

# SPRING TIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

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## Chapter 12

IT was Father O'Mara who lifted the crumpled little form from the forest mold. He reached her side even before L'Acadienne, and that was quickly indeed. He bore her back to Valette, and he and the one old servant left of the many of other days did what they could for her. She came to herself at length. Round, wondering eyes opened. But she said no word; only a little moan passed her lips.

Father O'Mara brought the candle closer. Round eyes turned up to his. He started back, for in those eyes there was no expression save a great emptiness. He shivered a little. Old Louise crossed herself.

"The soul is gone!" she cried. "God be merciful to us!"

It was no more than a day and a night ere she was able to rise from the bed. She seemed to know people—their faces; she seemed to know her surroundings. She did not suffer, for there was neither pain nor joy nor of that which lies between. All was a great emptiness and nothing more. Father O'Mara, his heart pain wrong, spent much time with her—much hopeless, helplessly, cruelly rewardless time. Old Louise waited on her ceaselessly.

Her father knew that she was there, yet he came not to see her, and he forbade those of his household to go except Louise.

They spoke of M. de Valette, did the old organist and the priest, who came to visit the girl.

"A strange hearted man—monseigneur," mused O'Mara. "He must take care. As ye do unto these little ones."

"Strange hearted," repeated Lemaitre, wagging his old head. "In the night you can hear him walking—walking—all night. Then you hear the door open and close, and he has gone out to the chapel again to set fresh candles on the altar. Seventeen he keeps there, always. Strange hearted!"

He turned to go. Some one, passing without, cut the sunlight from the window. He looked, then turned back against.

"'Tis Mlle. Marguerite!" he cried. "If she finds out that I've been here!"

Father O'Mara indicated another door.

"Go out that way, then," he said.

Mlle. de Valette came with the other's going. Father O'Mara greeted her.

She said crisply:

"We suspect Lemaitre of having been here."

"That is," observed Father O'Mara, "you suspect one member of your household of having a good heart."

"It is a question of obedience. Our household obeys my brother."

"Even when he is wrong!" There was a trace of bitterness in the priest's tone.

She said coldly:

"In what touches the honor of his family my brother cannot be wrong."

"Is it your heart that speaks," queried O'Mara slowly, "or your head?"

The color rose to her cheeks.

"I cannot listen," she declared quickly. "And then, 'I came here to discover'—"

"You came to find out," he interrupted, "if that old servant of yours had a heart, so that your brother could punish him for it. Well, you shall not go until you have seen what your brother's kind of honor has done to the most honorable of all the De Valettes."

"I'll not stay!" she cried.

"You will!"

"You're wrong to compel me to do this!" she expostulated agitatedly. "And if what they say of her in the village is true!"

"What is that?"

"That her mind," she began hesitatingly; then, "I'm afraid!"

"Afraid!" he said slowly. "It is only a little white butterfly that has broken its wings."

He might have said more. But then she came—the little figure that they had tortured the soul from. She came slowly into the room, and calmly, and the great emptiness might have been a great peace had one not known.

Under her breath her aunt cried, "My niece!" And then, as she came nearer, this slender figure with the empty eyes, she said:

"You know me?"

Empty eyes turned to her. Empty voice answered:

"Yes; you're Aunt Marguerite."

"You looked at me as though I were a stranger. Ah, to think you brought this suffering on yourself!"

Empty voice said slowly, evenly:

"Suffering?"

"She does not suffer," declared O'Mara. "Her very incapacity for pain is her disease. If only she could feel, even to suffer! The day that again you see tears in her eyes she will be saved."

Mlle. de Valette spoke quickly, severely:

"She ought to feel! She ought to think!"

"I do think," said the empty voice. "I think all the time. I keep wondering—wondering—I wonder why Gilbert died. That was curious."

"You ought not to think of him!"

"You ought to shudder at the thought!"

"I think—and I remember," the empty voice continued. "I remember that Raoul said it came to you all at once; it absorbed you, so that not fear nor shame nor death could stop you. And I remember that it did come to me just as he said. You see how well I remember that. That was just the way it was then."

"You ought to think of your punishment!"

"Ought I?" Empty eyes were raised.

"Was that a punishment when I lost my soul? I don't see how it can be. Punishing is hurting, isn't it? How can I be punished when nothing hurts me?"

"But it ought to! You must feel it!"

"But I can't. Don't you see? I am dead. The candles are lighted for me. I don't know where my soul is. I lost it when I died. If you do that you can never find it again. There was the forest, and I followed him and found him there. And I loved him very much. That is why I died. I think all the time, you see, and I have found out that if you love any one very much you must lose your soul for it and die."

Mlle. de Valette shook her head slowly. Tears came to her eyes.

"Broken wings!" murmured the priest.

"Why do you cry?" the empty voice asked. "That's only one of God's ways, isn't it?"

