

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

BY H. G. WELLS.

WHAT sort of life did these prehistoric Aryans lead, these Nordic Aryans who were the chief ancestors of most Europeans and most white Americans and European colonists of today, as well as of the Armenians, Persians and high-caste Hindus?

In answering that question, in addition to the dug-up remains and vestiges upon which we have had to rely in the case of the predecessors of the Aryans, we have a new source of knowledge. We have languages. By careful study of the Aryan languages it has been found possible to deduce a number of conclusions about the life of these Aryan peoples 5,000 or 4,000 years ago.

All these languages have a common resemblance, as each, as we have already explained, rings most changes upon a number of common roots. When we find the same root word running through all or most of these tongues it seems reasonable to conclude that the thing that root word signifies must have been known to the common ancestors.

Of course, if they have exactly the same word in their languages, this may not be the case; it may be the new name of a new thing or of a new idea that has spread over the world quite recently. "Gas," for instance, is a word that was made by Van Helmont, a Dutch chemist, about 1625, and it has since been adopted by civilized tongues, and "tobacco" again is an America-Indian word which followed the introduction of smoking almost everywhere.

But if the same word turns up in a number of languages, and if it follows the characteristic modifications of each language, we may feel sure that it has been in that language, and a part of that language, since the beginning, suffering the same changes with the rest of it. We know, for example, that the words for wagon and wheel run in this fashion through Aryan tongues, and so we are able to conclude that the primitive Aryans, the more purely Nordic Aryans, had wagons, though it would seem from the absence of any common roots for spokes, rim, or axle that their wheels were not wheelwright's wheels with spokes, but made of the trunks of trees shaped out with an axe between the ends.

These primitive wagons were drawn by oxen. The early Aryans did not ride, or drive horses, they had very little to do with horses. The Reindeer men were a horse-people, but the Neolithic Aryans were a cow-people. They ate beef, not horse; and after many ages they began this use of draught cattle. They reckoned wealth by cows.

They wandered, following pasture and "trekking" their goods, as the South African Boers do, in ex-wagons, though, of course, their wagons were much clumsier than any to be found in the world of today. They probably ranged over very wide areas.

A Migratory People. They were migratory, but not in the strict sense of the word "nomadic"; they moved in a slower, clumsier fashion than did the later, more specialized nomadic peoples. They were forest and parkland people without horses. They were developing a migratory life out of the more settled "forest clearing" life of the earlier Neolithic period. Changes of climate, which were replacing forest by pasture, and the

accidental burning of forests by fire, may have assisted this development. We have already described the sort of house the primitive Aryans occupied and his household life, so far as the remains of the Swiss pile dwellings enable us to describe these things. Mostly his houses were of too flimsy a sort, probably of wattle and mud, to have survived, and possibly he left them and trekked on for very slight reasons.

The Aryans peoples burnt their dead, a custom they still preserve in India, but their predecessors, the long-barrow people, the Iberians, buried their dead in a sitting position. In some ancient Aryan burial mounds (round barrows), the urns containing the ashes of the departed are shaped like houses, and these represent rounded huts with thatched roofs.

The grazing of the primitive Aryan was far more important to him than his agriculture. At first he cultivated with a rough wooden hoe; then, after he had found out the use of cattle for draught purposes, he began real plowing with

Problems In History.

DO YOU KNOW— What great service the singing and dancing of antiquity did for mankind?

DO YOU KNOW— What races of olden days danced with their fingers and dancers lest they stray to other peoples?

DO YOU KNOW— Why the saga Beowulf, and the epic the Iliad, are remarkable records of their times?

DO YOU KNOW— What was the center of the social life of the ancient Greeks?

Answers in tomorrow's installment of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

oxen, using at first a suitably bent tree bough as his plow. His first cultivation before that came about must have been rather in the form of garden patches near the house than fields. Most of the land his tribe occupied was common land on which the cattle grazed together.

He never used stone for building house walls until upon the very verge of history. He used stone, for instance, at Glastonbury, and sometimes stone structures. He did, however, make a sort of stone house in the center of the great mound in which he buried the ashes of his illustrious dead. He may have learnt this custom from his Iberian neighbors and his predecessors. It was these dark whittos of the Neolithic culture, and not the primitive Aryans, who were responsible for such temples as Stonehenge or Carnac in Brittany.

