

# THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Saturday.)

Some 80 or 100 males, the last survivors, had been driven across that little clearing which led to the edge of the cliff, the scene of our exploit two days before. As we arrived the Indians, a semicircle of spearmen, had closed in on them, and in a minute it was over. Thirty or forty died where they stood. The others, screaming and clawing, were thrust over the precipice, and went hurtling down, as their prisoners had of old, on to the sharp barbed six hundred feet below. It was as Challenger had said, and the reign of man was assured forever in Maple White Land. The males were exterminated. Ape Town was destroyed, the females and young were driven away to live in bondage, and the long rivalry of untold centuries had reached its bloody end.

For us the victory brought much advantage. Once more we were able to visit our camp and get at our stores. Once more also we were able to communicate with Zambo, who had been terrified by the spectacle from afar of an event which was falling from the edge of the cliff.

"Come away, masses, come away!" he cried, his eyes starting from his head. "The goblin get you sure if you stay up there!"

"It is the voice of sanity!" said Summerlee with conviction. "We have had adventures enough and they are neither suitable to our character or our position. I hope you to your word, Challenger. From now onwards you devote your energies to getting us out of this horrible country and back once more to civilization."

We had returned across the plateau with our allies two days after the battle, and made our camp at the foot of their cliff. They would have had us share their caves with them, but Lord John would, by no means consent to it, considering that to do so would put us in their power if they were treacherously disposed. We kept our independence therefore, and had our weapons ready for any emergency, while preserving the most friendly relations. We also continually visited their caves which were most remarkable places, though whether made by man or Nature we have never been able to determine. They were all on the one stratum, hollowed out of some soft rock which lay between the volcanic basalt formations.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Paris, March 15.—I have met the most celebrated sportsman and bon vivant of France. His name is pretty well known in America as the result of cable stories of young American beauties falling desperately in love with him.

He is Henri Letellier, best known as the proprietor of Le Journal, one of the leading newspapers of Paris. I expected to see a dashing, excitable and monocled Beau Brummel—a fellow who radiated enthusiasm and the sheer joy of living.

Instead I saw a slight, thin, flat chested man who reminded you of the beak of a pelican. He was dressed with the modesty of a counting house clerk. He seemed tired, listless and worn. Yet he was on his way to one of his celebrated all night parties at his home in Rue Spontini.

Letellier has a hundred different interests—all profitable. He is a plunger at the race track and the gaming tables. He owns some of the casinos. Several American stage beauties are reported to owe their ropes of pearls to his generosity.

He is said to be amazingly attractive to those women of the world to be found always in Paris. They are the migratory birds of massaged and in the bazars of Bagdad, the shooting boxes of the Highlands, in London, Venice and Algiers. They fly everywhere.

I do not believe M. Letellier would cause a head to turn on Fifth Avenue in New York. Yet in the hotel foyer where he stood everybody stopped to look at him. Some were peeping from behind marble pillars. Others walked up to him and looked him over with frank curiosity.

Parisians love the man who takes a big chance. Letellier has for years followed Nietzsche's advice: "Be hard; live dangerously." His papers are daring and progressive and what he makes out of them and his other enterprises he spends with a lavish hand. And France loves that.

One often sees Mabelle Gilman Corey among the butterflies. Having reaped a fortune through her steel rage with W. E. Corey, the steel man, she is able to entertain lavishly. She still looks fairly youthful when others of her age are beginning to show the imprint of time. She has adopted the birdlike quickness of manner of the French. She is one of the few women in Paris whose hair is not bobbed.

Paris has many sidewalk entertainers we used to know on the old Bowery as "buskers." They make their stand in front of theaters and eat fire, swallow swords and do feats of magic for the few centimes that are pitched them. The Paris "busker" has reduced living to a minimum. He can exist on about 25 cents a week. He sleeps in doorways and cadges food and drink by performing in the little circular bars.

The street criers of Paris are also interesting types. The brush seller like a huge porcupine with his stiff bristled brushes, is to be found in every residential street. The window repairer with a pack of different sized window panes on his back makes the business district. And the old men messengers from the dress-making establishments who are drenched with expensive perfume. Today I saw an old bewhiskered papa riding a bicycle near the opera. He was smoking a cigaret and when traffic stopped him he drew up at the curb and extracted a volume called "The View of Love" and began calmly to read until he could go on again.

It is the law in France that the best literature must be in cheap paper back form in reach of the poor. It is a constructive bit of legislation but is spoiled by the laxity in permitting the most flagrant exhibits of pornography to be sold everywhere. Every book stall displays volumes that would send the seller to prison in America.

habits) I have twice in the last three weeks been over to our old camp in order to see our negro who still kept watch and ward below the cliff. My eyes strained eagerly across the great plain in the hope of seeing afar off the help for which we had prayed. But the long cactus-stemmed levels still stretched away, empty and bare, to the distant line of canebrake.

"They will soon come now, Massa Malone. Before another week pass Indian come back and bring rope and fetch you down." Such was the cheery cry of our excellent Zambo. I had one strange experience as I came from this second visit which had involved my being away for a night from my companions. I was returning along the well remembered route

and had reached a spot within a mile or so of the marsh of the pierodocyles when I saw an extraordinary object approaching me. It was a man who walked inside a framework made of bent canes so that he was enclosed on all sides in a bell-shaped cage. As I drew nearer I was more amazed still to see that it was Lord John Roxton. When he saw me he slipped from under his curious protection and came towards me laughing, and yet, as I thought, with confusion in his manner.

