

"Some fellows think they own the streets," he grumbled. "That fellow tried to edge me out of my place and when he found he could n't do it he was sore. A fellow like that makes me want to get back to the primitive with him." He glared back once more, but the other driver had disappeared in the traffic.

But his phrase stuck and it seems significant — "Get back to the primitive."

I wonder if my chauffeur originated it — or is it a gem from some propaganda that I will meet with when I resume my travels? Anyway, it is most excellent good. Getting back to the primitive is about the most natural thing that human beings do just now. For long and dark ages the world was ruled by big biceps rather than by big brains — and everything was primitive. And during the Great War we went back to the primitive with scientific thoroughness. The ape and tiger were not only given a new lease of life, but were trained and equipped for their work by the best brains of the world. To the ferocity of the