

# THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The little red warriors hung upon the words of the speaker, and when he had finished they burst into a roar of applause, waving their rude weapons in the air. The old chief stepped forward to us, and asked us some questions, pointing at the same time to the woods. Lord John made a sign to him that he should wait for an answer and then he turned to us.

"Well, it's up to you to say what you will do," said he. "For my part I have a score to settle with these monkey folk, and if it ends by wiping them off the face of the earth I don't see that the earth need fret about it. I'm goin' with our little red pals and I mean to see them through the scrap. What do you say, young fellah?"

"Of course, I will come."

"And you, Challenger?"

"I will assuredly co-operate."

"And you, Summerlee?"

"We seem to be drifting very far from the object of this expedition," Lord John, I assure you that I little thought when I left my professional chair in London that it was for the purpose of heading a raid of savages upon a colony of anthropoid apes."

"To such base uses do we come," said Lord John, smiling. "But we are up against it, so what's the decision?"

"It seems a most questionable step," said Summerlee, argumentative to the last, "but if you are all going, I hardly see how I can remain behind."

"Then it is settled," said Lord John, and turning to the chief he nodded and slapped his rifle.

The old fellow clasped our hands each in turn, while his men cheered louder than ever. It was too late to advance that night, so the Indians settled down into a rude bivouac. On all sides their fires began to glimmer and smoke. Some of them who had disappeared into the jungle came back presently driving a young iguanodon before them. Like the others, it had a dash of asphalt upon its shoulder, and it was only when we saw one of the natives step forward with the air of an owner and give his consent to the beast's slaughter that we understood at last that these great creatures were as much private property as a herd of cattle, and that these symbols which had so perplexed us were nothing more than the marks of

the owner. Helpless, torpid and vegetarian, with great limbs, but minute brain, they could be rounded up and driven by a child. In a few minutes the huge beast had been cut up and slabs of him were hanging over a dozen fires, together with great, scaly gnawed fish which had been speared in the lake.

Summerlee had lain down and slept upon the sand, but we others roamed round the edge of the water, seeking to learn something more of this strange country. Twice we found pits of blue clay, such as we had already seen in the swamp of the petrodactyls. These were old volcanic vents and for some reason excited the greatest interest in Lord John. What attracted Challenger, on the other hand, was a bubbling, surging mud seaver, where some strange gas formed great bursting bubbles upon the surface. He thrust a hollow reed into it and cried out with delight like a schoolboy when he was able, on touching it with a lighted match, to cause a sharp explosion and a blue flame at the far end of the tube. Still more pleased was he when, inverting a leathern pouch over the end of the reed, and so filling it with the gas, he was able to send it soaring up into the air.

"An inflammable gas, and one markedly lighter than the atmosphere," he shouldered beyond our advance, containing a considerable proportion of free hydrogen. The resources of G. E. C. are not yet exhausted, my young friend. I may yet show you how a wisest mind would use such a gift to its use." He swelled with some secret purpose, but would say no more.

At earliest dawn our camp was astir and an hour later we had started upon our memorable expedition. Our numbers had been reinforced during the night by a fresh batch of natives from the caves, and we may have been four or five hundred in all. A fringe of scouts was thrown out in front, and behind them the whole force in a solid column made their way up the long slope of the bush country until we were near the edge of the forest. Here they spread out into a long straggling line of spear-men and bowmen. Roxton and Summerlee took the position upon the right flank, while Challenger and I were on the left. It was a host of the stone age that we were accompanying to battle—we with the best word of the gunsmith's art from St. James Street and the Strand.

We had not long to wait for our enemy. A wild shrill clamor rose from the edge of the wood and suddenly a body of ape-men rushed out with clubs and stones, and made for the center of the Indian line. It was a valiant move but a foolish one, for the great bandy-legged creatures were slow of foot, while their opponents were as active as cats. It was horrible to see the fierce brutes with foaming mouths and glaring eyes, rushing and grasping, but forever missing the elusive enemies, while arrow after arrow buried itself in their hides. One great fellow ran past me roaring with pain, with a dozen darts sticking from his chest and ribs, in vain he put a bullet through his skull, and he fell sprawling among the alders. But this was the only shot fired, for the attack had been on the center of the line, and the Indians there had needed no help of ours in repulsing it. Of all the ape-men who had rushed into the open I do not think that one got back to cover.

But the matter was more deadly when we came among the trees. For an hour or more after we entered the wood, there was a desperate struggle in which for a time we hardly held our own. Springing out from among the scrub the ape-men with huge clubs broke in upon the Indians and often felled three or four before they could be speared. Their frightful blows shattered everything upon which they fell. One of them knocked Summerlee's rifle to matchwood and the next would have crushed his skull had an Indian not stabbed the beast to the heart. Other ape-men in the trees above us hurled down stones great logs of wood, occasionally dropping bodily on to our ranks and fighting furiously until they were felled. Once our allies broke under the pressure, and had it not been for the execution done by our rifles they would certainly have taken to their heels. But they were gallantly rallied by their old chief and came on with such a rush that the ape-men began in turn to give way. Summerlee was weaponless, but I could fire, and on the further flank we heard the continuous cracking of our companions' rifles.