"God's ways!" cried Mlle. de Valette. "God's punishment of sin!"

The priest turned upon her.

"God's way!" he cried vehemently. "Do you think a worm in the dust can understand why a man rides by? Do you think that because we can see the beginning of one of God's thoughts our little minds can follow to the end of what he is thinking? Down here in the dust we call them God's ways, but they are only man's mistakes. Down the river there were man—God's creatures, brothers they should have been—killing each other! And they killed this boy! There's one old man over yonder so filled with phantoms and cobwebs and the ghosts of things that

## Socialist Party of America Column

This space is occupied by paid advertising and is edited by the Enterprise Socialist Local which meets Thursday night of each week at 7:30 o'clock in the McCoy residence on North River street. All meetings open. Visitors always welcome. Frank Hamblen, organizer; E. A. Fosner, corresponding secretary; N. H. Marks, financial secretary; Fred Otto, treasurer.

### A CRUMBLING CIVILIZATION.

Is there anyone who doubts that a great change in the social order is impending? Do you really think that things will continue as they are now for another decade? If you do you are in a dwindling minority.

Look calmly, deliberately and firmly at the most striking facts in the world in which we live.

Look first at the basis of all society—the way in which we are producing and distributing the things by which we live. Look at the industrial organization of society.

Here are the big, undisputed facts about that industrial society. The marvelous new and improved methods of production serve only to pile higher the already overloaded coffers of a few trust magnates. Today a half-dozen men bestride the industrial world—Colossi of our present society—yet unable to control the giant forces that bring them their wealth.

So fast does the surplus product filched from labor pour in upon them that the most stupendous undertakings they can conceive are incapable of absorbing the heaped up values.

We have passed through one panic it was little more than a financial flurry compared with the collapse that must come when the reconstruction of industry now under way shall have time to pour forth the result of the multiplied product that this rebuilding will make possible. The constant rise of prices and steady pushing of all organized effort to increase wages grinds labor between upper and nether millstones past the point of endurance.

If we are industrially insolvent, our political bankruptcy is even more complete. The favorite text of the magazine writers today is the collapse of the political parties of capitalism. These parties have become but whitened sepulchres concealing all manner of rottenness. They have so decayed that they are incapable of defending even capitalist interests.

The corruption of industry is reflected in the foulness of politics. The veil is never lifted from a corner of modern industry that a brood of thieves is not uncovered. Witness



"IT CAME TO HER JUST AS A ROSE COMES TO ITS BUSH."

Then, tensely: "Listen! I know this. The old people taught me when I was a child that when a soul is lost the one who loved it most shall go to the place where it was lost and pray for it to come back. Go to the chapel at Valette. There you will see the candles that her father keeps burning for her. There she lost her soul. You loved her most. Pray for her there!"

He cried, in the petulance of fear: "What foolishness are you talking?"

"It is true," she replied. "If you are the one who loved her most pray for her there, and the miracle will be granted. Oh, I beg you to do it!" passionately. "My own soul will not rest until you have! Go to Valette—to her—and pray!"

So Gilbert went. He found her there in the great room of Valette. O'Mara was there, and her father, but of them he took little heed, for when he saw her he started forward, arms outstretched.

"Madeleine!" he cried chokingly.

She looked at him.

"Yes!" she said.

He said hoarsely:

"You're angry with me?"

She shook her head.

"But," he persisted eagerly, yet puzzled, "you aren't glad to see me?"

"No."

He drew back a little, white, stunned.

"You—you don't love me?" he whispered. Then, "You changed so quickly."

Empty voice said slowly:

"Yes; I think that is it. I've changed—I changed when Gilbert died." His face went yet more white. She went on: "I lost my soul then. It went away from me at the altar. I think it must have gone with Gilbert's."

Empty eyes watched him go. The little figure turned and slowly went

## Professional Directory of Wallowa County

<p><b>THOS. M. DILL</b> ATTORNEY-AT-LAW</p> <p>Office first door south of New Fraternal Bldg., Enterprise, Ore.</p>	<p><b>R. M. ROGERS SUFFERS</b> PAINFUL INJURY.</p> <p>R. M. Rogers, brother of Mrs. Perry Blanchard of this city, met with a painful accident this week in the saw mill at La Grande. While working at one of the saws, a piece of timber was caught and hurled back striking him upon the right forearm, above the wrist, breaking and splintering both bones. He was taken to the hospital in La Grande where the wound was dressed after which he came to this city. He returned to La Grande Wednesday morning to have the injured member placed in a plaster cast.</p>	<p><b>W. C. KETCHUM</b> DENTIST - ENTERPRISE</p> <p>Office Berland Bldg., Home Independent Phone.</p>
<p><b>BURLEIGH &amp; BOYD</b> ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW</p> <p>Practice in all State Courts and Interior Department. Careful attention to all business.</p>	<p><b>C. T. HOCKETT, M. D.</b> PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON</p> <p>Office upstairs in Bank Building. Ind. Home phone in office and residence.</p>	<p><b>DR. C. A. AULT</b> PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON</p> <p>Office in Bank Building. Home phone both office and residence.</p>
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to the great seat before the fireplace. O'Mara and her father watched her closely. It was the latter who spoke. His tones were clear and low.

