

T H E L O S T W O R L D

by

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

.....

FIRST DRAFT OF SCENARIO

- by -

CHARLES A. LOGUE

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Adaptation by
Charles Augustine Logue
29 Edgewood Road
Larchmont, N.Y.

THE LOST WORLD

by
Sir. A. Conan Doyle

Doyle's story is a narrative of adventure, without plot or counterplot, but with a very high interest in the adventure, because it relates to the finding of a part of the prehistoric world, inhabited by the monsters of the stone age. The characters, in the main, are well drawn, but hold to single track emotions. There is no love interest.

The adaptation purposes the introduction of mystery, plot and love interest through the openings left by the author himself. Doyle has mentioned a box of rough diamonds at the very end; he has made Challenger appear in a sudden and startling way on the Amazon, when the explorers found only a blank sheet of paper for their guide; he has told of a man, raving like a maniac, and tied down in bed in the upper part of Sir John Roxton's house; he has mentioned a great diamond syndicate that might be wrecked by the discovery of a prehistoric store of white carbon; he has told of an American, who died after discovering the Lost World, one Maple White of Detroit, but he has not mentioned the rest of Maple White's party and whether it included a girl child now left behind in the wilderness. In reality, therefore, the adaptation will take advantage of Doyle's own story, developing it along the line of mystery and terror and love and suspense as each character in turn is suspected of connection with the forces of evil that threaten in the night and seek to keep the expedition away from Maple White Land. Those Gargantuan scenes of the Dinosaur and Pterodactyl and those struggles with a horde of Ape men yet hold for the climax. But before that time of spectacle and startling pictures, there will have been a gripping mystery, love and adventure story that might well make a feature to stand by itself; a melodrama of adventure with villains and heroes and maidens in distress.

Briefly, the new story runs as follows:

London is buzzing with rumor concerning Prof. Challenger, who claims he has found a part of the lost world. He has been hooted off the stage, much like Doctor Cook and has shut up like a clam.

All attempts to communicate with Challenger have failed. He is a giant in stature, black bearded, hairy throated and strong as an ox--and as stubborn. He has done violence to several reporters, who have tried to question him, or penetrate his estate.

The Editor of a certain London newspaper is convinced that something more than the ridicule of the public is keeping Challenger hidden. Reporters from the newspaper have suffered bodily harm, trying to get an interview. The public, truly interested in the report of a prehistoric world with its terrible monsters, alternates between scorn of Challenger and curiosity, now that he refuses to enlarge on his first story, told when he returned from the upper reaches of the Amazon.

Edward Malone, a husky young foot ball player, has joined the staff of the Editor, on the request of Gladys, a girl of the world, into whose snare the young athlete has fallen. Edward Malone, with the romantic spirit of his Irish

nature, has been fired to enthusiasm by the urging of Gladys who has said she will marry him only when he has accomplished some great adventure.

Here then is a fitting match for the ox-like Challenger. Let him receive Malone, the champion football player and try his brutal tactics. The Editor will get that interview if Malone has to sit on the barrel chest of the hairy Challenger, while he takes notes.

Malone, a regular he-man, has no knowledge that his adored Gladys is not worthy, that she is using him for a tool to pry into the life of Prof. Challenger. Gladys writes to her secret friends that she is one step nearer the truth.

The Editor is visited by Gladys, who tips him off to Malone's husky qualities and hides to see results. Malone is ushered in to the Editor and the case explained to him. The Editor has the facts before him, in clippings and cartoons of Challenger. A plan of campaign is needed to gain admittance. After that, it is up to Malone to get the interview. Malone flexes his muscles and leaps over a table or two and announces himself fit. He would not undertake to annoy this man in science, for his own part, but since his friend Gladys evinced curiosity -- bring on your Challenger. The Editor rubs his hands. He summons a reporter or two, who exhibit blackened eyes and general bunged up heads in proof of Challenger's prowess.

As Gladys is hiding, enjoying the antics of Malone, she is startled by a low laugh and wheels to behold the grinning face of Prof. Summerley, the chief and only rival of Challenger in science. Gladys is curious to know how much Summerley knows. But the professor of the beady eyes and hollow laugh is bland. From the quick first impulse of possible evil, Summerley changes to the harmless bug hunter, adjusting his horned glasses and performing after the manner of his kind. He tells her that the Editor invited him and that he frequently enters through the private office in the back of the building.

Summerley comes into the conference room and is introduced by the Editor. Malone dislikes him and his oily ways. Summerley makes contradictory statements. In one breath he scoffs at Challenger and in the next he declares that Challenger is purposely misleading the public. Summerley concocts a letter to Challenger, requesting an interview on another matter than that of the lost world and Malone sends it off.

The answer, insulting and brusque, makes a date for Malone to see Challenger the following day. It warns him however that any trick will be punished.

The entry to Challenger's domain is disquieting. There are dark passages and saturnine servants, who glare at him and betray none of the impressive manner of true domestics. Is Challenger guarded? The whisk of the butler's coat tail reveals a pistol.

In a chamber of horrors in science, seated behind a great desk is the redoubtable Challenger. Malone measures him as he enters. They stand eye to eye, measuring the distance from doorway to desk. It is two strong men come face to face and really from ends of the earth--in knowledge.

A whisper behind Malone, causes him to turn. A timid woman beckons to him. She rubs her hands in her apron nervously as she begs him to be calm under all circumstances. "You must not excite my husband" she pleads. Challenger sees

this interview and takes a grip on the edge of the desk.

