

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By H. G. Wells.

THIS welding together of the Jews into one tradition cemented people in the course of the "seventy years" is the first instance in history of the new power of the written word in human affairs. It was a mental consolidation that did much more than unite the people who returned to Jerusalem.

This idea of belonging to a chosen race predestined to pre-eminence was a very attractive one. It possessed also those Jews who remained in Babylonia. Its literature reached the Jews now established in Egypt. It affected the mixed people who had been placed in Samaria, the old capital of the kings of Israel when the ten tribes were deported to Media. It inspired a great number of Babylonians and the like to claim Abraham as their father, and thrust their company upon the returning Jews. Ammonites and Moabites became adherents. The book of Nehemiah is full of the distress occasioned by the invasion of the privileges of the chosen.

The Jews were already a people dispersed in many lands and cities, when their minds and hopes were unified and they became an exclusive people. But at first their exclusiveness is merely to preserve soundness of doctrine and worship, warned by such lamentable lapses as those of King Solomon. To genuine proselytes of whatever race, Judaism long held out welcoming arms. To Phoenicians after the falls of Tyre and Carthage, conversion to Judaism may have been particularly easy and attractive. Their language was closely akin to Hebrew. It is possible that the great majority of African and Spanish Jews are really of Phoenician origin. There were also great Arabian accessions. In South Russia, as we shall note later, there were even Mongolian Jews.

A New Kind of Leadership.

The historical books from Genesis to Nehemiah, upon which the idea of the promise to the chosen people had been imposed later, were no doubt the backbone of Jewish mental unity. But they by no means complete the Hebrew literature from which finally the Bible was made up. Of such books as Job, said to be an imitation of Greek tragedy, and Ecclesiastes, the Psalms, Proverbs, and others, there is no time to write in this outline, but it is necessary to deal with the books known as "the Prophets" with some fullness. For those books are almost the earliest and certainly the best evidence of the appearance of a new kind of leadership in human affairs.

These prophets are not a new class in the community; they are of the most various origins—Ezekiel was of a priestly caste and of priestly sympathies, and Amos was a shepherd; but they have this in common, that they bring into life a religious force outside the sacrifices and formalities of priesthood and temple. The earlier prophets seem most like the earlier priests; they are oracular, they give advice and foretell events; it is quite possible that at first, in the days when there were many high places in the land and religious ideas were comparatively unsettled, there was no great distinction between priest and prophet.

The prophets danced, it would seem, somewhat after the Persian fashion, and uttered oracles. Generally they wore a distinctive mantle of rough goatskin. They kept up the nomadic tradition as against the "new ways" of the settlement. But after the building of the temple and the organization of the priestly prophetic type remains over and outside the formal religious scheme, or less of an annoyance to the priests. They become informal advisers upon public affairs, denouncers of sin and strange practices, "self-constituted," as we should say, having no sanction but an inner light. "Now the word of

the Lord came unto" so and so; that is the formula. In the latter and most troubled days of the kingdom of Judah, as Egypt, North Arabia, Assyria and then Babylonia closed like a vise upon the land, these prophets became very significant and powerful. Their appeal was to anxious and fearful minds, and at first their exhortation was chiefly toward repentance, the pulling down of this or that high place, the restoration of worship in Jerusalem or the like.

The Role of the Social Reformer. But through some of the prophecies there runs already a note like the note of what we call nowadays a "social reformer." The rich are "grinding the faces of the poor," the luxurious are consuming the children's bread; influential and wealthy people make friends with and imitate the splendors and vices of foreigners, and sacrifice the common people to these new fashions; and this is hateful to

Problems In History.

DO YOU KNOW—What ancient race, ages ago, spread over Great Britain, Ireland, France, Spain, North Africa and South Italy?

DO YOU KNOW—What great branch of humanity is called "The Forefathers of the Western World"?

DO YOU KNOW—Where the horse was first used for riding and warfare?

DO YOU KNOW—Where Sanskrit originated?

