Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

Literature's Finest Story of England's Greatest Sea Fight

By J. W. MÖLLER

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Land's End, the Lizard, the Needles, Portsmouth, Calais, Dunkirk, the North sea and the Orkneys—all the places that figure today in the submarine and other naval news of the two huge watching sea powers, figure thrillingly in the last and greatest scene of Charles Kingsley's famous sea story, "Westward Ho!"

When Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto won and carried away from Devon, Rose Salterne, whom all the young blades called the Rose of Torridge, Amyas Leigh, of Bideford swore a great oath. He swore that he would kill the Spanish grandee, though he hunted him around the earth's globe and though a thousand times a thousand salt tides should pass before he found him.

He sailed his tall ship Rose to the Spanish Main and failed to meet his foe. But he left the ship's bones there with those of his brother, and he returned home knowing that Rose was dead in Venezuela. It made his hatred all the more black, seeing that there was little left to him except that hatred.

He prayed often thereafter—an awful prayer. It was that Don Guzman might not die before they met.

A wild joy was his when one day Sir Richard Grenville stormed into his house and brought news that a great Armada of Spain was sailing toward the coast of England to break the island kingdom forever.

He sailed out of Bideford into the Bristol channel and around Land's End up the English channel to Plymouth, where were gathered ships of Francis Drake, John Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh and a dozen more of Queen Elizabeth's Spain-hating gentlemen-adventurers. None hated Spain more than did the crew of Amyas Leigh's ship, the Vengeance.

They waited till the Armada was spied sweeping up Channel past the Lizard in formation half-moon-wise and full seven miles from wing to wing.

Then they put out.

They banged and ran away and banged and fled again, their little ships hanging to the Spaniard's high sea-castles as snapping whippets might hang to a herd of Andalusian bulls.

They shuffled the huge fleet past Plymouth and down the coast to Portsmouth. From the Needles poured English ship after ship to join the fight that shook the white chalk cliffs. Past Brighton cliffs, Beachy head, Hastings and Dungeness it roared with clouds of sulphur smoke and vast painted silk banners shining high above.

The Vengeance was in the press of it. Amyas Leigh was at the helm, and by his side fierce old Salvation Yeo, who had been with John Oxenham at Panama and had only one wish in all the world—to pay back the Spaniards for hanging that beloved captain.

Through smoke and bangings and battles, now of single ships, now of confused squadrons, these two steered the Vengeance ever again toward one Spanish ship, a great galleon whose banners thaunted the bright coat-of-arms of De Soto. And Don Guzman was not remiss. Shining in silvery mail, his brave figure stood on the poop, beckoning to Amyas Leigh with a hungry sword.

The sea-fight drove down on Calais, and toward yellow Dunkirk sands, and of a sudden northward and out into the North sea. Then the English fleet knew that the great Armada was running. Past Yarmouth and the mouth of the Humber and Flamborough head they drove the fleeing ships. The Scottish coast came in sight. My Lord Thomas Howard hung to them and drove them beyond the tempting shelter of the Firth of Forth.

Once past there, it was all over. The avalanche that was to overwhelm England had melted helplessly and pitiably away.

One by one the English ships dropped off, to pillage prizes or carry them into port. At last only one ship remained in chase. It was the Vengeance, and the ship she chased was the galleon Santa Catherine—shot-torn, gale-battered, her gold tarnished and her bright silken banners ragged, but unbeaten still and commanded still by the undaunted Don Guzman.

They raced around Scotland and the Orkneys. Then the Vengeance forced him south again, down between the Hebrides and Scotland and past the Isle of Skye, whose wild inhabitants howled with glee. into the Irish sea they raced, and southward past Holyhead into Cardigan bay. Four times they fought, and still Don Guzman evaded a grapple. So on the sixteenth day of the chase the two came around St. David's head and into the opening of Amyas Leigh's own Bristol channel.

They turned eastward—toward home, the home whence the Spaniard had taken the Rose of Torridge. Amyas Leigh exulted that his revenge should be so finely staged. But one on board said: "Eastward Ho never brought us luck!" and at that moment a tearing squall broke from a long, black cloud.