"Well, young fellow," said he, "who would have thought of meetin' you up here?"

"What in the world are you doing?" I asked.

"Visitin' my friends, the pierodocyles," said he.

"But why?"

"Interestin' beasts, don't you think? But unsoothable! Nasty rude ways with strangers, as you may remember. So I rigged this framework which keeps them from bein' too pressin' in their attentions."

"But what do you want in the face?"

"Don't you think other people be inquisitive? Professors can't wait to know things," he said at last. "I'm studyin' the pretty dears. That's enough for you."

"No offense," said I.

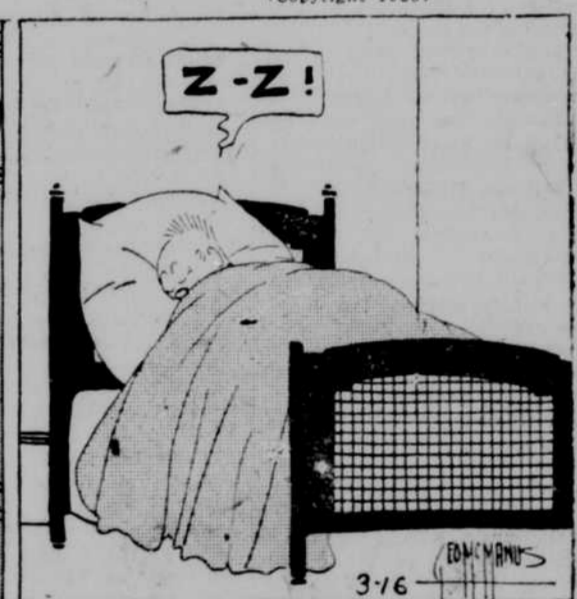
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBS



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## JERRY ON THE JOB

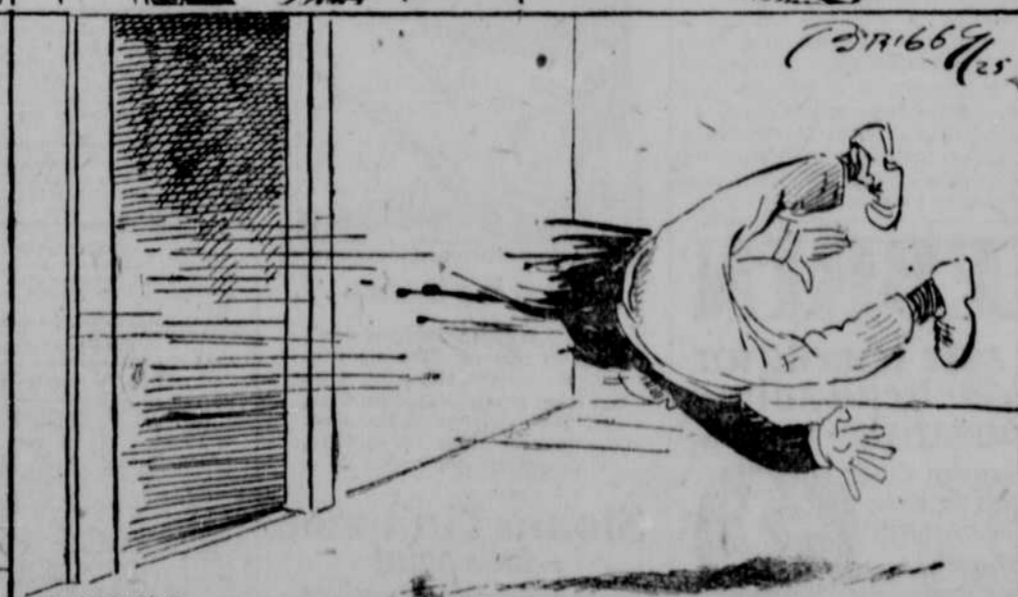
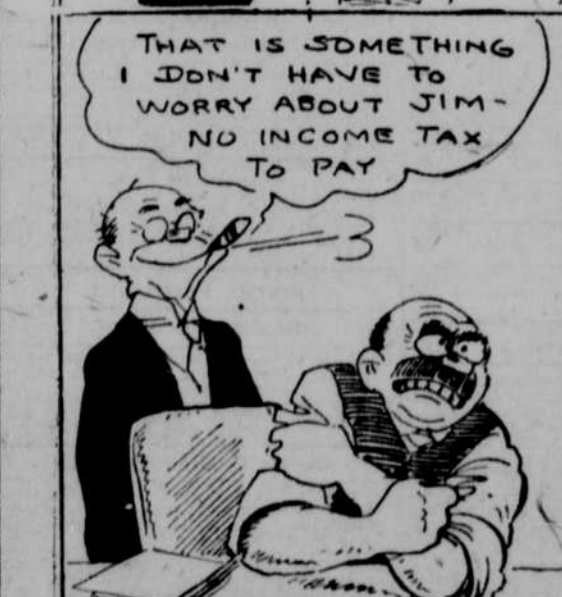


## TILLIE, THE TOILER



By Westover

## There's at Least One in Every Office



## ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

"SOUND" LOGIC.