"Come here" he roars.

The wife enters past Malone and Challenger rises to greet her. He takes her hand, though she shows fright. He pats it gently and turns to Malone.

"I prefer to introduce my wife" says Challenger. "My dear, this gentleman is the ignorant student who questions my lecture in Vienna some years ago. His name is Malone-- I believe."

Malone bows, a little bewildered.

The wife changes from timidity to tantrums. She pulls her hand free.

"I wish you would behave yourself, George", she says in petulant tones. "I know you are planning something evil towards this young man. The neighbors are laughing at me. There is never a moment that we are not in topic of conversation I wish that----" and so on ad infinitum.

Challenger puts his fingers in his ears. He nods patiently seeming to agree with her, but not hearing a word. He glances to the clock and holds up his finger. The wife ceases her tirade.

"The minute is up" says Challenger and turning to Malone, "I always permit my wife to express her opinion for one full minute each day." Whereupon, he grabs her up like a bundle and marches her to a door, thrusting her out.

"Now then, Mr. Malone, I will give you one minute, though I doubt I could penetrate your ignorance in a year. Please be seated."

Malone finds himself at a loss. He stammers a question regarding fossil remains. Challenger eyes him keenly.

"Before I answer, let me state I am glad you are not a reporter. I had to break three ribs in the last reporter's body, because he came here pretending to be a man of science asking for information from the greatest source of wisdom alive today, namely myself."

Challenger means every word he says. The man is a supreme egoist. Malone begins to match wit with him, deftly leading up to the subject of the lost world. Challenger enthuses over Malone's wisdom.

"You believe that the cerebellum is very tonans" he asks.

Malone considers and agrees that it is.

"Good!" exclaims Challenger eyeing him keenly. "And do you think the theory of spondulix very pecuniary?"

"I certainly do" says Malone.

"So do I", says Challenger stretching his arms and getting his muscles into play. "Young man, you are an imposter. I have been talking gibberish. You are a reported. I am going to take off your arm and beat you over the head with it."

Pleasantly, almost, Challenger rises and makes for Malone.

The trained athlete and the natural giant struggle. The room is a wreck. Malone finds himself out on the sidewalk, facing a crowd collected by the screams of Challenger's wife.

A typical British constable threatens to arrest Challenger. But Malone is seen to be grinning.

"I have no charge to make. It served me right" says Malone.

This so astounds Challenger that he invites Malone to enter the house and promises him an interview. The wife utters a protest. Her husband wants to murder Malone. The athlete accepts the invitation and the crowd melts away. In the background of the crowd, can be seen Professor Summerley and near him a man in a rough sea jacket.

Entering the house again, the wife of Challenger nags him and annoys him. With all the patience in the world, he grabs her and holds her screaming, aloft. He marches her to a tall pedestal and seats her on top of it. It is the stool of repentance. The poor little soul can not move, lest she fall. She must remain rigid and silent. Challenger beckons to Malone and they enter the chamber of horrors. The burly servant of the pistol receives a nod from Challenger and guards the door.

Though I am a man of impulse, I am a man of science, in fact I am the most brilliant scientist, alive today."

Malone bows. Is he dealing with a crank?

"Puny brains like those of myself appointed rival Prof. Summerley have tried to discredit me and my discovery in South America. There are other forces at work, with more evil intent."

As Challenger speaks a bullet shatters the stained glass window. Challenger rushes to the window and lets the draperies close. The servant guard rushes off. Mrs. Challenger on her pedestal screams.

This man is staging himself, thinks Malone. He has done this comic opera stuff to impress me. Malone smiles. Challenger looks at him intently and asks him if he knows anything of the world as science treats it in the period of development millions of years ago. Malone confesses ignorance. Challenger begins to tell him of the monsters of the past. The professor's descriptions sided by the drawings of those animals makes a profound impression. Malone can see the awful monsters rending and tearing in a world of steam and slime.

"And you claim such things exist today?" asks Malone.

In proof, the professor shows him a sketch book that he discovered and describes the finding of the skeleton of Maple White, an American explorer. The sketches and the parts of bones of animals constitute the proof. But what interests Malone the most is a sketch of Maple White's daughter Madge. Is she dead like her father, or is she living in the wilderness? Malone is enthusiastic. He will publish the proofs and defend the professor's statement. Challenger stops him. What you have learned is in confidence, he tells Malone and exacts his word of honor not to reveal it to his paper or to

a soul until the time comes. Challenger is to appear at a lecture in a few days. The subject will come up then. Malone asks if there is any reason why some one should attempt Challenger's life. Challenger by this time has reached into his desk and is tossing an enormous jewel. Malone stares fascinated at the great diamond. Challenger thrusts it back and going into the hall releases his wife from the stool of repentance. He hands Malone his notes, that the reported has scribbled and urges him out the back way, promising to meet him at the lecture.

As Malone went through the garden, his head whirled. Monsters that lurked in a lost world; a great plateau, thrown up ages ago and swarming with beasts of the past; a daring artist and explorer, who drew the things prehistoric and left a glowing image of his daughter Madge? Was there such a girl? Malone was nearing the hedge, his notes still in his hand when a net descended over his head. He struggled free, to behold Professor Summerley apologizing. The professor had made a swipe at a butterfly and crashed the net over the hedge. The professor presented his card. Malone stared at the name, remembering Challenger's reference to Summerley. When Malone asked if Summerley knew he was on the grounds of Challenger, the very evident horror of Summerley was disarming. On Challenger's grounds? He would rather be found in jail. A very ignorant man, Challenger and a charlatan of the worst order. Malone tells Summerley he has just seen Challenger and thinks him one of the most remarkable men. These are his notes on the subject. Summerley reaches for them. Malone pockets them. Summerley asks if Challenger revealed the location of his lost world and on learning that he has not, Summerley scoffs and taunts.

