

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By H. G. Wells.

WE have spoken of the Aryan language as probably arising in the region of the Danube and South Russia and spreading from that region of origin. We say "probably" because it is by no means certain that that was the center; there have been vast discussions upon this point and wide divergences of opinion. We give the prevalent view. It was originally the language of a group of peoples of the Nordic race. As it spread widely, Aryan began to differentiate into a number of subordinate languages. To the west and south it encountered the Basque language, which was then widely spread in Spain, and also possibly various other Mediterranean languages.

The Conquering Kelts. Before the spreading of the Aryans from their lands of origin southward and westward, the Iberian race was distributed over Great Britain, Ireland, France, Spain, North Africa, South Italy, and, in a more civilized state, Greece and Asia Minor. It was closely related to the Egyptian. To judge by its

affected the Irish population is a matter of debate at the present time: in that island the Kelts may have been a mere caste of conquerors who imposed their language on a larger subject population. It is even doubtful if the north of England is more Aryan than pre-Keltic in blood. There is a sort of short dark Welshman, and certain types of Irishmen, who are Iberians by race. The modern Portuguese are also largely of Iberian blood.

The Kelts spoke a language, Keltic, which was also in its turn to differentiate into the languages of Gaul, Welsh, Breton, Scotch and Irish Gaelic, and other tongues. They buried the ashes of their chiefs and important people in round barrows.

A Widespread Aryan Invasion. While the Nordic Kelts were spreading westward other Nordic Aryan peoples were pressing down upon the dark white Mediterranean race in the Italian and Greek peninsulas, and developing the Latin and Greek group of tongues. Certain Aryan tribes were drifting towards

fair-complexioned Aryan speakers who pushed eastward into India some time between 3,000 and 1,000 B. C., and conquered dark Dravidian peoples who were then in possession of that land.

From the original range of wandering, other Aryan tribes spread to the north as well as to the south of the Black Sea, and ultimately these seas shrank and made way for them, to the north and east of the Caspian, and so began to come into conflict with and mix also with Mongolian peoples of the Ural-Altaic linguistic group, the horse-keeping people of the grassy steppes of Central Asia.

Learning to Ride the Horse. From these Mongolian races the Aryans seem to have acquired the use of the horse for riding and warfare. There were three or four prehistoric varieties or sub-species of horse in Europe and Asia, but it was the steppe or semi-desert lands of the first gave horses of a build adapted to other than food uses.

All these peoples, it must be understood shifted their ground rapidly. A succession of bad seasons might drive them many hundreds of miles, and it is only in a very rough and provisional manner that their "beats" can now be indicated. Every summer they went north, every winter they swung south again. This an-

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

THE DANGER POINT.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

When near a danger point watch out! Stop, look and listen all about.

Peter Rabbit, who, as you know, has many narrow escapes from danger every day, and therefore has been continually watching out, was almost nervous of Paddy the Beaver when Mrs. Paddy as he watched them towing food logs through their new pond on their way to the old pond. When their food pile was to be, while they were swimming they were safe from all enemies. Peter, you know, never is really safe outside his dear Old Briar-patch, and even there he must watch for Shadow the Weasel. It seemed to Peter that his two friends in brown had nothing to worry about and somehow it didn't seem quite fair.

They are bigger than I and stronger, and so better able to fight. Yet they can go and come in safety with nothing to worry about. I must be on the watch for danger every instant," thought Peter. "That doesn't seem fair to me. No, not at all. But things are not always as they seem. There was one danger point which Peter had overlooked, but which Paddy and Mrs. Paddy were

fully aware of. It was the place where about and to draw their logs over the new dam to float them down the Laughing Brook to the old pond. There, of course, they had to come out of the water.

But if Peter had overlooked this danger point Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had not. They knew it was the one place where such enemies as Yellow the Bob Cat or Old Man Coyote might have a chance to spring on them, and they knew, too, that sooner or later Yellow or Old Man Coyote or both would discover that place and lie in wait for them. So they had to be on the greatest of care there.

Spreading around the north of the Black Sea, and probably to the north of the Caspian, from the range of the original Teutonic tribes of Central and North-central Europe to the Persian peoples who became the Medes and Persians, and the Aryan Hindus, were the grazing lands of a confederation of tribes, about whom it is true to be vague than precise, such as the Cimmericians, the Sarmatians, and those Scythians who together with the Medes and Persians, came in effective contact with the Assyrian Empire by 1,000 B. C. or earlier.

How the Primitive Aryans Lived. East and south of the Black Sea, and Persians, and to the north of the Semite and Mediterranean peoples of the southeast and peninsula, ranged another series of equally ill-defined Aryan tribes, moving easily from place to place and intermingling freely to the great confusion of historians. They seem, for instance, to have broken up and assimilated the Hittite civilization, which was probably pre-Aryan in its origin. These latter Aryans were, perhaps, not so far advanced along the nomadic line as the Scythians of the great plains.

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Wednesday: "How the Primitive Aryans Lived."

DECLARES BRITISH SEEK TO KILL SUBSIDY BILL

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 27.—British and other foreign interests and journals are engaged in a studied campaign of misrepresentation and propaganda to defeat the American ship subsidy bill, Edward C. Plummer, commissioner of the United States shipping board, declared in a speech prepared for delivery today before the midwest merchant marine and foreign trade conference.

The Young People's Club postponed their meeting Friday night on account of the union services in the churches, but intend holding their next meeting on the usual night, Friday, December 1.

Scotch night, when the program will be along Scotch lines, the meeting commencing at 9 o'clock. The club expect to have very interesting meetings this winter.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. David Gilbert sympathize with them in the loss of their baby, whose funeral was held Saturday to Brinsley Cemetery.

CRANBERRIES
BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

WHEN the New England colonists began to use the wild red berry known as the cranberry they added much to the dinner of turkey and chicken, both as to flavor and color. The cranberry ripens in the fall, and now that it is possible to ship food materials from coast to coast all states may enjoy it.

Quite the most common dish is a sauce or jelly. Some people always with the sauce strained, saying that they object to the tough skins. But if the berries, with half as much sugar as berries, and half as much water as sugar, are cooked in a covered dish a covered with water, the water begins to boil the skins will be quite tender, and the sauce will jelly and may be molded.

Excellent Conserve.
A very excellent conserve to eat with meat is made with cranberries, raisins and nuts.

Cranberries and raisins cooked together make an excellent filling for pie, having some of the flavor of cherries.

Cranberries are good with apples, and now that they are much higher in price than formerly it is advisable to try this combination. Sections of pared and cored apples cooked in cranberry juice and sugar are very attractive, especially when served in glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on top. Serve with cake.

Mid-Dinner Ice.
Sometimes it is very refreshing to have a water ice or frozen fruit juice in the middle of dinner. It used to be quite the correct thing to serve just after the roast and before the game and salad. But now that dinners have fewer courses the serving of an ice is not correct. However, cranberry sauce may be packed in molds (one-half pound baking powder tins are good) and allowed to stand in salt and ice for two hours. Turn from the mold, cut in slices and serve with the turkey. Or freeze sweetened cranberry juice and water to a mush and serve in sherbet cups with the turkey course.

Cranberries strung on a thread are sometimes used as a garnish for the turkey when it is to be sent to the table to be carved.

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

By Melville Davison Post.

THE WOMAN ON THE TERRACE BEGINS HERE TODAY.

The handsome woman in the invalid chair had been talking angrily with her companion when M. JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, entered the beautiful Italian terrace. The woman introduced her companion, MARTIN DILLARD, an American, and learned that the great detective had come from Paris to learn why the house in France, owned by Dillard, had burned to the ground.

She explained that the house was filled with priceless etchings which Dillard was copying. During Dillard's absence, when she was in charge, she went to the cellar where the masterpieces were stored. The flame of her candle ignited the cobwebs on the ceiling, and in a moment the whole place was in flames.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.
CHAPTER III.
"In terror, I let myself out of the flaming house," the woman continued.

"As the basement of this house was without windows, the fire was not discovered until I had gotten entirely out of the neighborhood of the Faubourg St. Germain."

"I was so overcome, so numbed by this incredible disaster that I did not stop to consider any result. I wished to escape from Paris—to conceal myself somewhere. I thought of this villa, but I did not dare take the train from the Gare de Lyon. I traveled in a motor, winding southward from France, not directly, in order to confuse anyone who might endeavor to follow."

Again she touched her mouth with the lace handkerchief. There was a faint red stain on it. She looked at the stain, but without emotion, and presently added:

"But I did not succeed. Monsieur Dillard and Monsieur Jonquille have been able to trail me here with an equal facility. It seems, and within almost the same period of time, I cannot have managed my travel with discretion."

She stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence. The two men beside her did not move, but their aspect changed. The American seemed to relax—his tense energy ebbed. The menace in him changed to an aspect of disaster. On the contrary, there came into the posture of Monsieur Jonquille a certain tenseness. He spoke, addressing the American.

"Monsieur," he said, "is it true that the basement room of this house was hung with cobwebs?"

The man replied as though his jaws were stiff.

"Yes," he said. "The whole rotten ceiling was hung with them. I always went in with an electric flashlight. What an accident!"

Monsieur Jonquille arose. "Monsieur," he said, "this was no accident. The villa had been long closed. Insects had had their will with it. He went over to a shutter, unhooked a curtain, and in a moment, removed an immense cobweb, and came back to the border of the terrace.