The two ships were wrapped in a gray whirlwind as they staggered helplessly to lee. "Can you see the chase?" yelled Amyas, and then: "Hurrah!"

There was the Santa Catherine, flying with splitten canvas.

"Range alongside, though it blow live imps and witches!" bellowed Amyas.

Salvation Yeo leaped to the helm. "Port! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas and Yeo leaned to the helm like yoked steers. The Vengeance careened, but she swung around. Within two hundred yards was the Spaniard, and in front of him loomed a huge, dark mass that was not rain or cloud.

"Lundy!" screamed Yeo. "The Isle of Lundy! Hard aport, and may the Lord have mercy on us! Look at the Spaniard!"

Between them and the vault of granite the galleon loomed dimly, struggled to obey her helm, fell away, and rushed to her doom.

"Lost! Lost!" cried Amyas Leigh madly. He hurled his sword far into the sea. "Shame! To lose my right, my right! When it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack rent the sky. There was a world of bright flame against which stood out every mast and sail, the sinking galleon and Salvation Yeo, bright and fearful, the tiller in his hand. Then Salvation Yeo dropped dead on deck and utter darkness fell—a black, black night that never lifted again for Amyas Leigh of Devon. The great flash of lightning had struck him blind.

It is not too much to say that this story, written by a churchman, is one of the very fikest sea stories ever produced in any language or in any age. Whoever has followed the course of the Spanish Conquistadores and their English enemies over the Spanish Main, bears witness not only to the beauty of Charles Kingsley's descriptions of Caribbean tropics, but to their wonderful accuracy. Yet Kingsley never saw the American tropics until 1870, and he wrote "Westward Ho!" in 1855. He got almost all his material from Hakluyt and English histories, but he had the imagination of genius, whose mark is that in its farthest flight it still grips undeviatingly at the truth.

ONLY NOBLES AND PEASANTS

Russia a Country Where There Is No Middle Class, as in the Rest of Europe.

Contrary to the laws existing in England and Sweden, in Russia when a lady belonging to a titled family marries a Russian gentleman without a title she takes her husband's name entirely, and the only right left to her of her former title is to write on her visiting cards and official papers, "Mrs. So-and-So, born Princess, Countess or Baroness So-and-So." Her children are called by their father's name. There are only a few exceptions to this rule, according to London Tit-Bits.

In Russia no middle class or gentry are known. There are only nobles and peasants. The czar, however, grants sometimes for special merit the right to be styled a nobleman, and also for the same reason the titles of count and baron, and occasionally that of prince.

All those merchants who have kept firms flourishing for a hundred years have the right to receive the title of baron. This law was made by Peter the Great over 200 years ago, but the merchants very seldom accept this German title and generally decline the privilege.

In former days when the peasants were still slaves they had no family names, but were called by their father's Christian name. Peter's son was called son of Peter—in Russian Petrov. So also Smirnov—Simon's son; Ivanov—Ivan's (John) son; and so on. When slavery was abolished and the emancipation proclaimed by the Emperor Alexander II, they all kept these names. Since then many of them have received the right to belong to the class of nobles.

The Russian clergy, belonging to the class of peasants, for it very seldom happens that nobles become priests, have special family names. Their names mean always a feast day, or a precious stone, or something connected with the church. In former days the clergy was a class apart, and a son of a clergyman was bound to be a clergyman, and when they first entered the church they chose a name for themselves.

Different View.

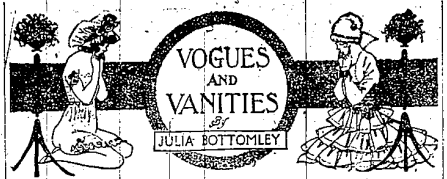
"Did you see where they arrested a motorist because he wasn't lit up?"

"And they arrested me because I was."

Comparative Ease.

"Why did you enlist, John, and go into all this fighting and danger?"

"Sure, I did it to get some peace and comfort in me life!"



Whatever You Will in Coiffures.

