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THE OMAHA BEE: WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1925.

the second s

THE LOST WORLD By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

(Continued from Yesterday.) ing out through the bushes at a clear-"Not this time," said Lord John. ing which stretched before us. Ther

Not this time," said Lord John, who had caught up his rifle. "Our best chance is to lle quiet until they have given up the search. Then we shall see whether we can't get back hurts most. Give 'em an hour and we'll march." In the dimension of the search o

to their town and hit 'em where it hurts most. Give 'en an hour and we'll march." We filled in the time by opening of our food tins and making sure of our breakfast. Lord Roxton had had nothing but some fruit since the morning before and ate like a starv-ing man. Then, at last, our pockets bulging with cartridges and a riffe in each hand, we started off upon our mission of rescue. Before leav-ing it we carefully marked our little hiding place among the brushwood and its bearing to Fort Chalkenger, that we might find it again if we needed it. We slunk through the bushes in silence until we came to the old camp. There we halted, and Lord John gave me some idea of his plans. "So long as we are among the thick, said he. "They can see us and we cannot see them. But in the open fai further inland. So that's our line of advance. Go slowly, keep your eyes open and your rife ready. Ahove all never let them get you prisoner while there is a cartridge left—that's mi last word to you, young fella." When we reached the edge of the conse hundreds of the ager interest at the same scene which fascinated and be-wildered us. The open all we can. The edge of the further inland. So that's our line of advance. Go slowly, keep your eyes in a time we then get you prisoner while there is a cartridge left—that's mi last word to you, young fella." When we reached the edge of the conse hundreds of these shagy, red-haired creatures, many of them of some hundreds of these shagy.

there is a cartridge left—that's my last word to you, young fellah." When we reached the edge of the cliff I looked over and saw our good old black Zambo sitting smoking on a rock below us. I would have given a great deal to have hailed him and told him how we were placed, but it was too dangerous, lest we should be heard. The woods seemed to be full of the apemen; again and again we heard their curious clicking chat-ter. At such times we plunged into the nearest clump of bushes and lay the nearest clump of bushes and lay still until the sound had passed away.

still until the sound had passed away. Our advance, therefore, was very slow, and two hours at least must have passed before I saw by Lord John's cautious movements that we must be close to our destination. He motioned to me to lie still, and he crawled forward himself. In a min-crawled forward himself. In a minute he was back again, his face quivtwo figures, so strange, and under other circumstances so ludicrous, that "Come!" said he. "Come quick! I hope to the Lord we are not too late was our comrade, Professor Challen

already! ger. hung in strips from his shoulders

The remains of his coat still

he black tangle which covered hi

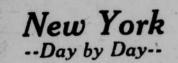
mighty chest. He had lost his hat, and his hair, which had grown long

in our wanderings, was flying in wild disorder. A single day seemed to have changed him from the highest product of modern civilization to the

nost desperate savage of South Amer

heavy chest. Only above the eye

I found myself shaking with ner-yous excitement as I scrambled for-ward and lay down beside him, lookbut his shirt had been all torn out and his great beard merged itself in



By O. O. M'INTIRE. Paris, March 10.—This morning I went to see Louis, the bird man of the Tuileries. He has charge of the hundreds of birds in this lovely pub-lle garden. With a cluck of his tongue he can bring them spiraling to his feet to his feet.

Some were flying north when he brows, where the sloping forehead stood out to call them. They sud-denly stopped as though resting on were n sharp contrast to the broad the bosom of a breeze and then brow and magnificent cranium of the the bosom of a breeze and then darted toward him. The rustle of their wings sounded for all the world like the roar of a racing motor. His pet, however, is Francois, a black magpie. It is a bird that would make a fortune for the owner in

pushed thim roughly aside and shock his head. It was the last conscious movement he was to make upon the king sank down, a tangled red sprawling thing, upon the ground. There are strange red depths in the There are strange red depths in the

THE NEBBS

THE SOCIAL LION.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



make a I in a very few seconds. Then we have American vaudeville. He has fash very different things to think of, for a bayonet and the bird at his com-Two of the apemen had seized one of mand struts about with them in a the Indians out of the group and dragged him forward to the edge of

And he has a pocket in which it poor wretch over the precipice. With will hide at the cry of "Cat!"

will hide at the cry of "Cat!" Near the carrousel where the chil-dren play is another interesting bird owned by a caretaker. It is a spar-row with a wooden leg. He found it one day with one leg hanging by a shred and after nursing it back to be also be the space of the precipice, and there was one long pause of absolute si-lence, broken by a mad yell of dileght. health fitted it up with a tiny one of They sprang about, tossing their long wood

hopping about gayly. The French-man loves to display his record of in-again into line, and waited for the next victim, finite patience and he is just as courteous to those who do not give him a few centimes as he is to those who do.

My linguistic ability is confined to My linguistic ability is confined to taxicab French-a few hadly pro-nounced phrases. Yet one has no his hands frantically before him. He all servants in hotels speak English his comrade's life. The ape-man and in every shop there is someone

foolish after fumbling about in French to be answered by the one addressed in correct. English.

French lawyers seem to believe that every American who lands here is seeking a divorce in the easy fashion that prevails. So far a dozen and nouncement cards from divorce law yers have been reveived.

There is always a slice of Broad way in Paris. Today I saw Ben Ali Haggin, Lou Hauser, Sinclair Lewis, Jed Kiley, Leon Letrim, Raymond Carroll, Charles Dana Gibson and several others who are personalities along the Big Lane.

Paris shrugs derisively at our American spendthrifts. They accept but somehow they resent the big tip that is given with ostentation, swagger and smirk of pride. At Ciro's today a pompous American swept in periously with his fair escort into the pond-frilled room.' He scattered bills in his wake, like a farmer feeding chickens. When he had finished lun cheon and departed the servants clot ted about and discussed him. There was a curl to their lips. The French man would leave only a few sous but would receive better service.

An article I wrote for a magazine about Paris some months ago in which I mentioned the bar flies that buzzed about Harry's New York bar has resulted in the formation of the International Bar Flies Association with a coat button emblem showing a fly on a lump of sugar and bearing the initials I. B. F. A. and I find that I have been elected president. I hasten to add I am in no wise at tempting to live up to the honors of the office. The vice president is a newspaper correspondent who is known by the American colony as one who has never during his eight years paid for a drink. As a Scot am certain I could fulfill the hono be has aquired.

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