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

Jehovah, who will certainly punish the land. But with the broadening of ideas that came with the captivity, the tenor of prophecy broadens and changes. The jealous pettiness that disfigures the earlier tribal ideas of God gives place to a new idea of a god of universal righteousness. It is clear that the increasing influence of prophets was not confined to the Jewish people; it was something that was going on in those days all over the Semitic world. The breaking down of nations and kingdoms to form the great and changing empires of that age, the smashing up of cults and priesthoods, the mutual discrediting of temple by temple in their rivalries and disputes—all these influences were releasing men's minds to a freer and wider religious outlook. The temples had accumulated great stores of golden vessels and lost their hold upon the imaginations of men. It is difficult to estimate whether, amidst these constant wars, life had become more uncertain and unhappy than it had ever been before, but there can be no doubt that men had become more conscious of their miseries and insecurities. Except

CRANBERRY CONSERVE

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

4 cups cranberries 1½ cups English walnut meats
1 cup water (boiling) (cut in small pieces)
1 cup seeded raisins 3 cups sugar
2 small oranges

PICK over and wash berries. Place over the fire with one cup cold water and bring to boiling point, when skins of the berries break and oranges thinly sliced, with seeds removed, and sugar, simmer remove from fire and rub through a sieve. Add boiling water, raisins, 30 minutes.

This will keep well and is a very good conserve to serve with cold meat, especially with chicken or turkey.

for the weak and the women, there remained little comfort or assurance in the sacrifices, ritual, and formal devotions of the temples.

Such was the world of which the later prophets of Israel began to talk of the One God, and of a promise that some day the world should come to peace and unity and happiness. This great God that men were now discovering lived in a temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." There can be little doubt of a great body of such thought and utterance in Babylonia, Egypt, and throughout the Semitic east. The prophetic books of the Bible can be but specimens of the prophesies of that time.

We have already drawn attention to the gradual escape of writing and knowledge from their original limitation to the priest-hood and the temple precincts, from the shell in which they were first developed and cherished. We have taken Herodotus as an interesting specimen of what we have called the free intelligence of mankind. Now here we are dealing with a similar overflow of moral ideas into the general community.

The Great "Promises."

The Hebrew prophets and the steady expansion of their ideas toward one God in all the world, is a parallel development of the free conscience of mankind. From this time onward there runs through human thought, now weakly and obscurely, now gathering power, the idea of one rule in the world, and of a promise and possibility of an active and splendid peace and happiness in human affairs. From being a temple religion of the old type, the Jewish religion becomes to a large extent, a prophetic and creative religion of a new type. Prophet succeeds prophet. Later on, as we shall see, there was born a prophet of unprecedented power, Jesus, whose followers founded the great universal religion of Christianity.

Still later Muhammad, another prophet, appears in Arabia and founds Islam. In spite of very distinctive features of these two teachers do in a manner arise out of and in succession to the Jewish prophets. It is not the place of the historian to discuss the truth and falsity of religion, but it is his business to record the appearance of great constructive ideas.

Two thousand four hundred years ago, and six or seven or eight thousand years after the walls of the first Sumerian cities arose, the ideas of the moral unity of mankind and of a world peace had come into the world.

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"The Forefathers of the Western World."

FOR SPORTS WEAR.

A separate skirt that is unusually good-looking is of gray wool with a wrap-around effect at the side back and a wide woven border about six inches above the hem, done in the most vivid reds, blues and greens.

BLACK AND STEEL.

A smart hat of black panama velvet with a deep crown and small brim is trimmed with steel gray wings, placed at an interesting angle.

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

By Melville Davison Post.

THE WOMAN ON THE TERRACE. Begin Here Today. The strange 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 as MARTIN DILLARD, an American. The American greeted the caller ungraciously. Jonquelle explained that he had come to inquire why the house in Paris, owned by Dillard and to which the woman had a key, burned to the ground.

Go On With the Story. CHAPTER II.

THE American broke in. His voice was no longer restrained. "I don't see what you've got to do with it," he said. Monsieur Jonquelle did not at once reply. He looked at his cigarette as though it were somehow unsatisfactory; puffed it a moment until the tip glowed; then he tossed it over the edge of the terrace into the bushes.

Almost immediately the bushes parted and two persons came up onto the terrace. They were footmen in a rather conspicuous foreign livery. They paid no attention to either Monsieur Jonquelle or the American. They addressed themselves with apologetic diffidence to the woman in the chair.

They explained that a parrot belonging to the Princess Kitzendorf, who occupied the great villa above, had escaped and was concealed somewhere in the thick shrubbery of madame's garden. Would they be permitted to search for it? The woman in the chair moved her head slowly in assent. Then she dismissed them with a gesture. They went down off the terrace and toward the rear of the villa in their search, and the woman in the chair addressed the American.

