

# THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)  
"Our young friend certainly said something of the kind. He is also the one among us who is endowed with that Celtic temperament which would make him sensitive to such impressions."

"The whole theory of telepathy—" began Summerlee, filling his pipe. "Is too vast to be now discussed," said Challenger, with decision. "Tell me, now," he added, with the air of a bishop addressing a Sunday school, "did you happen to observe whether the creature could cross its thumb over its palm?"

"No, indeed."  
"Had it a tail?"  
"No."  
"Was the foot prehensile?"  
"I do not think it could have made off so fast among the branches if it could not get a grip with its feet."

"In South America there are, if my memory serves me—you will check the observation, Professor Summerlee—some things which are not monkeys, but the anthropoid ape is unknown. It is clear, however, that he exists in this country, and that he is not the hairy, gorilla-like variety, which is never seen out of Africa or the east. (I was inclined to interpolate, as I looked at him, that I had seen his first cousin in Kensington.) This is a whiskered and colorless type, the latter characteristic pointing to the fact that he spends his days in arboreal seclusion. The question which we have to face is whether he approaches more closely to the ape or the man. In the latter case, he may well approximate to what the vulgar have called the 'missing link.' The solution of this problem is our immediate duty."

"It is nothing of the sort," said Summerlee, abruptly. "Now that, through the intelligence and activity of Mr. Malone (I cannot help quoting the words), we have a chart, our one and only immediate duty is to get ourselves safe and sound out of this awful place."

"The flesh-pots of civilization," frowned Challenger, today, sir. "The ink-pots of civilization, sir. It is our task to put on record what we have seen, and to leave the further exploration to others. You all agreed as much before Mr. Malone got us the chart."

"Well," said Challenger, "I admit that my mind will be more at ease when I am assured that the result of our expedition has been conveyed to our friends. How we are to get down from this place I have not as yet considered."

"I have said—or perhaps I have not said, for my memory plays me sad tricks these days—and I allowed with pride when three such men as my comrades thanked me—or having saved the situation. As the younger but in experience, knowledge and all that goes to make a man, I had been overshadowed from the first. And now I was coming into my own. I warmed at the thought. Alas! for the pride which goes before a fall! That little glow of self-satisfaction, that added measure of self-confidence, were to lead me on that very night to the most dreadful experience of my life, ending with a shock which turns my heart sick when I think of it."

It came about in this way: I had been unduly excited by the adventure of the tree, and sleep seemed impossible. Summerlee was on guard, sitting hunched over our small fire, a quaint, angular figure, his rifle propped against his knee and pointed, as if he had waggled with each weary nod of his head. Lord John lay silent, wrapped in the South American poncho which he wore, while Challenger snored with a roll and rattle which reverberated through the woods. The full moon was shining brightly, and the air was crisply cold. What a night for a walk! And then suddenly came the thought, "Why not?" Suppose I stole softly away, suppose I made my way down to the central lake, suppose I was back at breakfast with some record of the plateau! I would I not in that case be thought an even more worthy associate? Then, if Summerlee carried the day and some means of escape were found, we should return to London with first-hand knowledge of the central mystery of the plateau, to which I alone, of all men, would have penetrated. I thought of Gladys, with her "There are heroes all round us." I seemed to hear her voice as she said it. I thought of McArdle. What a correspondence in the next gear would be within my reach. I clutched at a gun—my pockets were full of cartridges—and, parting the thorn bushes at the edge of our camp, quickly slipped out. My last glance showed me the unconscious Summerlee, most futile of sentinels, still nodding away like a queer mechanical toy in front of the smoldering fire.

I had not gone a hundred yards before I deeply repented my rashness. It was dreadful in the forest. The trees grew so thickly and their foliage spread so widely that I could see nothing of the moonlight save that here and there the high branches made a tangled filigree against the starry sky. I thought of the despairing yell of the tortured iguanodon—that dreadful cry which had echoed through the woods. I thought, too, of the glimpse I had in the light of Lord John's torch of that bloated, warty, blood-slaving muzzler. Even now I was on its hunting ground. At any instant it might spring upon me from the shadows—this nameless

horrible monster. I stopped and picked a cartridge from my pocket. I opened the breech of my gun. As I touched the lever my heart leaped within me. It was the shotgun, not the rifle, which I had taken!