Just at present coiffures are almost as diversified as heads. In the matter of hair dressing there are no styles that govern and about everything is left to individual taste. The hair dresser asks you what you will have, and is prepared to execute any sort of order, even to bobbing off half your locks and curling what is left of them. He is not arbitrary about a single thing, but is insistent that waved hair is better than straight hair, no matter what style you may elect to make your own.

Young women like the style in which the hair is combed back off the forehead so well that they are reluctant to part with it. It is still a favorite. But it is much less becoming than waves or curls about the face, and newer coiffures insist upon covering at least a portion of the forehead. All of them present waved hair as an essential feature, and all of them are exquisitely neat.

A coiffure for evening dress is shown in the picture, with the hair parted a little to one side and waved. Only half of the forehead is uncovered and the waved hair almost covers the ears. There is a fad for turning the ends of the hair under and pinning them in without coiling them into a knot or making them into puffs. This is not so easy to do if the hair is long. The ends are usually disposed of in a knot at the top of the crown, as in the coiffure pictured.

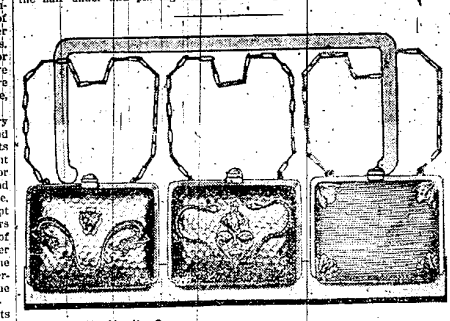
Not many hair ornaments, except combs, are worn; but in this as in coiffures, the individual may please herself.

Some of the smartest women have worn a single soft feather, held by a brilliant ornament, in the hair at the opera.

Artificial Flowers.

Hortense is very fond of the present artificial flower bud, which she says is "so Frenchy." Possibly never before have artificial flowers had such a vogue as they have just now, and a small corsage flower is one of the best means to giving color to a dark street frock or suit.

There are bunches of tiny flowers in brilliant red that are very good. There are bouquets consisting of a rosebud, a few forget-me-nots, and a sprig or two of green that are good. Then there are nasturtiums, poppies and many other flowtongs in their own natural, rich coloring.—Paris Correspondence.



Three Pretty Vanity Cases.

Vanity bags bob up or dangle in the most unexpected places. They swing from umbrella handles and from fans—they are concealed in shopping and party bags, and are even suspended from pretty garters. But vanity cases are frankly carried in the hand and hold in the most compact arrangement, all the aids needed in emergency cases of beauty in distress. They also accommodate small coins—in case they are wanted.

In the illustration three cases made of German silver are selected from an array of many different patterns. There are perfectly plain cases with polished surface and others with satin finish, but, in the long run, the fancier cases look better than the plain ones. In the case at the left, two uncompromising dragons, rampant against a field of hammered silver, show a disposition to swallow everything inside and out of the strong-looking case. But there is a small "watchdog of the treasury" represented as on guard between them.

In the case at the right, the decoration is much simpler. Parallel lines across the back, with a leaf motif at each corner, are sufficient for this quiet design. The center case is made interesting by a device that suggests an old adage. We may infer that the two serpents on it typify evil, and "the love of money"—but you know the rest. A Chinese mask, between the serpents, grins unmoved by anything outside of the case—knowing what is within.

Boots for the Street.

One sees the most frivolous dancing boots, high of heel and paper thin of sole with street tailored garb for shopping and runabout wear in town; but such boots are not correct according to the canons of conventionality. Pretty boots of bronze or light-colored glazed kid are intended for formal wear with dancing or reception frock when one travels by limousine or brougham; the walking costume in tailored style demands a smart walking boot with long, slender lines and heel, high perhaps, but not too curved for comfort.

Box Plaits Even on Sleeves.

The tendency toward box or other plaits is very well expressed on the sleeves. A customary form is a box plait reaching from the shoulder to the cuff. Or again the fullness of the sleeve may be gathered or plaited at the upper part of the armhole and the sleeves cut in such a manner that these plaits or gathers are smoothed out at the wrist. Plaits, sometimes, begin from the elbow down.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JANUARY 28.