That night Gladys entertained a visitor, Lord John Roxton, late of South America, a hunter of big game and an explorer. Gladys was eager that Malone should meet Lord John. Had Malone succeeded in interviewing Challenger? Malone, nursing a bruised face parried their inquiries. He was interested in Lord Roxton, a powerful ruddy type of sportsman, rough spoken and evidently a lion in courage. The conduct of Gladys puzzled Malone. Why should she insist on seeing his notes? Why the sudden change in her manner? Her sweetness and curiosity overcame him however, and he fell.

"Damned fascinating" said Lord John, leaning over Malone's shoulder. "You know there's a hundred thousand square miles in the Amazon region, where man has never set foot."

Malone felt as though in some way he had betrayed a trust. He pocketed the notes and received a tender good night from Gladys. She gave him to understand that when he had accomplished something big and worthy of him, she would look on him with more favor.

That night, after Malone switched off the light, he lay a long time considering the case. The Editor had not attempted to violate his confidence. Gladys was no respecter of promises. His thoughts turned to the girl of the painting, the image done by the dead hand of Maple White. Suddenly he sat bolt upright. The door of his bedroom was opening. He leaped up and dashed into the corridor. Empty! Far down the hall the wind blew a curtain from an open window. Yet Malone was sure he was not dreaming when he seemed to see a shadow on the door as it opened---by the wind! He went back to bed.

And far off in the land of Jungle, a little girl sat fanning a dying man, the partner of the Maple White, who would never return. The man's fever tossed him in a delirium.

A huge negro servant entered with a skin of water. The girl gave some to the fevered man and begged him not to die and leave her alone. Outside a wild animal crashed past the hut. The negro shook in terror as the desperate little girl seized a rifle and stood poised. The noise passed and the girl knelt by the dying man. Her child-like face, beautiful in sorrow, was haunting.

Malone awoke again. He had a sense of something wrong. He turned on the lights and again ran through the notes he had taken from Challenger. He paused at the drawing of Madge White.

The night of the lecture found a hostile audience. They jeered when Challenger appeared and were rewarded by insulting remarks from the hairy ox of science. As Challenger put forth his proofs, introduced by Professor Summerley, it was evident to the men of learning that something was being held back. The clamor increased, until Challenger issued a challenge. Did those who scoffed dare to prove or disprove his statements. Let them go on an expedition to the heart of the Amazon country. A hasty conference of the scientists agreed. There was a call for volunteers. One man should be chosen from the press, one from the colleges and one from the life of Britain--the sporting world. Summerley volunteered for science, Malone for the press, and --

Amid a silence the third volunteer arose, announcing his name as Lord John Roxton, lately returned from South America, but willing to go back again in the call of science. A dozen men reached for Roxton's hands, welcoming him home. Five years had changed him, they said. All voted him a credit to the sporting instinct of British life.

There were cheers and jeers as Challenger agreed to give the directions to these men and let them investigate his story. As for himself, Challenger refused to be a member of the party. There were cries of "Wild Goose Chase!" but the clamor died under the glare of Challenger.

It seemed but a brief moment, before Lord Roxton had urged Malone away from the crowd. There was the smiling Gladys. She was so proud of her brave reporter. At last he was about to do something that would distinguish him above the common herd.

Later, that night, in response to a message, Malone found himself in Sir John's rooms. He marvelled at the collection of trophies brought by the sportsman from the ends of the earth. As the first step in the expedition, Lord John presented Malone with a powerful pet rifle from his collection and supplemented it with a service automatic. He studied Malone an instant and asked him if he had found anything mysterious in the business. From an adjoining room a cry sounded. Malone startled.

"The reason, I asked", said Roxton indicating the cry. "A crazy beggar came here, half an hour after I accepted the invitation to go on this expedition. He threatened me and I disarmed him. The servants have him bound and gagged and he will be turned over to the police."

Beckoning Malone, Lord John led him to the chamber of the cry, that was now muffled, due to the exertion of a servant, who was replacing the gag. The eyes of the man blinked furiously into the big smiling countenance of Sir John. A word to the servant to be careful of the intruder until

the police came and Roxton led Malone out.

"That is what we must avoid", said Roxton. "These cranks will trail us now, until we are safely at sea."

"But why should there be such a desire on the part of cranks or otherwise."

"Because some one wants to prevent this expedition" said Lord John. "You mean that Challenger has enemies, who wish his discovery to be the object of ridicule."

"Not exactly" replied Roxton.

"You suspect some one?"

"I suspect Challenger" said Roxton gravely. "Either he wants to stop this expedition to save his face and leave the question in doubt, or else he is hiding some bigger reason and doesn't want it proved."

On this theory, though it seemed like treachery, Malone pondered. It was a bewildering affair, at best. With a few instructions and a warning that Summerley was useless on such an expedition and the remaining two must bear the burdens, Roxton bade Malone good night, packing him off with the pet rifle and automatic. At the door he cursed the delay of the police in coming for the maniac.

"If you hear anything strange regarding the expedition, let me know", were his parting words.