Then in a moment came the panic and collapse. Screaming and howling, the great creatures rushed away in all directions through the brush-wood, while our allies yelled in their savage delight, following wittily after their flying enemies. All the fouls of countless generations, all the hatreds and cruelties of their narrow history,

as ape-men were brought down from their hiding places in the trees. "We have been privileged," he cried, strutting about like a gamecock, "to be present at one of the typical decisive battles of history—the battle which determined the fate of the world. What, my friends, is the conquest of one nation by another? It is meaningless. Each produces the same result. But those fierce fights

when in the dawn of the ages the cave dwellers held their own against the tiger folk, or the elephants first found that they had a master, those were the real conquests—the victories that count. By this strange turn of fate we have seen and helped to decide even such a contest. Now upon this plateau the future must ever be for man."

It needed a robust faith in the end to justify such tragic means. As we advanced together through the woods we found the ape-men lying thick, transfixed with spears or arrows. Here and there a little group of shattered Indians marked where one of the anthropoids had turned to bay and sold his life dearly. Always in front of us we heard the yelling and roaring which showed the direction of the pursuit. The ape-men had been driven back to their city, they had made a last stand there, once again they had been broken, and now we were in time to see the final fearful scene of all.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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## THE BUILDER.



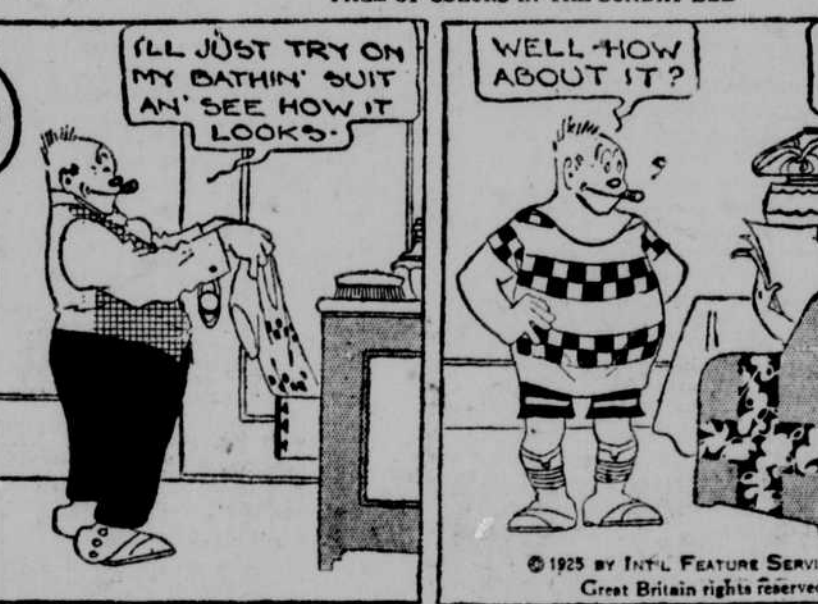
## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



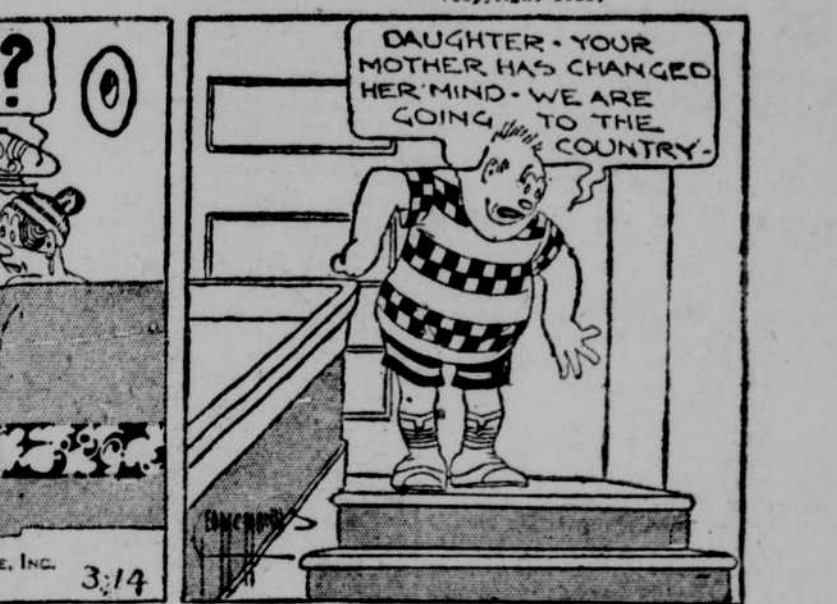
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Paris, March 13.—Montmartre was hedged in by one of those drizzling rains. It was after midnight and I sat at a marble topped table in a little cafe in place Pigalle. The white coated barman was napping with a dozing cat on a sprinkling of those flabby and drooping women known as Georges, Lulu, Gabby and Charlotte. At one table a little aloof was a long-haired student alternately writing and dreamily gazing at the opalescent squares in the street shed by lights inside.

