

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE LITTLE MINISTER

By J. M. BARRIE

Condensation by M. E. Alley, Brighton



James Matthew Barrie is one of that great army of Scotchmen who take 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 Whimsies and the title of Peter Pan, Lord of All Hearts. Unlike other British titles, these latter are perfectly 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," "A Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine," "The Little Minister," followed by "Sentimental Tommy," "Margaret Ogilvy" (the faintly 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 war, 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 Thrums. All Thrums 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 Thrums, 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 Thrums, 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 Thrums.

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 minister" 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 Thrums 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 fail, 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 Thrums. 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.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its Colonies and dependencies, under the Copyright Act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved.

CLEVER POINTS IN NEW COATS



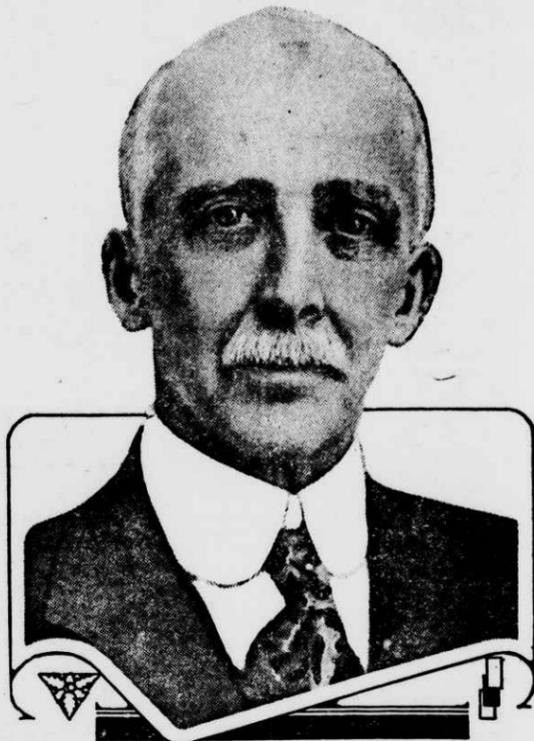
IT IS a little late in the day for the appearance of new developments in coats, yet they appear and need make no apology, for the last efforts of the designers appear to be their best. Furthermore, there is little prospect of any radical change in present styles—they are too satisfactory to be soon neglected or discarded. The coat purchased now is destined to pay its dues of service and discharge its duties well. The new arrivals are smart in line, skillfully made and, when bought in good qualities of wool materials, may be depended upon for a long life in the world of fashion.

Two very handsome models, as pictured, present the advantages of the scarf collar. At the left a model brings to mind again the unassuming charm of the Russian blouse inspiration, with its fastening at the left side of a long row of buttons and loops. It is cut with dolman sleeves and thus preserves the trimness of the straight line mode without its severity. Its very clever trimming of an embroidered band somehow manages to simulate a short cape. The scarf ends, and also those of the long and narrow girde, are finished with ball trimming.

The cape-coat, or mantle, at the right is another example of skillful designing in which the body of the garment, with dolman sleeves cut in it, is set onto a deep cape. Turned-back cuffs, ornamented with rows of machine stitching, bespeak the most painstaking tailoring, and rows of covered buttons defining the shoulder line bear out this testimony. The scarf ends support handsome and dignified silk tassels. Both coats have inconspicuous and practical slit pockets and both are elegant and graceful.

On the dresser coats for this season French knot embroidery is effectively used in bands or otherwise to redeem the simple lines and plain materials from severity. It is never than solid embroidery, but not its rival.

Gives Tanlac Credit For Splendid Health



T. J. PARKER
4246 Juneau Street, Seattle, Wash.

"I used to think all the Tanlac testimonials were exaggerated, but I have felt thankful a thousand times I ever believed in it strong enough to give the medicine a trial," said T. J. Parker, well-known salesman for Gately's Clothing Store, residing at 4246 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash.

"Several years ago I commenced having periodic spells of sickness and a few months ago I had an attack that I thought would finish me. When I did finally get up, I was scarcely able to go. I had no appetite and what little I forced myself to eat caused so much gas on my stomach I could hardly get my breath.