A queer character, this Lord Roxton, thought Malone. And yet the very nature of the man's brusqueness and his outdoor life betokened him the fit leader of such a gamble into the unknown...into a wilderness of jungle, which should lead to a lost plateau, on which were great leather bound and bone ridged monsters and a little girl---perhaps.

Arrived in his room, he found a note on his dresser. It was a warning to drop the expedition or lose his life. Malone read it over trying to guess the sender. Was Challenger trying to frighten him?

On the eve of departure, Malone called on Gladys. There he met Summerley, cool, smiling, insinuating. Summerley plainly indicated they were on a fool's errand. A loud argument was heard in the direction of the stairs and a moment later a servant entered in terror announcing a threatening man, demanding to see Malone. The servant was sent back to receive the visitor's card. The visitor, a rough and fearsome type, in a sea jacket, stood with his hat still cocked on his head, though the servant indicated that he should remove it. In response to a request for his card, he deposited the remains of a cigar on the tray. Then he edged his way past and into the room.

Summerley and Gladys drew back on his entrance. Malone advanced. Did the stranger want to see him. Immediately the man's demeanor altered. He wished to accompany them on the expedition. He was a man of great experience in South America, being himself a Brazilian. He further added that Lord Roxton had sent him. Malone, assured him that he was a liar and lifted the telephone. There was no answer from Lord Roxton and Malone was for ordering the man out, when Lord Roxton entered. At once the man showed great deference to Roxton. It was explained that the man, Pedro, had been with Lord Roxton on his previous expedition. Roxton had merely sent him over to see if he was suitable to Malone and Summerley

"Suits me" said Summerley and Malone too agreed. Roxton waved the grinning Pedro away telling him to watch out for the baggage.

In the midst of general felicitations, Malone drew out the threat he had received. "I wonder who wrote that," he mused and tossed it on the table. Summerley was the first to take it up. He scanned it and pulling out a wallet matched it with another just like it. Roxton with a grin produced a third and like the others - he laughed at the consternation of Summerley and Malone.

"Crank, all cranks" said Roxton. "Don't let it get on your nerves." Gladys flew to the side of Malone. Was there danger?

Challenger was announced, striding into the room, shaking hands vigorously and insultingly. Lord Roxton, Challenger let it be known, would probably enjoy the trip for the shooting; Malone, for the wild yarns he might write of the lost world; but as for Summerley, it would no doubt be a total loss to science whatever report he should bring. Whereat, both professors exchanged compliments. Having insulted the gathering in his usual fashion, he attempted to be clumsily gallant to Gladys.

"One moment" asked Roxton, gathering up the threats received by himself and the others. "Do you know anything about these. Did you receive one?"

Challenger glanced at the threats and at the men. He shook his head.

"Some one is playing ghost to frighten you."

"I agree with you" responded Roxton.

Challenger ignored the inference. He fumbled in his pocket and produced a letter.

"Sealed instructions", he announced, "to be opened only at noon December first in the house of the Consul at Para, Brazil."

The others started at him.

"Explicit directions for reaching the lost plateau, or as I call it, Maple White Land. But you must give your words of honor, not to open the letter until that date and hour and place."

One by one Summerley, Roxton and Malone gave their word. With a brief grunt, Challenger handed the letter, not to Roxton, nor Summerley, both of whom were stretching to receive it, but to Malone. He boomed a great laugh and insisted on kissing the hand of Gladys. He waved like a happy school boy, bidding them goodbye. He would see them about a year from now. Roxton would have good shooting at the biggest animals ever known in the world, so big that a rifle bullet would scarcely scratch their hides; Malone would write a nice yarn full of lies and sell it to the ignorant; but the true loss to science would come in what would escape the eye of Summerley. It was too bad, but it could not be helped. So Challenger remarked and departed. A burst of laughter followed, in which even Summerley joined.

"What fools we are", said Roxton. "We start on an expedition with sealed directions, given by a cracked brain."

That is, if we start at all! Roxton looked about the room.

"Oh I guess we start" said Malone, fingering the letter. "And we had best keep faith with Challenger. It is our duty to run this controversy to the end, I for my paper and the public; Professor for science and you Lord John for the sporting world and because you gave your word."

Roxton shrugged. It was evident that he displayed symptoms of disgust. So it was agreed that they should leave for the Amazon the next morning, the sole servant being Pedro, whose grinning face looked at them from the doorway.

Malone's parting with Gladys lacked something. Her repeated promise to consider him among the elect, when he should have returned famous, annoyed him. Once as they sat before the great fireplace, his hand strayed to the sketch done by Maple White. The face of the girl danced in the firelight. What a fancy to intrude on the eve of lovers' parting. A year would elapse, probably more. Should he show this picture to Gladys. His hand strayed and stayed. He buttoned his coat a little closer and a few moments later said good night to Summerley and Lord John. At the door, he puzzled a moment as he thought he caught a look between Summerley and Gladys. He had scarcely departed when Lord John, Gladys and Summerley were deep in conference.

"Could Malone have sent the threats?" Summerley asked in a high snarling whine. "These newspaper men like to add a touch of mystery in their work."

Roxton and Gladys exchanged glances. A soft footstep behind caused Roxton to whirl. Pedro gave back a step under Roxton's glare.

"Baggage read, Senor" he bowed.

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Night in Brazil.

Three travelers in the home of the Consul.

Three men getting on one another's nerves. Jumpay - quick to offense -- guarded. Conscious that they were watched day and night.

