

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE LITTLE MINISTER

By J. M. BARRIE

Condensation by M. E. Alley, Brighton



James Mathew Barrie is one of that great army of Scotchmen who take a general charge of England. He was born at Kirriemuir, May 9, 1860. He was educated at Dumfries academy and Edinburgh university. He was created first baronet in 1915, but long before that date, by universal suffrage he had acquired the title of "Prince of Whim."

valid in the United States as well as in Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the seas. After the usual skirmishes of a penman to find himself by way of the newspapers, Barrie published "Better Dead" in 1887. Then at intervals of a year or less came "Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," "The Little Thrumms," "My Lady Nicotine," "The Little Minister," followed by "Sentimental Tommy," "Margaret Ogilvy" (the infinitely tender story of his own mother), and the immortal "Peter Pan." He soon found his way to the stage (a way all his own) with "The Professor's Love Story," "The Little Minister," "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and "Dear Brutus," and has been most successful with plays, or rather playlets, of the wren, such as "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

His appeal to public imagination was almost instantaneous, and he has continuously held a warm place in the hearts of the whole English-speaking race wherever a tender fancy appeals to loving imagination. Probably more people know more of the works of Barrie than of any other living writer.

GAVIN DISHART was barely twenty-one when he and his mother came to Thrumms. All Thrumms was out in its wyndes and closes—a few of the weavers still in knee breeches, to look at the new Auld Licht minister. I was there, the dominie of Glen Quharity, four miles from Thrumms, and heavy was my heart as I stood afar off so that Gavin's mother might not have the pain of seeing me. I alone of the crowd looked more at her than at her son.

Eighteen years had passed since we parted, and already her hair had lost its brightness, and Margaret was an old woman at forty-three, and I, who had loved her since I was a hobbled-hoy and shall till I die, am the man who made her old.

Many scenes in the little minister's life come back to me. The first time I ever thought of writing his love story an old man's gift to a little maid since grown tall, was one night in the old schoolhouse, when my gate creaked the first time I ever saw Gavin and the Egyptian together.

Gavin was brought up to be a minister from his earliest days, and took to the idea enthusiastically. It had been the dream of the two of a manse, of which Margaret was mistress, and Gavin the minister, and now it was fulfilled.

Gavin at once became popular in Thrumms, and though short of stature he cast a great shadow. He converted a drunkard, Rob Dow, who adored him, and would do anything in the world for him.

On the fateful evening of October 17, Gavin was returning from Rob Dow's and going home through Caddam woods, when he heard singing.

The singer came dancing up Windyghoul. Only when she passed him did Gavin see her as a gypsy elf, bare feet flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of rowan berries in her black hair. She was pale with an angel loveliness. A diamond on her finger shot a thread of fire over a pool as she danced by.

Undoubtedly she was the devil. Gavin leaped after her, but as she saw him she beckoned mockingly, then kissed her hand, and was gone.

A moment later came the sound of a horn. The minister was on the alert at once, and hurried to the Square. That horn was a signal that soldiers were marching on the village folk to arrest some malefactors among the weavers, who would resent it.

In the Square was an uproar. It was the gypsy who had given the warning. Gavin tried to persuade the people to disperse to save bloodshed, but the Egyptian cried:

"Do not heed this little man! Save yourselves," and they obeyed her. The soldiers came, but caught only a few, the real culprits escaping. The Egyptian was caught, but escaped the officers, first through a clever ruse, and again through impudently pretending she was Gavin's wife!

He was furious, and yet felt his anger die as he looked at the beautiful girl with the appealing eyes, and coaxing, laughing mouth. He even told her to hide in the manse garden in the summer seat, till the soldiers had gone.

Gavin was in two minds after that, angry at himself because of the Egyptian, and yet he constantly thought of her, and wondered. He preached sermons against women, those days—their witching ways were the devil.

One winter day, the Egyptian's timely appearance saved old Nanny Webster from the poorhouse. The gypsy impulsively offered five pounds to support Nanny till her brother came back from jail. Then it was that Gavin first believed in her, and said he'd trust her word.

The happy Nanny persuaded the minister to stay to tea. That tea-drinking bewitched the little minister, for the fascinating Babbie teased him—and he liked it.

Babbie brought him the money to Caddam Woods next day, and gave Gavin a holly spray that he secretly treasured. Again and again he was drawn to Nanny's cottage where Babbie frequently came, and he didn't understand at first that he was in love with the mysterious girl with her many caprices—all of which charmed him. He little knew that Rob Dow had discovered him with Babbie in their trysts, and wondered why Rob avoided him, and was drinking again. Rob's greatest fear was that the kirk elders should learn of the Egyptian and the minister, and stone him out of Thrumms.