"You must believe," she said, "that Monsieur Jonquelle is an old acquaintance and that this explanation is not to be denied him. Neither are you to be denied it. You came here for it precisely as he has come for it."

You have followed me here, trailing out my flight, as he has followed. The two of you arrived nearly on the moment, and I shall be pleased to include the two of you in my explanation. We were demanding it as Monsieur Jonquelle arrived with some heat, if I correctly remember."

The American replied in his abrupt manner: "I don't understand this thing," he said. "But I do want to know how this house happened to burn while I was absent. You are the only person who had a key to it, and you must have burned it or you would not have run away and hid yourself—now, what's the real story?"

The woman had a bit of delicate lace in her fingers. She put it up a moment to her lips. Then she spoke, addressing her two guests. Her voice was slow, serene and detached, like one who speaks without interest, without emotion, and without any concern for effect. It was like a voice from a mechanical appliance, having intelligence, but no will to feel.

"I have been attached to Monsieur Dillard," she said. "There was a fortune before us, an immense, incredible fortune. The anticipation of it bound me to him, and so the burning of this house must have been an accident. The lure of a fortune is the only influence that does not loosen as one advances into life, in a world where presently every emotion falls. Therefore Monsieur Dillard had a right to feel that he could trust me, since my interest in this fortune was identical with his own."

She paused and seemed to address Monsieur Jonquelle directly.

"You will be concerned, monsieur, about the mystery of this fortune, and I shall be pleased to tell you it was no uncertain hazard of chance. Monsieur Dillard is an artist—an artist

with a genius for turning art to a practical use. There have been great artists than Monsieur Dillard in production, but not in methods by which art can be made to serve a practical purpose; that is to say, can be made to produce a fortune. It is the life-work of Monsieur Dillard not to produce art, but to bring the artistic skill of the masters of art to his practical purposes. And, in this department, he has no superior in any country. The house in the Faubourg St. Germain was, in fact, a masterpiece of his art, literally packed with masterpieces—beautiful works of art of an incredible value."

She did not move a step from her body in the chair. But she again vaguely touched her lips with the handkerchief in her fingers, a bit of filmy lace.

"Monsieur," she said, "there have been in the world three men who are supreme in what is perhaps the highest of all artistic production. I shall name them to you: Monsieur Whistler, the American, Monsieur Hellen of Paris, and Wagnerheim of Munich."

She moved a trifle in the chair. "The misfortune of producing a masterpiece in oil or in water-color is that one copy only of this masterpiece exists, and by any misfortune it is destroyed, every adequate evidence of its beauty has disappeared. This is the unfortunate feature attached to the work of all the great masters."

But it is a misfortune that does not attend the etchings of Monsieur Whistler, Monsieur Hellen and Monsieur Wagnerheim. The beautiful face of the lovely Americans preserved by the work of Monsieur Hellen can be reproduced in any number. That beauty does not depend upon the jeopardsy of a single picture."

Her voice seemed to advance, but not with the stimulus of any emotion. "It is not commonly known," she said, "that an extreme skill is required to obtain in the prints all the beauties of these etchings. The prints are commonly made by the use of the usual workman's skill, but it was always realized by the artist that the extreme delicacy and beauty of the etchings could be produced only by an adequate skill, by a skill almost equal to that of the artist himself."

Her voice seemed to advance, but not with the stimulus of any emotion. "This skill constitutes the peculiar genius of Monsieur



THE FLAME OF THE CANDLE CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE SPIDER-WEBS.

Dillard—a skill which he has striven to perfect, and which he has finally brought to the highest excellence.

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"It was on the night that he had gone to Bordeaux in order to make some arrangement for the removal of the treasure that the unfortunate fire occurred that wiped out our fortune in an hour, leaving monsieur penniless and myself with but the ruin of another illusion. And it happened, monsieur, in the simplest fashion."

There was absolute silence on the terrace before the villa. The vaguely blue sea seemed to underlie a world of amethyst. Heavy odors were in the air. A little beyond the terrace the leaves of a flowering vine moved where the footmen of the Princess Kitzendorf searched as noiselessly as shadows for the treasure. The shadowy figures of the two footmen were outlined to the woman in the chair, and perhaps to Monsieur Jonquelle, but they were not visible to the American.