The last night of doubt. Tomorrow at twelve o'clock they would open the letter containing Challenger's instructions for the journey to Maple White Land.

Malone had guarded the letter of instructions carefully. It lay in the upper breast pocket of his coat. Neither Summerley nor Roxton had attempted to make him break his promise to Challenger, though there were moments when they scoffed and doubted the importance of the letter.

In the house of the Consul, Malone awaited the hour. One more night and a morning. The consul sat near him as he pondered what the letter might hold. Malone had taken the letter from his pocket and was regarding it, when the hand of the Consul closed on it. Malone was on his feet in an instant, fury flashing. But the Consul only laughed with mocking gaiety, as if the affair were intended as a joke.

"Is the letter so precious?" he asked, and seeing Malone holding his hand for its return, the Consul turned the letter over as though trying to gauge its contents. He was still smiling, though with a knowing cunning. But he made no

effort to return the letter. It was as though he were quite uninterested except for the purpose of making a moment of fun at Malone's expense. Malone crossed to him and took the letter. He too, laughed, believing the matter a jest.

Then the Consul, still smiling, took from his breast pocket a packet of bank notes. He placed them on the table.

"If you will leave your door open tonight" he suggested, "you cannot be blamed if the letter is stolen."

"Why are you interested" asked Malone, forgetting to be angry in his puzzlement.

"My government will gladly pay for the honor of exploring this land of mystery" returned the Consul and swung out of the room as if the deal had been closed. Malone stared after him and called to him. In reply, Roxton entered, followed by Summerley. Both men expressed astonishment at the pile of bank notes on the table.

"The scheming beggar!" thundered Sir John. "Serve him right if we take the money and pretend to deliver the letter. Such a man ought to be tricked at his own game." Sir John Roxton counted the money and whistled. "I will take charge of it, if there is no objection. We will return it to the Consul after the time has passed and we have opened the letter of instructions. Meantime, I would suggest, Mr. Malone, that you keep the letter in a safe place.

This was agreeable to the others and they parted for the night, Malone going to his room and double locking the doors.

During the night, he was startled, as in a dream and rushed from bed, toward a shadow in the room. By the time he had struck a match the figure was gone. Malone felt for the letter. It was safe. Had he been dreaming when he seemed to see a figure steal into the room. Where had the intruder gone. For the rest of the night, revolver in hand, he sat by the window. Nothing happened.

At noon, the hour of permission, the three sat in the office of the consul. It lacked yet a minute of the time. Not until the very hour and moment would they open the letter of instructions. Roxton nodded to the Consul, who hovered eagerly near.

"Your bribe money" said Roxton offering him the bank notes that he had picked up from the table the night before. The Consul accepted it in silence. "It is twelve o'clock" continued Roxton "will you be so good as to retire." The consul shrugged and withdrew.

The hour of discovery. With fingers that trembled, Malone opened the letter. The others crowded about him. An exclamation of dismay was chorused as Malone fluttered the sheets. They were blank.

Foiled! Tricked!

"Challenger will pay for this trick" stormed Summerley. "I will have him hooted out of every scientific club in London."

At this moment a form crashed through the door and hurled against the table. It was Pedro and following him framed in the doorway, bristling scowling and terrible, stoodChallenger.

"This man was spying" said Challenger entering easily and seeming to enjoy the consternation of the others. "Sorry to be late" he continued and sorry to hear the opinion of my scientific pupil, Professor Summerley."

He favored Summerley with a glare, and advancing to Pedro bestowed a kick in the rear of that worthy servant's direction, urging him out the door.

Challenger's explanation was brief. He had left London secretly to avoid publicity. He intended to be at the proper place for the opening of the letter. By this time the consul had entered and was watching keenly. Malone exhibited the blank sheets to Challenger, who eyed them with amusement at first and then with suspicion. He pronounced them a forgery. They were not the same blank sheets. Some one had robbed the letter and found only blank paper even as the letter was blank. Immediately Roxton told of the Consul's effort to purchase the letter. Roxton advanced on the Consul demanding that he tell who urged him to buy the letter. The consul was silent under the urging of Roxton, until the latter threatened him.

"You insist on the name of the man?" snarled the consul. "Then I will tell you." He paused and an electric thrill ran around the room. "The man is in this room and his name is Challenger!"

All stared at the scientist, who was stooping over the table. Challenger raised his head slowly and glowered at them in return.

"I don't know this man's object in lying", said Challenger slowly, "But if you wish to believe him, then you cannot go forward with me to Maple White Land. Where do you stand?"

One by one they came forward expressing confidence in Challenger, but each held a mental reserve. Challenger off red to start on the expedition without delay and they accepted.

When Malone was left with Roxton, he caught Sir John eyeing him hesitatingly. Roxton drew close.

"Look here, Malone," he said, "you and I have nothing to gain in this expedition. Suppose we join forces to watch those that have. I suggest that you keep an eye on Prof. Summerley, whose whole conduct will bear watching. I will watch Challenger. How does that strike you?" Malone agreed. They shook hands.

That afternoon, Summerley drew him aside and proposed they join forces in watching Roxton and Challenger. Malone agreed and later in the afternoon when Challenger drew him aside and proposed they unite to watch Summerley and Roxton, Malone burst out laughing, much to the anger of Challenger.

"At least" thought Malone "no one suspects me, which is very refreshing". And yet, when he considered the aspects of the case, they were disquieting moments ahead. Some one was evidently trying to block the expedition. So far, nothing had been attempted in the direction of murder. Was that to follow? Probably not until they had verified Challenger's story. Did some one want to get on that lost plateau for valuables. He remembered Challenger playing with the huge jewel.

With much shouting and cursing and kicking the expedition with its hundred Indian ~~hunters~~ brush beaters and guides was under way. The grinning doubtful Pedro had made his peace with Roxton, receiving a beating for his curiosity in peering through the window. Pedro had taken the chastisement humbly....too humbly Malone thought.

Came the day at length, when the Indians began to desert the expedition. Their numbers were reduced to a few who kept on by threats of death and promises of gold. And ever Challenger mapped out the course but confided to no one what tomorrow's journey would be. The constant bickering of the two professors was irritating until the very childishness of the jealousy made their quarrels funny. Could this man Summerley hold a deeper reason for his stupid baiting of Challenger. It was doubtful.

One night, when deep in the jungle, Malone dreamed again of the girl in the sketch book, ignorant of the fact that she was within a few miles of him.

Madge White had gone down to the river, the following day and was not witness to the entrance of the expedition that swarmed up to her little thatched hut and overwhelmed her guardian with questions. Challenger was in his glory. This was the first proof of his story...the actual proof that there was a Maple White of Detroit who had gone into the jungle. His companion was waiting nearly two years for his return. The faithful negro, Sambo was their guard.

The first question that leaped to Malone's lips was about the daughter. Was she alive?

She had gone to the spring, some distance away. Malone set out. So did Roxton, but by himself.

What are the day dreams of a girl grown to womanhood in a far off jungle? What thoughts come on the chattering of monkey children in the branches. Madge White had built from their voices a world of her own. She chattered back to them, calling scolding, inviting them to play with her in the pool. She scooped water into a hollow reed and with a plunger, rudely made, squirted water up into the branches, where one little monkey enjoyed the improvised shower. She had taken off her battered boots and was kicking in the pool.

Roxton saw her first and stood observing her, his face betraying hidden thoughts. From another angle came Malone, making his way to her side. Almost as in a dream she saw him. Her first impulse was to get her revolver into play. Then her eyes caught the eyes of Malone and both young people searched souls. How innocent, how fearless, how wonderful she was. They exchanged rapid conversation that was at times bashful. She drew on her boots, shyly. They must hurry back.

The voice of Roxton startled them. Smiling, bartering, he asked to be presented. This done, they went back to the hut, where Madge learned that her father would never join them. What impulse made Malone put his arm about her in her sorrow? And did she answer his comforting?

That night in conversation, Lord Roxton introduced the subject of Gladys, explaining that she was Malone's fiancée, for whom he had undertaken this expedition. Malone felt that he had done this deliberately. In the eyes of Madge White came a sudden coolness. Roxton waxed enthusiastic in his praise of Malone who would dare all for the woman he loved.

As for himself, Roxton said he had come on a venture in the interest of sport.

Thus was begun and almost ended in a day the dawning love of Malone and Madge White. For after that, when they ~~first~~ were on the expedition, she showed an aloofness that hurt him.

Meantime, in far off London a strange thing happened. The police had not come to the rooms of Sir John Roxton to remove the man who was tied to the bed. He had remained, so tied and guarded, until he presented a gaunt, bearded wildness.

The maniac escaped and sought the police. A brief argument followed, until a distinguished gentleman vouched for the maniac. Then the police returned to the rooms of Sir John and cowed the servants in a pistol battle.

"Lord Roxton will be punished for this conduct" said the policeman.

"I am Lord Roxton" said the maniac "at least, I will be when I have bathed and shaved. Then we will see who is this man impersonating me and what are his reasons for the deception."

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Departed, daily, as their expedition went further into the unknown, by more and more of the Indians, the party found itself able to bring only a part of its equipment. Challenger growled and fumed and made himself disagreeable to the others. Madge White preserved an attitude of coolness to Malone and seemed to enjoy Roxton's company.

One day they came to the plateau. It rose in front of them two thousand feet sheer and the rim of the lost world seemed to overhand, making ascent impossible. They began to skirt the table land. Challenger was in his element. He taunted Summerley, who replied that nothing had been proved as yet, except that there was a mountain before them, which they could not climb.

While making their way around the formation, which Challenger claimed had been thrown up in the ages ago, probably in the Jurassic Period, they encountered a cane brake, whose straight lance like stems hard as needles grew upward some fifty feet. In the midst of this spear clump were several skeletons. What could be the meaning?

A little further on, Challenger and Summerley caught sight of a bird perched above them. Challenger brought his field glass into play and danced with delight.

"Pterodactyl", he cried. "We are discoverers greater than Columbus. We are the first scientific men to behold a part of the prehistoric world in life."

Summerley peered up at the cliff, snorting disbelief. He called the bird a South American condor and reached for the field glasses. But Challenger was holding them fast and dancing with joy. In a tree nearby a monkey observed them. He plucked a nice hard cocconut and heaved it. It landed on Challenger's shoulder. He removed the glasses coldly and glared at Summerley, who reached for them. The monkey threw again and Summerley whirled on Challenger accusing him of trying to prevent him from verifying his fake discovery by assaulting him.

By the time that a third coconut had been heaved and both discovered the miscreant, the bird on the cliff had gone. Challenger wildly proclaimed his discovery. Summerley equally doubted it and the argument grew into a fight. Roxton, coming up interfered and placated Challenger by saying that he had observed the bird himself and it was not like any living thing he had ever encountered.