One night, Babbie flashed a lantern in at the manse window to attract Gavin's attention. He waited breathlessly till the manse was quiet in slumber, then stole out to meet Babbie at the summer seat. There in the darkness Gavin kissed her, and Babbie realized for the first time his love for her. She had been playing with him, and felt ashamed. She wanted to run away, and she wanted to stay and have him put his kiss into words. But it was late, and it was that night as Gavin took her back to Nanny's that I saw them together for the first time.

Love dawned in Babbie's heart that night, and all the world looked new to her, and she longed for Gavin to come. Then she met Rob Dow's little son weeping bitterly, who told her of what sorrow the "wooman who'd bewitched the meenister" would bring everyone, and Babbie, touched to the heart, went away. Months passed, and the little minister looked in vain for her.

Then came the fourth of August, the eve of Lord Rintoul's marriage, an old earl staying at the Spittal, whose bride was reported as young and bonny.

But nearly all of Thrumms were concerned over the long drought that had become a calamity, and that night there was to be a special prayer meeting for rain.

Then suddenly Babbie came to me in the schoolhouse, saying that Gavin had been killed by a drunken Highland piper. It was not true—a rumor, but I found Gavin, and told him where he would find Babbie, though I felt I was doing wrong.

Babbie told Gavin her story then—that she was to be Lord Rintoul's bride on the morrow. He had found her when a mite, fallen from a gypsy wagon, and for her beauty had reared and educated her. Babbie and Gavin tried to give each other up, then Babbie heard Lord Rintoul's voice, and in terror clung to Gavin, and the two ran off in the darkness to the gypsy camp on the hill to be married over the tongue of the gypsy king.

That terrible night, with the storm coming, the earl seeking his lost bride, the dour elders relentlessly following their errant minister—and drunken Rob madly bound to save his friend.

Then came the flood, when the heavens opened, and lochs seemed to fall. Babbie, separated from Gavin after the gypsy marriage, fell into Rob's hands, but mercifully escaped, and reached the manse. Gavin wandered all night through the storm after Babbie, and I found him exhausted near my house next morning. He told me all that had passed, and my anxiety for Margaret at the consequences of his rash act led me to attempt to reach Thrumms. But before I left I felt it was necessary to tell Gavin my story, that he was my son, and Margaret was my wife. Margaret had married Adam Dishart first, and he had gone to sea, and after two years all thought him lost, and she married me. Then when Gavin was three years old, Adam suddenly returned, and I passed out of Margaret's life forever.

Gavin sought to learn if Babbie had been carried off by Lord Rintoul, and found the earl on an island in the midst of floods. Gavin jumped to his aid, but nothing could be done, and it was thought both must perish. His congregation, gathered by the precipice, forgot they had meant to expel him and listening with dim eyes to his brave last words knew only that they loved him. Then Rob Dow threw his life away to save his friend, and the rope with which he sprang into the flood withdrew minister and earl to safety.

So Gavin and Babbie were married, and no one seeing Babbie going demurely to church on Gavin's arm would guess her history. Yet sometimes at night, Babbie slips into her gypsy frock, with rowan berries in her hair, and Gavin always kisses her. My little maid knows this story as well as I do. She was named for Margaret, and has been my dearest comfort since my Margaret died; but I have lived to rejoice in the happiness of Gavin and Babbie and their children.

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Rears 25 on Laborer's Wage

Progeny of St. Louis Man Range in Ages From 40 Down to Seven Years.

TELLS HOW HE MANAGED IT

Hard Work and Industry the Secret—Never a Brighter, Merrier, Rosier, Healthier Lot of Children Graced a Board.

St. Louis.—Parents, you who find the rearing of even an average family a problem these days, behold Frederick Walkenhorst, who is the father of twenty-five children, and tells how he has managed to bring them up on a laborer's daily wage.

The house in which he lives is one index to his methods. It is a cottage of perhaps five rooms. Back of the house is a barn and in the barnyard a cow and a flock of chickens.

There is a best room furnished neatly but scantily, the superfluities consisting mostly of homemade handicraft, shelf covers and their tidies of white linen crochet. The visitor is permitted to tarry here for a moment, but almost immediately is invited into the kitchen beyond, where three daughters busily scrubbing floors or preparing the midday meal cannot spare time to sit idle as they talk. Indeed, one is told that father will be in presently for his dinner, but he won't have time to talk, either, for several jobs of plowing are waiting for him in the afternoon.

Daughter Runs Hoys. Hilda, the oldest daughter at home, apparently has been in authority since the death of the second Mrs. Walkenhorst, five years ago. The first wife, the mother of 14 children, died when her last child was five days old. The second wife, a widow with one child, whom the stepfather also reared, became the mother of 11 Walkenhorsts.

There are now 12 children at home, besides a small son of Hilda's.

There are not enough chairs anywhere visible to seat all the family at table at once. But chairs are to be classified as luxuries that may be dispensed with, one observes later when six bright, rosy cheeked, blonde youngsters come trooping in from school and take places, standing, all attention, with spoons poised, ready to begin on the soup almost before Hilda has measured it into their plates.