Proofs We Find in Languages. These Aryans were congregated not in cities, but in districts of pasture, as clans and tribes of hunters. They formed loose communities, mutual help under chosen leaders, they had centers where they could come together with their cattle in times of danger, and they made camp walls of earth and palisades, many of which are still to be traced in the history-worn contours of the European country. The leaders under whom men fought in war were of purifiers who were their early priests. The knowledge of bronze spread late in Europe. The Nordic Aryans had been making his slow advances age by age for 7,000 or 8,000 years before the metals came. By that time his social life had developed so that there were men of various occupations, and men and women of different ranks in the community. There were men who worked wood and leather and wove and embroidered. There were chiefs and from London to this meeting.

Potato and Turnip Croquettes

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

4 large potatoes
2 medium-sized yellow turnips
1 teaspoon salt
1-8 teaspoon pepper

WASH, pare and cook the potatoes and turnips in salted water. Drain and mash; add salt, pepper and butter. Add yolk of eggs, saving whites for dipping the croquettes. Beat the potato mixture well, then place in a pan to cool. Shape in cylinder form, roll in flour, dip in beaten whites, then in egg whites, then in bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat. Drain thoroughly. Garnish with parsley.

4 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
Bread crumbs
Fat for frying

Most of that night Yowler spent watching Paddy and Mrs. Paddy work.

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TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE.

ADVANCED to meet the man with a sense of victory. The Service de la Surete searched the world for him. He had been long concealed. But by sense of victory vanished when I saw him.

He was in a great chair on the long terrace that overlooked the sweep of lawn and the dark, rapid river. He had been, all the time, under our very noses. We had thought of every other place except an English country house within a jump of London. And he had been sitting here in every comfort that money could assemble.

He did not rise when I was brought out to him.

He leaned back in the chair, lifted his heavy face and laughed. "And so, Monsieur Jonquelle," he said, "you finally wormed it out of her."

I could not keep my voice level—so effectively was the man escaping us after all this search.

And I did not know what the huge man meant. On the night before someone had called upon me at the Surete and said our man was here. The long distance call from some shop in Regent Street, London, could not be traced—it had been a woman. I replied as though I were in his secret. "She knew you were safe."

He laughed again. "Sure, she knew."

He pointed to a chair a few feet beyond him across a table.

"Sit down," he said. "I want to talk about her—that's the reason I want you to come."

"You thought you'd sleuthed it out, eh? Not by a jugful. I sent her word to put you wise. I wanted to clear something up before I cashed in. But it was a clear lie. What I wanted was somebody to listen while I talked about her. Sit down."

It was a strange man, but I was a mystery that had puzzled everybody, and I was willing to hear all that he had to say about it. I took the chair beyond him.

He shot his head forward suddenly in a tense gesture.

"She's a heavenly angel!" he said. "I

don't know what God Almighty meant by setting her in the game with the bunch of crooks that he's got running the world—she's counted on me."

The laugh became a sort of chuckle in his big throat. "Ain't she a heavenly angel?"

He whipped a worn photograph out of his pocket and reached it across the table to me.

It was the photograph of a girl with the face cut out. It had been taken from a painting, one could tell from the flat surface, and the strange, unworldly charm in the pose of the girl remained even in the mutilated picture.

"I cut out the face," he added, "so she wouldn't come into the case if you caught me; your little Westridge must have been slaughtered at the loss of her."

Again he touched me at an unexpected point.

Shortly after the thing for which we were seeking the man before me had, as the Americans say, "been pulled off."

Lord Westridge returned to England.

Nothing definite ever came to me, and I liked the man too little to inquire all the blood from the original Glasgow solicitor, as the British say, would "bite a shilling." But again I replied as though I were in his secret. "What happened to Westridge?"

"I don't know," I answered him truthfully.

"Well, I know," he went on. "It's the notion that you'll get what's a-comin' to you!"

He looked at me with a big, cynical smile.

"That's what happened to your little Westridge—and the next time you see him he's a-goin' to get another jolt. He will be blamed sorry that you found me. He couldn't squal, any place along the line, but I'll bet a finger he didn't let you forget about me."

And again I saw an incident of this long search for the man before me from another angle. The Blackacre Bank had kept the search hot for him, pretending the public welfare. I saw it now, that was Westridge's money box—that would be little Westridge in the background.

He eyed me curiously in a moment's pause.

"He kept slipping you the word, eh? Well, she blocked him at that, even if she didn't know."

There came a sudden energy into his voice.

"An' if the plague hadn't got me I'd 'a' saved her that trouble. I'd 'a' played ring-around-rosy with you."

He lifted himself in the chair with the strength of his hands on the broad arm-rests. And I realized more fully what a physical wreck he was—the lower part of his body was motionless.

"I want to tell you about this thing," he said. "And then you can go ahead with your war."

"I fear," I replied, "that a somewhat higher authority has got in before your King's writ."

He chuckled as though the deadly thing were a sort of pleasantry.