After days trying to find an opening in the cliff, the keen eyes of the girl discovered a pinnacle that could be climbed, but which was divided from the plateau by a chasm of seventy feet across and over a thousand deep. By dint of great effort they reached the pinnacle and considered means of getting across. The vegetation on the pinnacle and what they could see on the lost world was curious and wonderful.

They finally decided that the only means of crossing was to fell a lone tree that stood near the edge of the chasm and trust to chance that it would fall across, forming a bridge. This was accomplished late in the afternoon and Challenger was the first man across. Malone, Summerley and Madge followed. Roxton started across, but wheeled at the warning shouts of those on the other side. Pedro was prying at the base of the tree, cursing and gloating at Roxton's danger. Roxton ran bravely to the opposite side and gained safety just as the tree fell into the chasm. Seizing a rifle he fired at Pedro, who mocked him from the edge, and as the bullets took effect, Pedro whirled and followed the tree.

"The attacks on us are explained" announced Roxton, when the others had congratulated him on his escape. "Pedro was working for some interests from the beginning."

The peril of their situation soon dawned on the explorers. They were cut off from escape. They had reached the lost world and were marooned with they knew not what dangers. Luckily they had rifles but their food supply was meagre. They called across to Sambo and the professor who had accompanied Maple White. No other tree grew near the chasm and the strength of the combined party was not enough to move another tree. And if they could move it, how could they stand it erect so that it might fall across. Plainly they were out off in a land of terror unknown.

While they were debating on what course to take, an immense whirring of wings accompanied by a loathsome smell came to them.

"Run for your life" cried Challenger, leading the way to a clump of trees. Roxton opened fire on the beast, whose fifty foot wings, like those of a giant bat flapped on the other side of the trees. They could see the great beak with rows of murderous teeth and the gleaming bloodshot eyes in the flattened head of the monster. There was a gasp of relief when the bird flew off stung by the stream from Roxton's elephant rifle.

"It was a Pterodactyl" admitted Summerley, half crazed with joy over the discovery. Challenger took the praise of his rival with a sneer. There would be more to see and please heaven they should not encounter other animals of the sort that inhabited the lost world. The most to be feared, Challenger told them, was the terrible dinosaur whose fossil remains still abound in parts of England and the United States. If one of these should be alive.....

For safety, they set to work in the waning light, building a stockade. The men took turns guarding their stronghold. From the start, they felt they were watched, but they labored with feverish haste to erect around themselves a barrier against the unknown. Far above in the jungle pathways of the giant trees were the silent spies. Dropping noiselessly from branch to branch came the scouts of the Ape men. Unseen, these prehistoric men, whose squat hairy bodies, flattened skulls and long wolf teeth proclaimed them almost animals, drew nearer. The scout leader picked on Madge as his objective.

When the ape man was close enough to touch her, she turned as though warned. The ape man withdrew, just as Madge seeing him cried out. In a flash Malone was at her side, but not one whit sooner than Roxton, who sent a shot crashing into the tree. A cloud of leaves and moss descended as the Ape men made off in the darkness. By the light of flare torches made of twisted palm the work of fencing in was continued.

Both Malone and Roxton stood by Madge as though each was unwilling to relinquish her care to the other. The heavy voice of Challenger accusing them of endangering the life of the expedition by their actions brought them to their senses. Challenger berated Madge and all womankind that put a snare in men's path of duty. For answer she came to him and elected him her best friend. Was he not the strongest and the wisest and the handsomest. Challenger admitted that for a girl she showed signs of intellect. Of course he was all three that she had said. She might remain by his side if she wished...only she must not annoy him.

So the night wore on in the building of the small stockade.

Malone and Roxton sensed they were rivals. Their indifferent looks and exaggerated politeness made matters worse. To Madge this was a thing of sorrow and probable disaster. Why should two seeming good friends become almost enemies! She must be the one to blame. Here in this hour of dread she confessed to herself that she wanted to be close to Malone, while filled with a fury that he should have tied himself to a girl in London. He had told her, that day when they first met in the jungle, how he had dreamed of her face. The words thrilled her yet. She had not confessed her secret hopes that heaven might send some handsome youth like Malone, and then on the top of her joy came the revelation that Malone was in love with a girl in London. What right did he have to deceive her. If he were honorable, he would have told her in the beginning and not force her to learn the truth from Lord Roxton. She resolved to keep clear of both men, pinning her faith in Challenger, whose gruff rudeness hid a good heart.

Unknown, of course, to the toilers at the stockade, the intruder apes had passed over the aerial jungle route to another part of the plateau, where the prehistoric men had their village. Here the chief scout made his way to the king of the ape men reporting the new comers. A chattering council of war was called by the king. This individual, he could scarcely be called human, and yet he was the true descendant of the forefathers of humanity, presented a remarkable appearance. It might seem almost profane to mention it, but the king of the ape men bore a striking resemblance to Challenger, when his bearded mouth was closed and the wolf teeth hidden.

As the men toiled in the stockade they were aware of a crashing and a horrible rending. Out in the blackness beyond, they could see two gleaming eyes that shot fire. It was never tiger or animal that civilized man had encountered. The crashing thing, just a huge shape in the light of the torches came as far as the stockade posts. They could see the enormous head and the terrible jaws dripping with blood. The monster crashed past evidently in pursuit of some creature.

