

would strike with such fury and effect that death would be instantaneous. At the very dawn of their intelligence a horror seemed to possess them for the eating of flesh of any kind. As their brains developed more and more, this horror increased, and when they embraced the Christian religion they selected from the Bible for their motto the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' To-day they are the greatest champions against the killing of animals of any sort, for any purpose whatever."

"The new race must be a decided improvement on the old, at least morally," I said during a slight pause.

"Assuredly they are in more ways than one. In time they will have the old race backed off the map. They are more industrious, more prolific, and less inclined to idleness," assured the Professor.

"They will no doubt give us a race for our very existence," I complimented the coming people of the world. "I have to thank you for the valuable information you have given me, sir."

"But I have not told you all. I trust you are not growing weary?"

My eyes were again rivetted on the beautiful form of Miss Agnew, who had appeared from somewhere and was standing on the lawn in full view against the lovely green carpet. She had been picking flowers, for she carried a bouquet in her right hand of richly colored blossoms. She advanced across the lawn some distance, then sat down on a camp stool before an easel, picked up a palette and brush and began to paint on the canvas which was stretched on the tripod. Was she an artist? I followed each movement of her arm and body as though I were a lover of unblemished infatuation.

"Does your daughter paint?" I questioned the Professor.

"One of the rarest amateurs I ever met," complimented the father. "I must show you some of her work—later."

"I should be delighted."

Anything associated with Miss Agnew was becoming an immense pleasure to me.

"I am a direct descendent of this Professor Newman," continued Agnew, picking up the thread of his story again.

"Then your name should be Newman," I objected.

"No, for it has been switched about a great deal; in the same manner, were you to succeed me, the name hereafter would be Bruce," he replied mysteriously, while his eyes penetrated me even deeper than they had done before.

"What do you mean?" I inquired, looking at the man with as brave a front as possible.

"Oh, nothing. Simply an illustration to prove how it might be done," he explained.

He followed my eyes through the window; and, when he saw Florence sitting still engaged in her work, he smiled.

"My only child," he said, as though in regret, "but the most wonderful, most unselfish, most obedient daughter ever man had. My wish is her command."

"Indeed."

He surveyed me again, this time as though to gather what effect his words might have on me.

"And a genius," he complimented further. "A prize for some man."

He surely did not imagine that I might marry Miss Agnew and succeed him?

"However, that as it may," he went on. "You know, I have no son to step into my shoes; and, in the event of my failing to round up one who can wear them, I fear the work of centuries may be lost."

Just as I thought. Things were becoming so dreadfully personal. I made no comment whatever.

"Of course, Florence might assume the burden personally. It has been done before. But the task is too heavy for a woman. Be-

sides it goes beyond those realms which are the limit of feminine understanding."

I did not agree with him in this. I had my own wife as a living contradiction to it, but I refrained from mentioning the fact that I was a married man and the father of two children.

"My successor will no doubt turn up in due course," the Professor went on. "Failing another, Uumlah will do, and Florence thinks a great deal of him—"

I gasped. Was I in the presence of a madman? Would this man, this Professor, this father, consider for one moment marrying his daughter to a Fifty-Fifty, a distinct species, an animal?

"What did you say, sir?" quizzed the Professor.

"Nothing, sir; oh, nothing," I blurted out in confusion. "Florence—I mean Miss Agnew, has just dropped some paint on her dress."

He laughed, very heartily for him, and went on:

"This ambitious ancestor of mine handed along to the next and all succeeding generations of his family, the work which time would not permit him to complete, in fact, only permitted him to begin. He outlined his will and wishes in a strange document which he called his last request, but which all his descendants have treated as an eleventh commandment."

"Wonderful!" I cried out in meek admiration for the great ancestor. And I was so pleased that he had drifted away from the subject of his daughter's marriage.

"I can show you the original document," he said, rising and going over to a large safe which stood in one corner. "I have it here just as it was on the day that it was executed, with the exception that time has not been too careful of its complexion." And he opened the huge door. "You can read it for yourself. You may recognize the Professor's signature, since you knew him so well." And he laughed at me while handing over the document. "You will understand there is a great deal between the lines which must be deciphered."