"Sure," he said. "The Big Judge has beat you to it."

He looked out a moment at the woolly Highland cattle in the distant meadow, at the age-old beech trees and the dark, swift, silver river, and then the upper part of his big body settled in the chair.

"I thought it was a slick trick, but maybe it was God Almighty. Anyway, when the thing was pulled off I slid up to Bar Harbor and set down in a hotel. I figured it out like this—you look for a crook in the places that crooks go, and you look for a gentleman in the places where gentlemen go. I'll switch it."

"I got me some quiet clothes. I limped a little to show that I wasn't golfed, and I didn't talk. I just set about with the New York Times and the Financial Register, and let the days pass. When there was nothing in the hotel I was there in my all-right evening clothes, in a chair against the wall, and I limped along the sea-path in the afternoon for a little exercise."

"I looked some bored to keep the proper form. But I wasn't bored; I was seeing something new, and I was getting more light on it all the time."

"I was seeing that this bunch was living up to a standard that nearly all the people I'd ever seen were only pretending. That was the difference, I soon figured it out."

He flung up his hand in a curious, expressive gesture.

"I'm a crook, keep that in your head, and the thing was like a theatre to me. I began to watch the actors; then I saw her and Westridge."

He moved in his chair.

"She was there with an old, faded grandmother that read novels and smoked cigarettes—and was a lady. And right there is where this real bunch has got the goods. They don't let down because they do some things that would make you cross your fingers on the other side of the chair."

He leaned back in the chair.

"Well, I got to watching her and your Englishman. I watched them dancing and to and fro, and riding, and playing tennis at the Casino—I'd never seen any people like them."

"And pretty soon I go on to something; this Westridge gentleman was trying to buy the girl, but he didn't want to pay for her. He was putting out the bait, but he had a string on it."

"I got on to his dope."

"It he could dazzle her into marrying him she's got her board and clothes. The real thing that was next to his hide was his money. 'All for me,' that was his notion."

He went on with no break in his words.

"I got to thinking about it. This little Westridge was forty; he'd never change; and the girl was at the age when the things he was dangling were all mixed up with moonshine. He might win, and if he did she was

headed for hell.

"I saw it all clean out to the end." He moved in the chair.

"I used to sit about and look at her, and it made me cold all over. The devil was on the job right here, just as he was in the Tenderloin. He was working on a higher class line, but it was only a different sort of road to his same old hell."

"It would be a heavenly angel flung to a wolf, no matter how you dressed the situation up; an' I said to myself,

"You can't beat him. The devil's got a set of traps for any kind of a layout!"

Another installment of this unusual mystery story will appear in our next issue.

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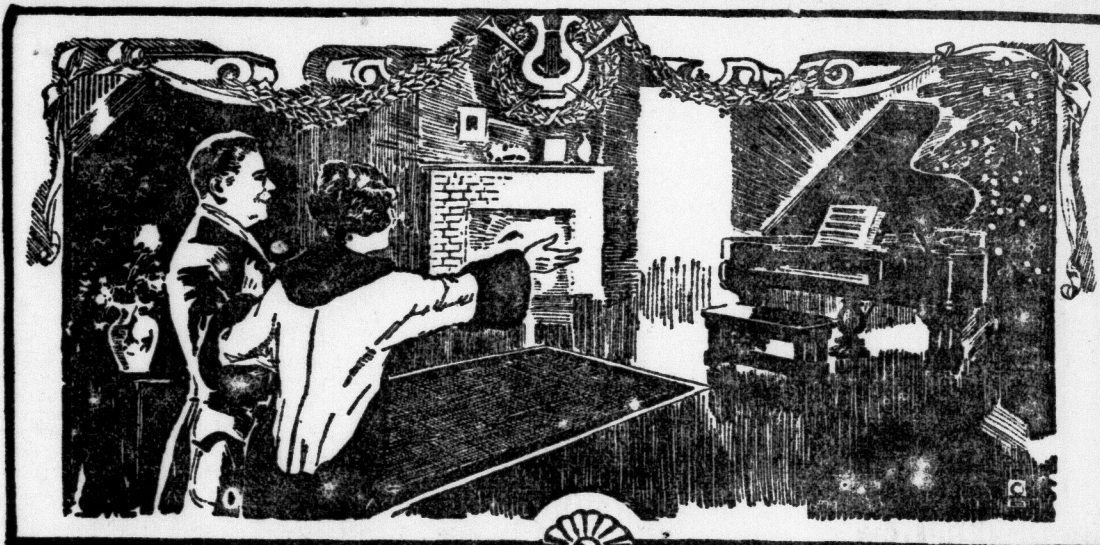
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