"Go," he said to the priest. "Bring him back."

The priest waited to ask no ques-



"I KEEP WONDERING—WONDERING—I WONDER WHY GILBERT DIED."

"I walked so far," she said. "You know he was very interesting when he spoke of—"

"Aunt Marguerite," she went on, "when am I to try on the wedding dress?"

The head of De Valette sunk to his breast. His lips trembled a little, for God had brought a great light to him and, in torturing the pride, had opened to his day the soul. And so Valette's head sunk upon his breast, and his lips trembled.

Then came the priest, and Gilbert was with him. De Valette slowly turned. To Gilbert he motioned—motioned that he must go down to the great seat before the fireplace. Gilbert, wondering, went. He came to it and leaned over. At length she looked up, as one awakening, and slowly there came into her eyes a light—the light of reason—the gleam of soul—of a soul lost that is returning to its own.

Into his eyes, eager, now beginning to dare to hope, she looked—looked for a long, long time. By and by she thrust forth a slender white hand—thrust it forth slowly, and at length it touched his coat, and then it shivered a little.

"Gilbert!" she cried. There was soul in the voice, too, now—the soul that had come again to the eyes.

He said brokenly, "Madeleine!"

For a long, long moment they stayed

the insurance scandals, the sugar thieving, and the robbery of fraternal orders in Illinois. Municipalities, states and nation contest madly for pre-eminence in corruption. Witness Busse in Chicago, the "jack-pot" legislature at Springfield and Lorimer at Washington, as a sample of a single locality.

Add to all this the class justice of the courts, the deliberate crushing of the unions by trusts, the flaunting of all demands for labor legislation, the arrogance, the ignorance, and the incompetence of those who rule, and dare you say that it is an exaggeration, a figure of speech, a sensational phrase to speak of present society as a "crumbling civilization?"

The clear note in all this is the Socialist movement. You scoff and sneer at this? IT IS TRUE.

Ray Stannard Baker, not a Socialist, says in the June issue of the American Magazine, in discussing "What About the Democratic Party?"

"Only one party now in evidence in American politics has any really comprehensive policy to offer. Whatever may be our hostility to its tenets, the fact remains that the Socialist party is the only one that makes any pretense to having reasoned out our present conditions to an ultimate conclusion."

No other party dares to build on the only foundation for a sane society—THE INTERESTS OF THOSE WHO WORK.

No other party dares to face the acts because only a party based upon working class interests has nothing to conserve by concealing the facts.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY RESTS WITH THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

The duty, the opportunity, the responsibility that falls upon the shoulders of those who know this is tremendous.

It is for us to say whether the civilization in which we live shall crumble and fall into chaos and confusion, or whether it shall pass into a higher stage peaceably, consciously and intelligently.

These are strong words. They sound boastful. YOU CANNOT DENY THEIR TRUTH. Where else is there hope?

If the Socialists who read this grasped the stupendous mission that they and the party to which they owe allegiance has to perform, and the wonderful possibilities that open before it, there would be such tasks accomplished, such sacrifices made, such a work of education, agitation, organization and determined activity in every line as this world has never known before.

Here is a cause worth working for, worth dying for, WORTH LIVING FOR, AND IT IS THE ONLY CAUSE TODAY OF WHICH THIS IS TRUE.

**IDAHO DEPUTY LEAVES WITH HOWARD HUNTER**

Deputy Sheriff Hart from Blaine county, Idaho, arrived in Enterprise Wednesday evening and left Thursday morning taking with him Howard Hunter, alias Lee West, charged with forgeries. Accompanying the deputy sheriff was Detective Kulper of the American Bankers' association who had arrested Hunter in Joseph. Instead either of handcuffing or shackling the prisoner the officer in charge placed him in what is known as the "Oregon boot," a heavy piece of metal fitting closely about the leg above the ankle.

Hunter, as will be remembered, was arrested and brought to Enterprise last Wednesday. He will be taken to La Grande and from there to Blaine county, Idaho, where he will be made to answer the charges against him. The prisoner feebly protested that there is a mistake, and that he is not the man wanted, but the officers in charge are satisfied that they have the right person. His forgeries aggregated only \$135.

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Our entire stock of men's and boy's clothing goes on sale at greatly reduced prices. Sale now on. W. J. Funk & Co.

tions. Who better than he knew of the wonders that God works? When the priest had gone the father rose. He went toward her a step and stopped, for she was speaking.