It was interesting to watch the casual patrons who dropped in at this late hour. A police inspector who slipped coffee out of a glass. A clerical, melancholy looking fellow who distributed pamphlets on virtue. And then drank a gin fizz.

A man and a girl. It was a young passing fancy had become a long drawn out and serious liaison. And they were bored. I gathered she was leaving him that night. He was a little sorry but his happy relief outweighed it. Love jells quicker in Montmartre.

A very old woman with ruffled white hair who chattered at a short stemmed clay pipe. She had the face of a wasp and I imagine the cunning. These old hags panache somehow to keep on living in a haze of rum-soaked bliss.

The place reeked with the mingling smells of coffee, eau de cologne and tobacco smoke. A sleepy-eyed boy came out from under the bar where he was napping and sprinkled sawdust on the floor. Then with a hatpin he picked up the cigaret ends lying about and pocketed them to sell later.

Two of the women began to quarrel. French women cat-pit awhile and then pull hair. They did this and ten minutes later were smiling and chatting amiably. It was nearing dawn when I left. Nobody was thinking of going home. Montmartre likes company. It does not enjoy being left alone with its thoughts.

Having remained up so late I decided to make a night of it and visited chez Marianne in the Boulevard de Clichy for breakfast. It is one of those depraved places that advertises "les hommes spirituels et gals" and "les femmes jolies et sensuelles" and it is supposed to serve the best chicken in Paris. Chicken was a little too heavy so I ordered an omelet. It was excellent. All through Montmartre gay parties were on their way for onion soup without which Paris does not believe any hectic night is complete. The prices on the left bank are just about half what they are on the right bank of the Seine and the food and service are just as good. Because the right bank is considered smart it is able to double its price.

I have written so often of the beauty of a Paris morning that it may become tiresome yet I can think of only no thing so awe-inspiring—and that is the New York sky line. I had the driver take me to Notre Dame and watch that enduring bulk as the sun came up for the skies and dried and the day promised to be fair. Notre Dame clutches the past and present. Its portals have been stained by the blood of revolutions and profane hands have pillaged it but its majestic silhouette remains. Its Gothic mystery and imagery give you a sweeping emotion of life and eternity. I know of an unemotional business man who saw Notre Dame one night in the falling dusk and wept like a child. People in the shabby quarters and narrow old streets in the neighborhood were arising from sleep. You could hear singing and laughter. It is surprising to think Paris has so recently passed through a calamity.

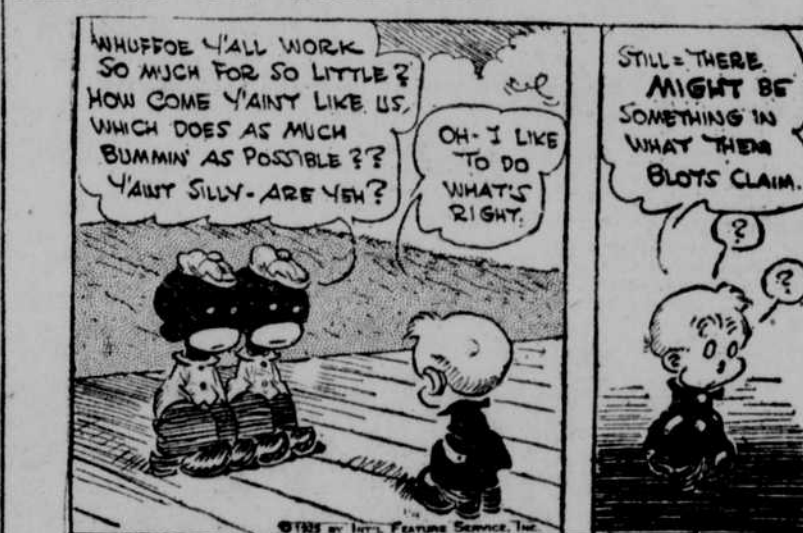
Enchanting as Paris is I could never live here permanently. For after all America spoils you for Europe. Many of our splendid come over here more often for a new appreciation of our own greatness.

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## JERRY ON THE JOB



## STRONG WORDS ANSWERED.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## By BRIGGS



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Movie of a Man Witnessing a Good Bad Play

INSPECTS PROGRAM CLOSELY TO DETECT SIGNS OF RAWNESS

LEANS FORWARD AS CERTAIN RISES TO CATCH EVERY WORD

A TRIFLE DISAPPOINTED AT OUTSET - EXPECTED MORE

PSHAW! NOT AN INDECENT LINE YET

AH! THERE'S A HOT ONE AT LAST - GEE-WHIZ! RIGHT OUT IN PUBLIC!

LOOKS AROUND TO SEE EFFECT ON REST OF AUDIENCE -

SEANS PROGRAM BETWEEN ACTS TO DISCOVER WHO SAID THE INDECENT LINE

NEXT DAY DENOUNCES SHOWS WITH OBJECTIONABLE LINES



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