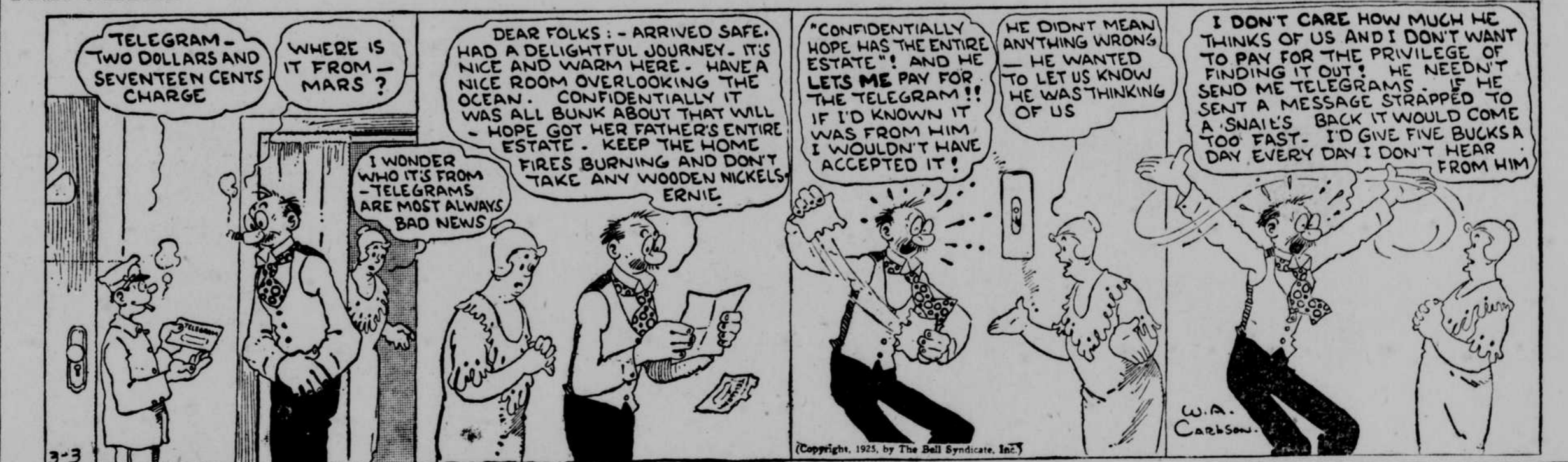
lenger, stroking his majestic beard, "that any man of science should commit himself to so ignoble a sentiment. You are in a land which offers such an inducement to the ambitious naturalist as none ever has since the world began, and you suggest leaving it before we have acquired more than the most superficial knowledge of it or of its contents. I expected better things of you, Professor Summerlee."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBIS



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## JERRY ON THE JOB



## LITTLE HESPER.



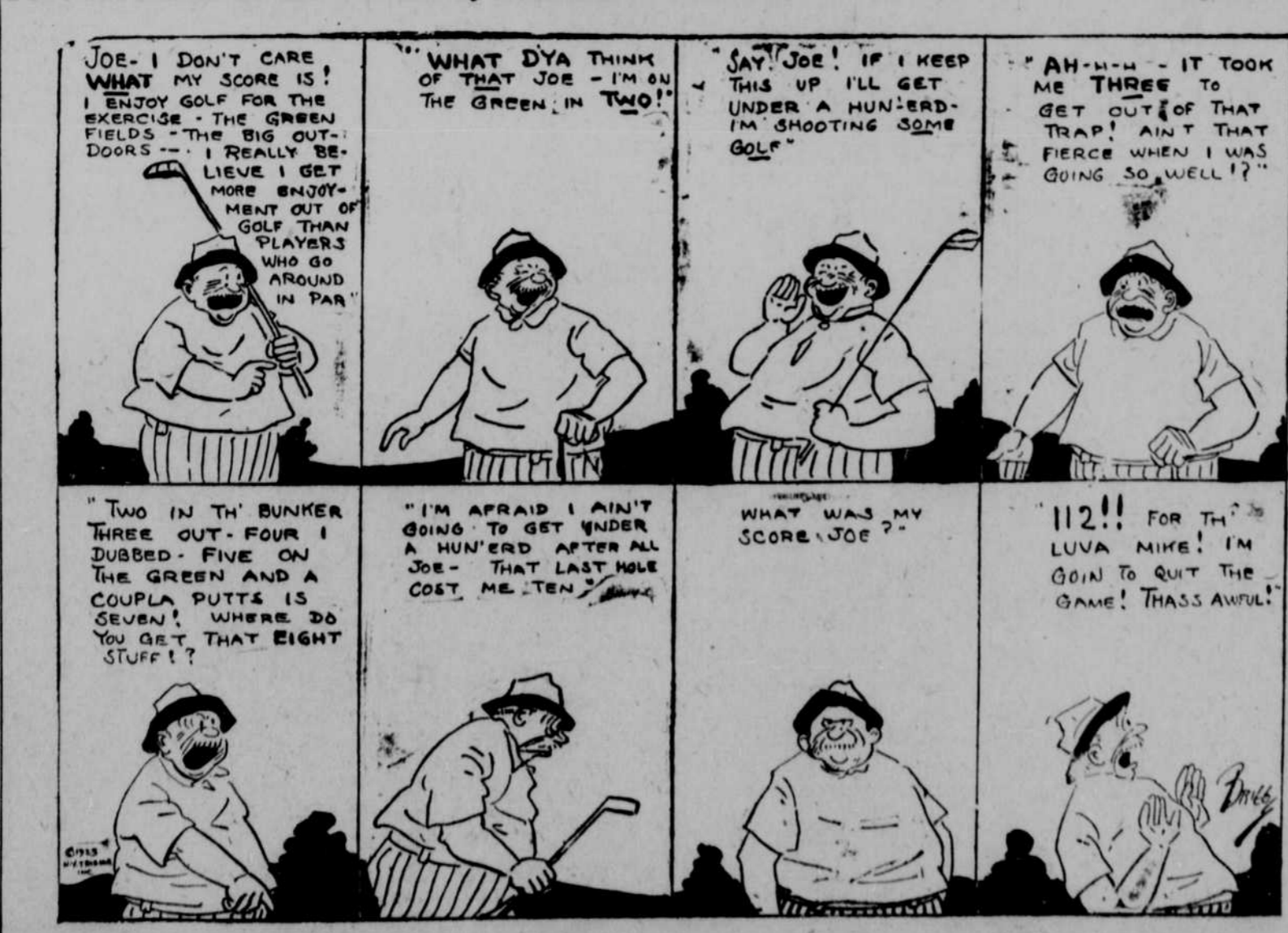
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## TILLIE, THE TOILER



By Westover

## Don't You Believe the Man Who Is Only in the Game for Exercise



## ABIE THE AGENT



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