I relieved him of what appeared to be a very ancient document indeed.

"Strange how well preserved it is after so many years," he commented.

I looked him over in astonishment.

"Of course the paper is of the most expensive linen," he added further.

I opened the document and read a very remarkable piece of literature. It was dated a place which I did not know, a day in July, 1910, a short time before the Professor was supposed to have departed this earth. It was couched in a language which I shall never forget. It was a command so worded that those upon whom the duty evolved had no means of escape only through dishonor and disrespect for a sacred appeal of a dead and illustrious ancestor. It seemed to me like a message from the All High. The signature, like the tone of the manuscript, was in a bold, firm, determined hand, as from one who was accustomed to being obeyed.

It was perhaps the strangest will ever made by a human being. It left a few, half wild, half domesticated, half monkey, half human creatures, whose education along intellectual lines was to be continued down the centuries, to his son and his son's son, and so on until that had been accomplished which he had set out to do, the creation of a new intelligent being.

I handed the document back to the Professor when I had finished reading:

"Remarkable!" I said.

"I assure you," the Professor replied, "that the work has been carried on just as outlined in the will. At first it was doubtful and bore little fruit, even generation after generation. But at last signs began to dawn that the objective might be reached."

One day a Fifty-Fifty actually spoke an articulate word and understood its meaning. It is not recorded what that first word was, but it is thought to have been either 'yes' or 'no.' To-day, intellectually at least, they are our equal, morally our superior. They are a new race come to the world to modify, if not to cure us of our corrupt habits. This has created much jealousy among members of the old race. Not only in this but in religious matters the rivalry is very bitter; and, although a great many are neutral, the minority propaganda is serious. The Fifty-Fifties, in the weakness of their numbers, require protection from such enemies."

"Enemies!" I echoed in some surprise. "Who on earth would wish to discourage such a marvellous work? Is it not the will of the Almighty, although the means to the end comes through human endeavour?"

"Even their rights as human beings are being challenged," continued the Professor.

"Impossible!" I cried out.

"You don't understand human nature—the original human nature, I mean—or you would be able to grasp the situation in an instant," replied the strange man.

"I know it is very selfish," I said on the defensive.

"The religious element will not grant them the comfort of a soul, and the industrial world protests against them holding land, all on the ground that they are not human."

"It seems to present some difficulty," I remarked, not knowing just what to say.

"A difficulty? It is more. It is an obstacle. I have been combatting it all my life, yet seem no nearer victory than at the beginning."

"Yet you persevere?" I said in admiration.

"As my fathers have done, so shall I continue to the end," he said with determination. "There is some internal instinct that will not permit me to quit."

"It is surely not war between the old and new human races?" I questioned, now deeply interested.

"Exactly."

I was dumb in the presence of such an unprecedented economic situation.

"And, should they outnumber the whites!" I broke out in alarm.

"The entire problem rests upon the question of the supposed special creation of man in the image of God," continued the Professor, delving deeper and deeper into a subject that was now appealing to me as the most vital that had yet confronted humanity. "Of course it is scientifically known that man is not a special creation, but came forward from the dark past with all other animal creations, and from some low organic origin."

This was introducing a very delicate subject, and I was not prepared to argue for or against, being profoundly ignorant in this respect, and having taken all for granted that had been told me thereon.

"Are we not identical with all other animals?" the Professor continued with hot enthusiasm. "Have we not the same body externally and internally, the same limbs, bones, heart, lungs, alimentary canal? In the senses we are commonly gifted—sight, hearing, taste, scent, touch, brain. In two things only do we lead—thought and speech. And it must be shown me why an animal with a brain to function and a tongue to talk cannot be taught to think and speak."

Heavens, my own words! He was voicing my own sentiments.

"The Fifty-Fifties have proved it," he went on in triumph. "And because of this many would seek to destroy them, even as Pharaoh sought to destroy the Children of Israel in the Red Sea."

He paused and looked at me as though to ascertain if I were following him with the prescribed attention. He was apparently satisfied, for he went on: