

uries, that which it had required Nature millions of years to accomplish for man.

This astonishing piece of knowledge I could scarcely credit, although I was compelled to believe what I had already seen with my own eyes. I determined to pay Agnew a visit and glean some first-hand information from him with regard to the strange creatures which had so excited my curiosity. On my inquiry, the driver gave me some vague directions which would lead me to the home of the remarkable man.

Just then the car stopped and I alighted after handing the driver a fifty-cent piece which I found in my pocket.

He looked at the coin carefully, and then called after me:

"Say, how do you get that way? This is no good."

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"It's an old twentieth century coin. Look, 1919 on it."

"It's all I have. What are you going to do about it?"

He put the money in his pocket and was about to drive off, but he leaned over the door and called out to me suddenly:

"Say, there he is now!"

"Who?" I inquired.

"Uumlah," he replied.

"Uumlah!"

"Yes, Gilfoil's trade competitor."

The taxi man disappeared into the surge and I saw him no more.

I followed the strange creature that had been pointed out to me until he turned a sharp corner and vanished from view. He was well dressed in the prevailing mode, although the clothing did not set him off so well as it might have done had he been more graceful in form. Like the one I had met in the Chateau bed room, he was extremely low and thick set, and carried a huge walking stick which enabled him to maintain the erect position while walking. The long arms reached nearly to the knees, and the legs were short and unproportionate to the body. In walking the gait seemed to lack elasticity, the sole and heel of the foot coming in contact with the pavement at the same time. The face was clean shaven, but was dark in color. The ears stuck out animal-like, the nose was very short, and the mouth long and wide. The features might resemble Neolithic man who inhabited this earth at what is known geologically as the stone age, together with many extinct animals. The hands were hairless with abnormally long fingers. Whether the naked hand was due to shaving, or a matter of proper selection back through the generations, I was not in a position to say at the time.

But personal matters were beginning to concern me more than new races of men. I was a stranger in a strange city. I was lost, strayed, stolen. A hungry sensation began to gnaw at my stomach. I must find something to eat.

Suddenly I remembered the "Chateau Neolithia," the place where I had slept, and the place where my wife was still no doubt waiting for me. How rude I had been to Mrs. Bruce! What must she think of me? An apology was due to her.

Then, a curiosity seized me to talk to one of the new humans. The one who had frightened me so might yet prove a friend. Within the past hour I had developed a high respect for the strange creature which had evolved itself from a low to a very high scale in physical and mental perfection. I was prepared to meet members of the new race on equal footing.

Looking about for some familiar object, I realized with agony of mind that I had completely lost all knowledge of locality. The hotel was nowhere to be seen. Neither the street nor the number were known to me. I asked a pedestrian where the "Chateau Neolithia" was, but he had never heard of such a place. Inquiry made of others was no more successful, and I became nearly frantic. I had lost my wife, my family, my home, myself. I had lost everything.

By this time I was just on the point of tears. Had I been a woman I would have cried as a source of relief, or as a

means of summoning assistance. Being a man such strategy was out of the question.

In this predicament I found myself standing in the most congested section of the city. The throng surged all about me, and I was in danger of being swept away by the human current. I was terrified that the children might gather and crowd again, but the congestion no doubt saved me from this agony. I looked about for a shop where I might purchase some food, and in whose friendly shelter I might eat and escape the curiosity of the living stream, but no such welcome service-station opened its inviting arms to me.

The strenuousness of the situation made me grasp at straws that might suggest assistance or relief. Professor Agnew occurred to me as a possible refuge. There, in exchange for any interest I might prove in the new race of men, I might find food, shelter and sympathy.

After making further inquiry in a shop, I made my way in the direction that would lead to the Professor's home, which was a mansion to which no words could well do justice.

For some time progress was slow because it was necessary to move only with speed permitted by the throng. But, as the business section of the city was left behind, walking became more a matter of individual taste.

I had not walked far, however, when I became aware that someone or something gripped me violently by the shoulder from behind. An icy fear gripped my heart, for I fancied it was a member of the new race seeking my life. I was about to turn around to challenge the rudeness, when the street, and the buildings, and the people, and all things as I had seen them vanished in an instant, and at that moment a voice from somewhere called my name.

"Dave, wake up!" it called.

It was my wife's voice, but for a moment I could not see her.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she again called.

This brought me back to earth. I awoke and found her tugging at my shoulder, and the children crawling over the top of me.

At the breakfast table I told Mrs. Bruce of my remarkable dream.

"New human beings!" she screamed with laughter.

"Why not?" I objected, mortally wounded.

"It's that crazy evolution stuff you are always reading about," she sympathized with me further, still laughing at the thing.

"Nevertheless," I replied, "I regret waking up before having an opportunity of meeting the demigod, Professor Agnew. Then I might have had more wonderful things to tell."

"I guess nit," she continued with more of her womanly sympathy.

"And I'll never be satisfied until I dream again and meet him," I added in defiance.

More feminine laughter.

Nevertheless, my dream must have carried me thousands and thousands of years into the future. For days and weeks it was impossible for me to banish the nightmare from my mind.

I am a firm believer now that the lower animals require emancipation, and I can see no legitimate reason why an animal with a brain to function and a tongue to talk, cannot be taught to think and speak, given time and opportunity.

It raises the question as to whether man's intelligence can be attained by lower forms of life; and whether it is not up to man, having arrived first, to work out their salvation and save them from the tragedy of their clouded, hampered and untrained brains—to arouse them from their long state of dormancy.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."