

crowd in reply at my expense. It was indeed misery for me to sit there and suffer mental torture without power to explain things.

I would scarcely have known that the car moved had it not been for the fact of the buildings passing on the outside. The quiet, effortless motions did not seem of the noisy earth to which I belonged; they seemed so out of harmony with things as I knew them. They were not earthly as I knew the earth. They were more like what one might expect to find in Heaven, but not in this world. There seemed an association of unfathomable evil attached to it all which frightened me even more than the curiosity of my fellow passengers.

I remained in the car, however, in a sort of stupid terror, with a sense of being regarded in the same manner as a curiosity will be at a circus, until we reached a terminal. There I left the car with all the others, looked about for a few perplexed moments, and then hailed a taxi which was about to pass, and apparently going cityward.

"Are you going down town?" I enquired.

"Yes sir."

"Is it a public conveyance?"

"Jump in."

I "jumped in" as the driver opened the door, still conscious of that scrutiny which had haunted me since my arrival in "Neandertholia."

On the way back the same eerie noiselessness trailed after us. Although the jitney travelled at rates varying from fifteen to thirty miles an hour, scarcely a sound reached my ear from the motor. The combustion appeared to be buried in an engine block that was absolutely sound-proof.

I congratulated the driver on the efficiency of the car and the comfort which must accrue from its silent motion.

There was no smell of gasoline, and scarcely any heat from the motor.

"Yes," replied the driver. "It's a swell little car, but the direct air-current power has revolutionized car building."

"Direct air-current power!" I cried out in astonishment.

He regarded me with more of that objectionable curiosity, as though such ignorance had puzzled him.

"What is your chief source of supply?" I enquired.

"Well, Niagara is the central power for Canada," he said.

From this I gathered that a sort of radio power had been established, where all energy was derived direct from the electrified atmosphere.

"I am a stranger here," I explained in justification for my lack of knowledge.

With the ground thus solidified I questioned the driver about the "Fifty-Fifty" creatures, numerous members of which we passed on our way.

"What, those fellows with the stick?" he said.

"Yes, those," I replied, pointing to one.

"Oh, those are Professor Agnew's new race of humans," he informed me, with the usual measure of curiosity.

"New race of humans!" I mimicked, looking at the man in astonishment.

"Yes. Did you not know?"

"You wouldn't call those creatures human?" I said evasively.

"Well, they claim to be; and why not?"

"It is one thing to claim the honor, and another to prove it," I continued to argue.

"They have proved it," he replied.

"In what way?"

"They can talk."

I gasped. Although this was an apparent fact, it was no less unbelievable.

"They are to be congratulated," continued the taxi driver.

"They have accomplished a great deal; and, if they aspire to

the distinction of being a new human race, I see no reason why they shouldn't be allowed to think so at least."

"Yes, it's really no one's business," I agreed.

"But their course is not paved with rubber, nor their car equipped with pneumatic tires," he continued to inform me. "They have embraced Christianity, and all kinds of religious denominations are after them."

I told him that I had never taken a great deal of interest in religious controversies.

"But this is different," he informed me with all seriousness. "It is a religious battle between the old and new human races."

I gasped again.

"When a school of fanatics claim for themselves a monopoly in the soul business, trouble can't be sidetracked," he continued.

"But then, it surely wouldn't come to that?" I said, trying to appear wise.

"Nevertheless there are some who would revive the Inquisition in order to exterminate them. Thank goodness they are in the minority. The new race is here to stay," the taxi man continued to explain as he pulled up at a signal from an automatic sign at a congested crossing.

I agreed that appearances would seem to bear out that theory.

"What do you think of the Gilfoil-Uumlah deadlock," he went on when the sign had permitted his passage.

This was another snag to overcome. In my profound ignorance I had no opinion to offer.

"I am at a loss to know what to think about it," I said by way of escape.

This loosened the man's tongue, and he began to tell me what HE thought about it.

He became very talkative, and I permitted him to ramble on while I listened and absorbed much valuable information with regard to the singular creatures which I had classified in my own mind as a Fifty-Fifty standard as between man and monkey.

He told me that one Gilfoil, a true-man and religious fanatic; and one Uumlah, (pronounced U-um'-lah), a monkey-man, had locked horns on religious questions, chiefly touching matters of the soul and the Hereafter. Gilfoil denied the new race any of those blessed privileges, while Uumlah emphatically defended his people in their rights as human beings to such high honors.

"I have attended meetings of both of those men," he said, "and their fanatic opinions certainly make me weary. I don't believe either of them knows what he is talking about."

"A question if they do," I agreed.

"Such questions have grown too big for the human brain," he philosophized.

I smiled:

"Fools still rush in where angels fear to tread," I quoted.

I was told that this Gilfoil did not by any means voice the sentiments of the great majority. He was leader of a very noisy minority band which would have been dangerous to the new race had it been successful in interesting the world generally in its doctrine. But the great mass was willing to concede a soul as well as a hereafter to the aspiring contemporaries so long as it in no wise jeopardized their own prospects.

He added that the new human had been elevated to its present standard in the scale of organic beings through the sole instrumentality of this Professor Agnew whom he had already mentioned, and by the Professor's ancestors back through many generations. In fact, this family of remarkable men had accomplished for the anthropoid in a few cent-