Again the impulse to return swept over me. Here, surely, was a most excellent reason for my failure—one for which no one would think the

less of me. But again the foolish pride fought against that very word, I could not—must not—fail. After all, my rifle would probably have been as useless as a shotgun against such dangers as I might meet. If I were to go back to camp to change my weapon I could hardly expect to enter and leave again without being seen. In that case there would be

explanations, and my attempt would no longer be all my own. After a little hesitation, then, I screwed up my courage and continued upon my way, my useless gun under my arm. The night had been exceedingly still, but as I advanced I became conscious of a low, rumbling sound, a continuous murmur, somewhere in front of me. This grew louder as I

proceeded, until at last it was clearly quite close to me. When I stood still the sound was constant, so that it seemed to come from some stationary cause. It was like a boiling kettle or the bubbling of some great pot. Soon I came upon the source of it, for in the center of a small clearing I found a lake—or a pool, rather, for it was not larger than the

basin of the Trafalgar Square fountain—of some black-pitch-like stuff, the surface of which rose and fell in great blisters of bursting gas. The air above it was shimmering with heat, and the ground round was so hot that I could hardly bear to lay my hand on it. It was clear that the great volcanic outbreak which had raised this strange plateau so many

years ago had not yet entirely spent its forces. Blackened rocks and mounds of lava I had already seen everywhere peeping out from amid the luxuriant vegetation which draped them, but this asphalt pool in the jungle was the first sign that we had of actual existing activity on the slopes of the extinct crater.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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## THE NEBBES



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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 (Copyright 1925)

## JERRY ON THE JOB



PROMOTION DELAYED. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)

## TILLIE, THE TOILER



By Westover

## New York --Day by Day--

BY O. O. MINTYRE  
On the Atlantic, March 4.—Off the coast of Ireland, the British government "big wind, sir." Yet our nearness to land gave us courage. We will touch Plymouth, the first port of call, in the morning. Then on to Cherbourg where we disembark.

Palms are beginning to itch. Tipping time has come. The perquisites for a couple crossing the Atlantic amount to about five pounds or \$25. This is exclusive of the gouge for the seamen's fund. It seems to me some of this should go to widows and orphans of American seamen as it is contributed chiefly by Americans.

I understand the most remunerative job on a liner is that of the chief smoking room steward. This comes mostly from his rakeoff of the auction pool nightly which runs into hundreds of dollars. It is a gambling game in which bets are pooled on the next day's run of the ship.

The salary of a liner captain is about \$5,000 a year. Nearly half of this goes to the British government for taxes. Poor pay for a man who in case of disaster must click his heels and go down with his ship.

I have never seen an auction pool on a ship that didn't have the most officious person on board for the auctioneer. It seems to be a job for the professional smart alec—one of those unorthodox, underbred persons who are so well known in New York.

This one was no exception, indeed a little worse than most. He was a loud-mouthed vulgarist and I was glad to see an American banker and a titled Englishman leave the lounge in disgust. As a matter of fact I see no good reason for the auction pool. It panders to the lowest taste.

Despite rough seas and a difficult voyage my only catastrophe is of a somewhat impersonal nature. The night before leaving New York my portable typewriter gave a few gasps and expired. I was leaving before stores opened and in my dilemma I was aided by Peter B. Kyne, the novelist, who loaned me his. The casing made me feel quite important as Peter has just circled the globe and it was criss-crossed with bright labels from Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Constantinople and so forth. A lurch of the ship today sent it flying. Springs popped, keys fell out and the ribbon was in a hopeless snarl. It seems altogether useless—which makes it rather hard on the owner.

Only the most urgent necessity will make me cross the Atlantic again during winter months. It is physically exhausting and nerve straining. A double trip for me for aside from my own discomfort I was obliged to do a certain amount of work each day. The usher will now pass among you with fresh handkerchiefs and all please weep silently.

We were cheered today by the improvement in the little baby on the way to Capetown who is ill with tonallitis. A ship becomes pretty much like a small town in its neighborliness. There is light gossip and a close-knit air of friendliness. And during stormy weather this camaraderie is accentuated.

People are inclined to light reading on liners. Among the books noticed on the promenade deck were "Rugged Waters" (and why that?), "The Grand Duke's Finances," "Flaming Youth," "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," "R. F. D. No. 3" and acres of cross-word puzzle books. "White Light Nights," by a certain author, is in the library but the librarian told me they had not had a single call for it.

Already sea gulls are darting out from England to welcome us with their spiraling and graceful dips. Of all birds, they interest me most. I can watch them for hours.

## Real Folks at Home (the Soda Clerk)



By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1925)