REVERENCE OF JESUS FOR HIS FOLLOWERS' HOUSE.

LESSON TEXT—John 2:13-22.
GOLDEN TEXT—My house shall be called a house of prayer—Matt. 21:13.

Skipping the details of genealogy, birth and boyhood, John plunges into the work and ministry of our Lord. Our previous lessons have taken up the matter of his eternal Godhead, the word made flesh, the witness of John, Jesus and John the Baptist, his first disciples and the wedding at Canaan. Some of these events have been skipped over without much consideration, yet the teacher should review them briefly. The wedding at Canaan probably occurred in March, A. D. 27, and the events of this lesson in April of the Passover week of that year, both events occurring early in the first year of the ministry of our Lord. Jesus went to the wedding for he had many things to teach by means of it. The story is familiar, and yet God is performing the same miracle every year except by somewhat slower process. John lays strong emphasis upon the "signs" which Jesus performed as evidence of his office. This miracle is an allegory. It also throws light upon Jesus' relation to the home.

I. Jesus Applies the Word of God (vv. 12-17). As the "Son of the Law" Jesus observed all of its requirements and therefore went to the Passover (Deut. 16:16; Luke 2:41). We would suggest the reading of Edersheim's "Life of Christ" at this point, especially his description of the feast. Jesus found much of interest, and also saw that which filled his spirit with indignation as he entered the temple (v. 14). Great numbers of oxen and sheep and doves were required for the sacrifices. Every family must bring for sacrifice a lamb, the sacrifices being lain in the inner court near the great altar. Those living nearer the city could bring their own sacrifices, but those who came from far distant points found it more convenient to purchase their sacrifices nearer the temple. Thus a business had grown up within the courts, which gave rise to an immense amount of covetousness and selfishness. The yearly tax due from every Jew could not be received except in the native coin; hence the money changers within the courts. The result was that the temple had become a "den of thieves" (Mark 11:17). This had undermined the power of religion, and turned men away from the truth. This place, made to be a house of prayer (Jer. 7:11; Isa. 56:7) had become a vanity fair; a show, and the very object of the temple was sacrificed to the greed of gain. The defense often made in our day, of buying and selling in the house of God that it has to do with the cause of worship will not bear scrutiny in the light of this passage. Into these surroundings this young reformer enters, and places his finger upon the heart of the matter when he quotes the scripture. The reason of his action was what the scripture said about the house of God. Present day followers of Jesus can learn a lesson from these words.

II. Jesus Fulfills the Word of God (vv. 18-22). Jesus spake as one having authority, and these merchants knew they were in the wrong. He embodied in himself, as prophet, the moral sentiment of the nation, and exerted his authority. It looked like high-handed usurpation unless Jesus were a prophet sent from God; therefore the demand for his credentials (v. 18). Jesus gave a sign, a sign which they did not understand at the time (v. 19; Matt. 12:38-40; 16:1-4). The resurrection of Jesus is God's seal to all of the claims of Jesus. He also speaks of his body as a symbol and type of what is to take place in their national temple, an event which occurred some forty years later, though they at the time did not understand it. Jesus foresaw that these leaders would destroy his body on the cross, and that for the same reason they were at the present time opposing him in what he had done. The Jews, thinking only of their temple, in whose courts they were standing, referred to the time spent in the erection of the building (v. 20), and thought that their argument was invincible, but they did not know what was to take place. Not even the disciples of Jesus understood his words at the time, but after his resurrection they remembered them and their fulfillment. The death and resurrection of Jesus was in accordance with the word of God. His whole life, birth and works can be traced in the Old Testament in type and prophecy.

Young people should be taught to be reverent in the Sunday school and in all religious meetings.

The bodies and souls are temples (I Cor. 3:16; 6:19).

Church buildings are the temples of God (Read A. J. Gordon's book on "How Christ Came to the Church").

The Sunday school is a temple of God.

Do we see to it that our pupils act in ways and manner worthy of God's true worship in the house of God? Our presentation of the lesson, our singing and our prayers—do they honor the house of God?