The ages of the Walkenhorst progeny range from forty down to seven years. Besides the 12 children now at home, five have died at various ages and the others, being older, have married and gone to homes of their own. There are eight grandchildren. Three of those who reside under the parental roof are working in factories in the town.

"How have I managed to take care of 25 children?" Frederick Walkenhorst echoed after my question, after he had fed his horses out in the barn and stood rolling up his sleeves at the kitchen sink. "By working hard every day." The hands he spread to view were testimony more eloquent even than the vigorous, clearing of his voice, and his knitted coat, wet with perspiration, was further evidence of his hearty industry.

No Signs of Worry.

He is a tall, spare man, remarkably erect for his sixty years, fair and ruddy, and the lines on his face are not those of worry but of good humor. If his children take after him, dentist bills need not be one of the family problems. His teeth are strong and white. His eyes, he says, are failing. One doctor assures him nothing can be done for them, so he thinks any further expenditure on them is useless.

Never a brighter, merrier, rosier, healthier looking lot of children ever gathered about a millionaire's board than those 12. Their heavy shoes made a lot of noise on the bare

floors, but otherwise in an orderly line about the table, speechless in the presence of the strange visitor, their silent but radiant smiles reflected their father's pride in them.

Somewhere recently the writer came upon statistics to the effect that at the age of sixty-five no less than 54 per cent of parents in this country are dependent upon their children for clarity. Walkenhorst's next remark revealed another remarkable contrast in his attitude toward parenthood. He had spoken of his dimming eyes.

"I figure at the rate they are going my eyes are good for about five years more," he said. "I expect to work every day until I am blind. By that time Helen, the baby, will be old enough to do something for herself. Then I shall be through."

Sight Returns on Deathbed.

Omaha, Neb.—John Fisher, ninety-one years old, Nebraska pioneer, blind for 11 years, regained his sight for 24 hours prior to his death the other day and was able to distinguish his sons and daughters.

More Light on Bolshevik Rule

Russian Farmers Resent Food Requisitions and Often Kill Those Seeking It.

BITTER AGAINST AMERICA

Russian Government Does Not Take Kindly to Visitors and Traveling Has Been Made Difficult—Americans Popular in Siberia.

New York.—A better economic system must be evolved by the soviet government or it must surely give way in a very short time, according to Harold V. Fay of Auburn, N. Y., who has just returned from a year's absence in China, Russia and other points in the Far East. At the beginning of the war Mr. Fay was in China, and when the American forces went to Siberia he resigned his position in the University of Nanking and joined, remaining with them until they re-

Kills Mountain Goat, Finds Ore Under Body

Stewart, B. C.—A mountain goat recently was responsible for the discovery of what is believed to be one of the valuable mines of British Columbia.

Years ago float ore was found in the mountain range south of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway ten miles from Stewart. It was so rich that its discovery created a sensation and prospectors flocked to the region and spent months in fruitless efforts to locate the vein.

Recently a man hunting mountain goats high above the timber line had trailed an animal for miles when it suddenly came out on a glacier and stood in full view against the sky on a pinnacle of ice. His rifle cracked and the goat fell dead down a steep precipice and rolled several hundred feet. Its body fetched up near the foot of the glacier and when the hunter reached it he found it had dislodged a massive rock beneath which the long searched-for vein lay exposed.

OSCAR IS THRIFTY



Be thrifty and save the little things and they will grow into big things. This is a favorite maxim of Oscar Fisher, an Ohio city mail carrier. Starting less than a year ago, Mr. Fisher began saving the pieces of twine with which small bundles of letters are bound. The ball grew until at the time this photograph was made it was two feet in diameter and weighed a little over 64 pounds. Mr. Fisher estimates that the small pieces, which are tied together, would stretch over three miles.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

An Illinois Case

F. A. Mohrman, proprietor of confectionery store, E. Main St., W. Frankfort, Ill., says: "A cold settled in the small of my back and put my kidneys out of condition. My back became lame and stiff. Several times at night I was obliged to get up to pass the kidney secretions. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. It only took two boxes to entirely cure me of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Proved It.

Rich Uncle—You might as well stop mooning about Miss Bute. She hasn't been in love with you. She's been after the money she thought you'd inherit from me.

Nephew—Impossible! Why do you think so?

Rich Uncle—I have proposed to her myself and been accepted.—Boston Transcript.

Safer to Elope.

He—Will you marry me if I ask your father's consent? She—I'm afraid not.

Sure Relief



LUCKY STRIKE cigarette



Renew your health by purifying your system with



Quick and delightful relief for biliousness, colds, constipation, headaches, and stomach, liver and blood troubles. The genuine are sold only in 35c packages. Avoid imitations.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1895. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation. W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 18-1921.

"Hurrah!" Yells Colonel Roosevelt



Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt and his wife at the launching of the Superdreadnaught Colorado, which will carry eight 16-inch guns and a crew of 1,700 men.