The American seemed, and in a profound interest, moved to where he stood on the border of the terrace before the woman in the chair. The woman also seemed beyond any concern. She neither moved nor spoke. She smiled vaguely, maintaining the posture of repose. The American could not conceal his profound interest.

"Not an accident?" he said. "What do you mean?"

Monsieur Jonquille held the web up in his fingers, struck a match, and touched the web with the flame. There was no flash. The filaments of the web shriveled a little under the heat.

"I mean," said Monsieur Jonquille, "that a spider-web is not inflammable, and, therefore, the woman who came here, and the infuriated American lunged toward her, but Monsieur Jonquille's foot caught his ankle with a swift outward turn, and the man plunged headlong on the terrace. He got heavy feet, for all the vigor of the infuriated creature was in action."

What followed seemed to attend with an equal swiftness. The two footmen of the Princess Kitzendorf were over the prostrate figure. Instantly his hands and feet were secured, a gag was in his mouth, and they had removed him.

It was all like a flawless scene in a drama, rehearsed to a perfection of detail. In thirty seconds it was ended.

"Monsieur," said the woman in the chair, "you are very clever, and your agents are perfect."

She did not move during the whole violence of the scene, and her voice was now in no whit changed. It was the same detached, unemotional voice. She removed her hands from the arms of the chair and extended them. The slender wrists together.

"Do you wish me, also, to accept the gaze d'amour of the Service de la Surete?"

Monsieur Jonquille did not at once reply.

He went back to his chair. He lighted a cigarette, and he remained for some moments like a man at ease. Then he spoke.

"Tell me, madame," he said, "why did you destroy this house in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

The woman replaced her hands on the arms of the chair.

"Monsieur," she said, "at the end of life, in the face of death that is inevitable, I have suddenly come to realize a thing that has been an insupportable mystery to me."

was a plain, narrow, worn, gold band.

"This bracelet," she said, "worth perhaps, a dozen francs, was given to me by Paul Verlain, a boy who loved me. He was killed at the Marne."

She moved her hand, taking up an immense necklace of pearls, matched and priceless, that hung almost to her knees.

"This necklace," she said, "was given me by Count de Lamare. He was killed in the great allied advance on the Somme."

She extended her hand to include the place about her.

"This villa," she said, "was given me by the Marquis de Nord. He died at Verdun."

She paused.

"Monsieur," she said, "I, a child of Montmartre, an apache, called 'Cassiope d'or' from the effect of my

yellow hair, which I have been taught to put up as though it were the head-dress of Minerva; I, who had faith in nothing, realized that these men—Paul Verlain, Count de Lamare, who loved me, and who also loved pleasure; the Marquis de Nord, who loved me, and who also loved power—these men loved something more than me, or life, or pleasure, or power; loved it infinitely more; loved it beyond any measure of comparison, for they left these things and went eagerly to death for it."

"I thought about it, monsieur. It obsessed me."

She suddenly rose as with a single gesture, as though she had been lifted to her feet by invisible hands.

"Then suddenly, monsieur, with a flash of vision on that night when I was alone in the house in the Faubourg St. Germain, I understood this thing—I saw that the work in which Monsieur Dillard was engaged—with the prints with which the house was literally packed—would help to destroy the very thing which these men, Paul Verlain, Count de Lamare, and the Marquis de Nord, had given their lives to save."

She spoke with a sudden, eager vigor.

"It would help to destroy France—and therefore, I took a candle in my hand and burned it. Do you know what the valuable prints were with which this house in the Faubourg St. Germain was crowded on that night?"

"I do," replied Monsieur Jonquille. "Or I should not have taken these elaborate precautions to secure the Republic, printed by this man, from plates etched by the German engraver, Wagnheim of Munich."

"The Girl in the Picture," another brilliant triumph of M. Jonquille, will begin in our next issue.

A Ten-Day Tube Free

Free

Simply Send the Coupon

Yesterday Today

How prettier teeth came to millions

Have you noted the glistening teeth you see everywhere today? And the open smiles that show them?

You can see that some great change has come in teeth-protecting methods. If you don't know what that change is, we urge you to make this test.

They combat the film
These people—millions of them—are now combating film. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It absorbs stains, then forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

These troubles had been constantly increasing. Beautiful teeth were less often seen than today. And all because no old-time tooth paste could effectively fight film.

The problem solved
Then dental science, after long research, found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists everywhere began to advise their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Then these two great film combatants were embodied in it.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit.

FANCY FOOTWEAR. Jeweled heels are frequently seen on the fanciest shoes. Brocaded materials in gorgeous colors are used for strap pumps. These frequently are worn with flesh-colored hosiery.

EVENING FROCK. A sapphire blue velvet evening gown with a drapery of silver cloth is decorated with sapphire and pale green beads. The sleeves are elbow length.

YE OLDE FIRME. Established 1850—70 Years

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