THE BASIS OF CANADA'S RICHES

A Theme Discussed by the Wall Street Journal.

In speaking of Canada a short time ago the Wall Street Journal made the statement that "The basis of Canada's riches is the fertility of the soil, and no freak of warfare can injure that while her grain will increase in demand as the population of the world grows. As an investment field Canada is worthy of consideration." These words are well worthy of attention, especially coming from such a source as this eminent financial journal. With a land area exceeding that of the United States and with tillable areas coming under cultivation, the wealth of Canada's future can scarcely be estimated, while the wealth today is such as to bring her most prominently before the world.

During the past year thousands of farmers in Western Canada sold their crops for more than the total cost of their land. Lands at from $15 to $30 an acre produced crops worth $40 to $75 an acre. Stock raising and dairying were equally profitable.

The year 1915 saw most wonderful crops and magnificent yields over the entire country, and many farmers wiped out indebtednesses that had hung over them long before they came to the country, and the year 1916 put them in a condition of absolute independence. A report to hand verified by a high official might seem marvelous, were the particulars not well known, and where are not other cases that would seem almost as phenomenal. This is a southern Alberta story: A farmer wished to rent an adjoining farm on which a loan company held a mortgage. The applicant said he wanted the first ten bushels of wheat, after which he would divide, giving the loan company one-third. After threshing he paid into the bank at Calgary $16 per acre for every acre cultivated, to the credit of the loan company, as their share or their third of the crop. Sixteen dollars per acre rent. His two-thirds was $32 and in addition the first ten bushels of wheat. Land on this same security can be purchased for from $16 to $30 per acre. Wonderful yields are reported from all parts of this district. Recently 4,640 acres of a ranch were sold to an Illinois farmer; 300 acres of wheat in 1916 produced a yield that averaged 42½ bushels of wheat per acre. George Richard, formerly of Providence, R. I., on a southern Alberta farm got 2,052 bushels of wheat from a 50-acre field, or over 40 bushels per acre, and from a 50-acre field of oats got a return of 76 bushels per acre and still had some sheaves left over for feeding.

A report just issued by the Alberta government gives the yield of wheat in the showing of 1916 as 28 bushels per acre; 45 bushels of oats and 39 bushels of barley.

Travelers through Alberta's wheat belt have had revealed to them scenes of agricultural productiveness unapproached in any other part of the world.

Alberta farms, selected with even moderate discretion, have raised men to independence and affluence with records of wonderful development unsurpassed amongst the phenomenal industrial success of which Canada well may boast.

Many almost incredible yields have been reported by reliable authorities, wheat exceeding 70 bushels per acre and oats 145 bushels.

Numerous records show that the cost of farms has been more than repaid by this year's crop. In one instance land purchased for $3,200 produced wheat which was sold for a little over $10,000.

During the year 1917 there will be an immense amount of labor required to take care of the crop in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

One of the problems which Western Canada has to face every year is the securing of an adequate supply of labor to handle the harvesting and threshing of its big crops. This problem, indeed, is always present in any country that has a big agricultural production; in the case of Western Canada it is enhanced by the comparative sparsity of population and the long distance from industrial districts, which can be expected to offer a surplus of labor.

In Western Canada the present difficulties are increased by the war. A very large number of Western Canada's small population have enlisted for service with the Canadian forces in Europe, and at the present time there is generally speaking no surplus of labor for the ordinary channels of industry, to say nothing of the abnormal demands of harvest time. The situation, however, has to some extent been met by the action of the Canadian militia department, who have released all such men who are still in training in the western military camps and who desire to engage in harvest work for a period of generally one month.

The actual number of men engaged in 1916 in harvest work was between forty and fifty thousand. Wages were higher than usual, running from $2.50 to $4.00 a day with board, and from $35 to $60 a month.—Advertisement.

Taxing His Patience.

"So you are trying life on the farm?"

"No," replied the former city dweller. "I'm following some rules I read in a book and life on the farm is trying me."

There is a growing demand for milk cigars among London women.