"At night I was often so bloated I couldn't breathe while lying down and just had to sit up and struggle for air. At times I had cramps so bad I could hardly endure it.

"My liver was sluggish and sometimes I got so dizzy I would nearly fall. I felt tired and miserable all the time, couldn't even sleep and for days at a time I wasn't able to go to work.

"Well, a friend of mine finally got me to try Tanlac, and it certainly has done a good job for me. My appetite is fine now and although I am eating just anything I want and as much as I please, my stomach never gives me the least trouble. I have picked up in weight, my strength has come back to me, and I am now enjoying the best of health.

"All the men at the store know Tanlac put me back on my feet, and I am glad to give this statement for what it may be worth to others."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

His Method.

Two negro men were discussing the eloquence of a certain member of the faculty of an educational institution for negroes in a southern state.

"That Professor Biggs sure does like to use high soundin' words, don't he?" asked one of them.

"Maybe dat's jest an affection on his part," said the other darky. "Some folks do like to put on airs in talkin'."

"No, I don't figure it out dat way," said the other. "I kinder thinks he uses them big words because he's afraid dat if people knew what he was talkin' about they'd know he didn't know what he was talkin' about."—Harpers Magazine.

Steady Stream.

A Brazilian living in New York has invented a machine to cast piston rings at a rate of 18,000 to 20,000 a day by whirling molten metal into shape by centrifugal force.

A Kentucky journal mentions a "yawning oil well" in that state. Somebody must have been boring it.

Wisdom is the knowledge of knowing what to do next.—E. Markham.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT

When shoes pinch or corns and bunions ache, get a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions, gives instant relief to smarting, aching, swollen feet. 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.—Adv.

What Alcobronze Is.

Possessing the luster and color of gold, stronger, tougher, and harder than ordinary bronze, a new alloy of copper and aluminum bids fair to have a wide use. The new metal has been named alcobronze.

It is stated by its sponsors that the new alloy can be wrought, forged, or rolled without deterioration. It also resists the action of the air, acids, and salt water. This makes it particularly suitable for forgings, propellers, and other ships' parts.—Popular Science Monthly.

Marrying an heiress is almost as unsatisfactory as any other get-rich-quick scheme.

As in a Kaleidoscope



LOOKING at millinery this season is like looking in a kaleidoscope at the ever-changing and beautiful forms that know no limit to their variations. Hats and trimmings are infinitely varied, changing from day to day, no styles holding the attention of the public to the exclusion of others for even a few brief weeks. The milliner knows not what to expect next, but she has the consolation of knowing that all materials are usable—nothing really unfashionable, everything saleable. It made into becoming hats. The lines in high-class hats are subtle and flattering—women are in high good humor with them; and in sport hats there are several beautiful high colors that are in great demand. This is about all the generalizing that can be safely done in millinery styles.

In the group of smart hats shown above something of the various dependable styles and types of hats are shown. At the top a street hat with visor brim is made of milan braid as

pictured. It depends for its decoration on a rich ribbon collar with two ornate standing loops at the right side. Just below, at the left, one of the many surviving off-the-face shapes, of visc, braid, is elaborated with an embroidered pattern, with a band placed at the center of each motif and these band-jointed by a narrow ribbon. To the right a sailor shape, with draped crown, is made of candy cloth, or other lustrous fabric, the brim faced with silk or georgette crepe and clusters of grapes for trimming. This particular millinery fruit, and other fruits made of silk, are among the things that can be depended upon to outlive the season. In black with white camellias, and other black and white flowers, they adorn many lovely black and white hats for midsummer.

Julia Bottomley
COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEVADA UNION

It's So Easy to Make the Change

There's no bother and no sacrifice in turning away from the ills which sometimes come from tea and coffee, when you decide on

POSTUM CEREAL

Then you have a rich, full-bodied table beverage which fully satisfies the taste—and there's no ingredient to harm nerves or digestion.

Thousands have changed to Postum as the better meal-time drink and they don't turn back.

Suppose you try the change for ten days and note the result.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.