"Dinosaur!" breathed Challenger. "The most blood thirsty and terrible of prehistoric creatures. Yet in all that giant body there is no brain as big as a mouse. It hunts by following a scent and crashing through all obstacles. If it had caught the track of us first we would not be alive." At dawn, Malone climbed a tree and had the first long view of the plateau, which was their prison. He sketched a brief map to the distant rim of a very active volcano.

The explorers knew that they must perfect their stockade and be careful not to venture far from its protection. Their first excursion brought them into a field, where they beheld the foolish monster iguadon feeding from the tops of trees. They were able to observe this monster of stupid bulk and to note that he was joined by others, each of them bearing a huge dab of clay along the shoulder.

"Farm animals of the prehistoric man and branded" was the explanation of Challenger. This theory, naturally was doubted by Summerley. In the first place, where were the prehistoric man and in the second place how would they handle the iguadon. Would they say "Come Boss" or how. Challenger glared in answer and searching found a piece of the clay with rude markings.

"Blue volcanic clay" announced Challenger" and plainly marked in a rude language. The clay by the way is the same as can be found in Kimberly and nowhere else in the known world."

"Let me examine it" said Roxton quickly. His eyes narrowed as he looked at the clay.

"It is not the same" he announced. "I have been in Kimberly."

Challenger did not bother to reply. He was busy examining a new specimen. Summerley hopped about and danced with glee as each discovery was noted. Their names should go ringing down in history. Roxton pocketed the clay. It was evident that there was none in their immediate vicinity.

In the meantime Malone had taken Madge a little apart and was trying to win back a place in her regard. Without the training of society to aid her in deception, Madge did very well naturally and by dint of softening retreating cooling and scorning, she made of his explanation regarding Gladys a thing of which he was not proud. But for the arrival of Roxton their talk might have ended in a real quarrel. For she was stamping and flaring at him.

"Pardon my intrusion on this little domestic scene" said Roxton lightly, "but I advise you to join the others. We are too far from the stockade to be divided."

Starting from this point in the story, the remainder of the tale on the plateau is sheer adventure.. with one exception. Unknown to the explorers, but suspected by the audience, Roxton the false one is planning for their deaths and the delivery of the girl to himself. From the time they find diamonds in the blue volcanic clay, the origin of the attack is known. It is the diamond syndicate which fears extermination from the new find and has suspected from the jewels in Challenger's possession the existence of such a diamond field.

Gladys and Malone had been tentatively engaged. This is used by Roxton to keep Madge and Malone from expressing their love. Roxton is making a play for Madge.

While Malone is away, the ape men descend on the others and carry off Madge with them. The king of the ape men honors Challenger who looks like himself. The ape men condemn several Indian prisoners to walk off the cliff to death on the bamboo spears below.

Roxton escapes and finding Malone hurries him back to the rescue. They rout the ape men, but the king holds on to Madge. The Indians who were rescued are reinforced by a flotilla of war canoes on the great lake. A battle ensues in which Madge is saved by Malone who kills the king of the Apes.

Diamonds are found by the party, though Roxton belittles their value. Escaping gas from the marsh near the lake suggests the idea of a balloon to descend. Roxton double crosses the party and escapes in the balloon after an attempt to steal Madge.

A way out of the plateau is described by the Indian Chief's son. But the way leads through peril of monsters. Interspersed with the adventures of human conflict come the discoveries and dangers from various animals of the lost world.

It cannot be decided until after seeing the miniatures and the possibilities of combining living characters with them, just what course these further adventures will assume.

The climax of the story suggests itself in the rescue of Madge White across a land of fire...the long shots done in miniature of steaming lake, fire swept lava ground, with volcano active.

The true Lord Roxton meets them after their escape by the cave shown them by the Indians.

Their progress to London is swift. Madge and Malone, while they love, have the barrier of Gladys. She is found to be the lady elect of the false Roxton, who plans the death of them all and the wiping out of all trace of Maple White Land.

This the syndicate decrees shall happen at the meeting in London where the expedition will report. But the freeing of the small Pterodactyl which Challenger has brought home secretly, causes a panic among the attackers and the death of the false Roxton. Gladys is discovered in her duplicity and the lovers are free. They are rich and life opens before them. But a way must be left open for a sequel, either in Gladys feigning love for Malone and keeping them apart, or in the false Roxton escaping

and starting a rush of his own gang to Maple White Land to gather the hoard away from Madge and the rest.

It is almost impossible to decide now what thrilling finish will be employed---whether the rescue of Madge from the Ape men and the flight of the false Roxton through the fire swept territory; whether the identity of Roxton will be concealed, through attacks continue after they have left the plateau, winding up with the last attack in the meeting in London; whether the true Roxton appears only at the last moment when Madge is in terrible danger, thus holding the solution of the mystery to the very last.

The limit of what can be done in miniature will decide this,, it being better to supply the great rescue thrill as unlike anything ever done before as the prehistoric animals are for novelty. In other words, if we can do in miniature what the Prisma people caught in the Mount Diabolo and tinted red; and if we can put into this inferno a girl in peril both physical and moral and a hero to save her---well curtains and a road show de luxe!

In any event the plot is to be maintained and disclosed only at the finish, when the man known as Roxton is found to be an imposter hired by the diamond syndicate to wreck the expedition. It was he who used Gladys to get Malone with Challenger and smoke him out. It was he who made the mysterious attacks to scare off the party. It was he who fell in love with Madge and tried to save her for himself, while preparing to kill the others.

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