He sat like a tense figure in some organic medium, grim, rigid; always in that immobility which seemed to await the next word before it flashed into violent life; as though madame's words were to be the implement of a vivisectionist moving about a nerve which it never touched, but which it constantly menaced.

"It was the simplest accident," the woman repeated in her placid voice. "The original etchings of an immortal like one of the gods, which I have already named are priceless—they cannot be replaced."

"Out of the fact that the house might be entered after the reproductions had been made, these originals were placed under some rubbish in the basement of the house."

"This basement had not been entered for a long time, and when these originals were concealed there, care was taken to disturb the appearance which this room presented of not having been opened for an incredible age."

"It was low with an earth floor. The ceiling was of wooden beams dried out and beginning to decay and as inflammable as tinder. The whole of this ceiling was hung with cobwebs, laced over them, hanging like veils in shreds."

On the night of the disaster, before leaving the house, I went into this basement to make sure that the originals stored there remained as we had placed them. It was late, and I took a candle. This was a fatal indiscretion."

"When I arose from an examination of the place where the etchings were concealed, the flame of the candle came in contact with the hanging spider-webs, and immediately the whole ceiling flashed into flame. In an instant it seemed to engulf the entire ceiling of the room was on fire. I had barely time to escape before the room was a furnace."

The final installment of "The Woman on the Terrace" will appear in our next issue.

SHORT FUR COATS.

Short coats of leopard fur, collared with dark fur, and worn with straight-line skirts, are much liked by school and college girls. They usually are unbelted.

SOFTER COLORS.

The use of softer colors has been started in Paris. Particularly the figured materials show less contrast and much more blending of colors.

BURGES BEDTIME STORIES

HOW PADDY'S NEW POND WAS USED.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

The wisest of all the work today, that in the future he may play. —Paddy the Beaver.

Peter Rabbit was so interested in the new pond Paddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy were making by building a new dam that he spent most of his time where he could watch. Every day the dam was a little longer, and the pond above it was a little bigger.

So the water crept out in all directions, and Peter wondered when it would stop. At last there came a day when as Peter drew near the pond he heard the crash of a falling tree. "It must be that Paddy and Mrs. Paddy have begun to cut their food supply," exclaimed Peter, and hurried faster.

When he reached the new dam his two brown-cloaked friends were nowhere to be seen. They were not working on the dam. Peter looked across to the upper end of the new pond. It looked to him as if a tree had fallen over there since his last visit. He suspected that it was the tree he had heard crash. Of course he hurried around as fast as he could go. When he got there he found Paddy and Mrs. Paddy cutting one limb. The smaller ones they would take off at a single bite. The bigger ones they had to cut in the same way that they had cut down the tree, that is, by biting out big chips.

Peter noticed now that that pond seemed no bigger than when he last saw it. He sat down close to the edge of it, and though he sat there for a long time his feet remained dry. "Is your pond big enough now?" he ventured to ask Paddy.

Paddy stopped long enough to nod, and replied, "Yes, it is big enough for the present. You see we will cut these poplar and birch trees nearest the water first. It may be that by and by we will have to make a pond bigger so as to reach some of those trees which are now too far away from the water. I hope you'll excuse

us, Peter, if we don't stop to talk now. We have too much to do to spend time gossiping."

Peter said that of course he would



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ARVA

Special to The Advertiser. Arva, Nov. 25.—The electric current was turned on Saturday evening and the residents along the Provincial highway from London to St. Johns, and one mile north and west now have the light. The Methodist Church is beautifully lighted. The monthly meeting of the Ladies Aid Society was held at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) McNeill on Wednesday last, and was very largely attended and a pleasant time spent. All arrangements are made for the bazaar which will be held in the Sunday school room of the Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon next. Division court was held here on Thursday last before Judge Judd. Only a small docket was heard.

MIDDY BLOUSES. New variations of the middy blouse show decorations of Czechoslovakian embroidery and gay cross-stitch patterns. Another style is banded about the hips and has a collar and cuffs of checked material.

Why Corns? Just say Blue-jay to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in thin plaisters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

SHOE BUCKLES. Very

stone buckles are used on the new colonial pumps. The round or oblong ones are most popular at the moment. Cut steel is used on patent leather, while the satin pump seems to call for the jeweled ornament.

The next story "The Danger Point."

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